



Freshman Findings

Margherita Bucci played the only feminine role in *Galloway's Gate*, which was presented at the St. Ann's Dramatic Club quarters on May 18.

Anne Beirne is to play the part of a college freshman in the production *Salad a la Trivie* to be presented by the Junior Catholic Daughters of America at Cathedral Hall on May 25, 1934. Miss Beirne will make culinary errors a-plenty.

Madeline Vanasse was chairman of a debate between the West Warwick Alumni and the Varsity teams, held at West Warwick High School on May 9, 1934. Miss Vanasse will also take part in *The Patsy* to be given by the Sts. Peter and Paul Dramatic Club on May 24, 1934.

Ruth M. Doll has been appointed a counsellor for the summer at Camp Takodah in Richmond, N. H.

Jessie Nelson, Florence Meister, Eleanor McLaughlin, Alice Melrose, Arthur Lee, Brendan Murphy, Maurice Loontjens and Charles McLaughlin—all freshmen—went on an Arbor Day picnic to Spring Lake.

Rita Cunningham, Rita Connor, Mary Andrade, Marguerite Brais, Louise Coffey, Barbara Cooper and Anne Beirne spent a week-end recently at Point Judith as guests of Mary E. Lowe.

Elvira went tripping merrily down the Boston Post Road a day or so ago. We don't know where she went but the main thing is that she got home safe and sound.

Genevieve Reilley, Helen McWilliams and Gertrude Plunkett are to be in a play, *Everybody's Crazy*, given by the Wanskuck Dramatic Society during the week of May 28. Thomas Giblin, also a student of the College, is the director.

Helen French and Elizabeth Laurence attended the Clark University Forum on Public Affairs during the week-end of May 4.

Edith Bernstein, Junior, was in a play presented by the Young Women's Hebrew Association at B'Nar Israel Synagogue in Woonsocket on May 17.

Esther Conlin was recently a week-end guest of Arline Anthony at Portsmouth, R. I.

Helen Wynne, Christine Follett, Annette Laurence, Frances Kinkeade, Claire Gough, Helen King, and Mary Welch, Sophomores, spent the week-end of May 11 at Tiogue Lake.

GYM STUDENTS PREPARE FOR PLAY DAY, MAY 31

Dr. Ross Supervising Activities

If old King Sol should favor us with his appearance—and we pray that he will for at least two hours—May 31 will witness the annual athletic event called Play Day. Every girl in the college will participate in some manner in competitive and noncompetitive sports, the three forms of activity being skills, games, and relays.

The class presidents will act as marshals. Frances Kearns, song leader, will direct the singing which is to follow the grand march to the campus. Play Day will be under the supervision of the Health Education Department: Dr. Florence M. Ross, Mrs. Bertha May Bell Andrews and Miss Neva L. Langworthy.

There will be four main teams designated by red, blue, yellow, and green. And what's more, the campus will be transformed into a Forum Romanum while a Ben Hur Chariot relay race with human chariots, drivers, et cetera will be carried on with modern speed. There will be something for everyone. Incipient school teachers will be tugging at dumbbells for superiority of strength; some will be working for perfection of form in hurdling; others will be checking up on their "Love" in paddle tennis—that new game, you know.

Whatever activities are to be performed, it is expected that the genuine spirit of fun and play will prevail. And lest we forget—the duty of our men will be to cheer us on.

FACULTY TO PICNIC AT LINCOLN WOODS

The late afternoon of June 11 will witness the annual picnic of faculty members and their families, provided, of course, Mr. Weather Man gives his consent. Although other places are considered, Lincoln Woods always wins unanimous approval, and this year is no exception.

An appetizing menu is being planned by Miss Hutchinson, but it is whispered about campus that certain professors, not of the gentler sex, insist upon taking to themselves the task of cooking. One wonders if they are connoisseurs, or merely glad to practice in the open this art so far removed from classroom procedure. Be that as it may, the reportorial staff of the *Anchor* have been assured that the results are highly satisfactory.

Professor Thomas Herbert Robinson has been appointed a lay member of the Joint Diocesan Lesson Board, an organization which has been in existence for nearly sixty years for the purpose of constructing schedules of lessons for the Sunday Schools of the Episcopal Church in this country. At the annual meeting of the Board in January, the Bishops of the Episcopal Church were requested to appoint two suitable lay members from this diocese. Most Reverend James DeWolf Perry appointed Professor Robinson from the Diocese of Rhode Island.

VARIOUS STUDENT GROUPS PLAN ALL-COLLEGE FESTIVITY

Dramatic League to Offer "The Lost Elevator."

Wednesday, June 6, has been set as the date for the final undergraduate college function of the current school year. All the student organizations of the College will join in presenting the All-College Night entertainment which is being prepared under the direction of Professor Adelaide Patterson and Miss Alice Thorpe with the aid of the *Anchor* editorial board. The program promises to be as successful in all respects as last year's affair, which met with such hearty approval from the students and faculty alike.

ANCHOR BRIDGE HELD IN GYMNASIUM MAY 18

The *Anchor* Bridge was held Friday evening, May 18th, in the college gymnasium. The gym was gaily decorated in spring colors while the candy table had an attractive centerpiece of yellow tapers and a large Maybasket filled with spring flowers. A radio in the balcony provided music. Games were played and puzzles solved in one corner so that the noise would not disturb the concentration of the bridge players. Candy and nuts were sold by Freshman vendors and punch was served by the LeVasseur twins.

The committee in charge comprised Helen French, general chairman; Catherine Murray, tables; Florence Kwasha, decorations; Charles B. Willard, tickets; Phyllis Adams, candy; Marguerite LeVasseur, punch; Brendan Murphy, publicity; and Carmen Fowler, Rose Wolosiewicz, Rosalie Krickstein, and Irving Gomberg.

INSTITUTE ON WORLD PROBLEMS TO BE HELD

The third annual New England Institute of International Relations will be held at Wellesley College, June 25—July 5. This institute is conducted by people interested in promoting world peace.

Experts in the fields of Education, Economics, History, International Relations, and Sociology will present the problems of peace and war in regular class room work. The courses will be arranged in such a way that each person may attend all the classes. The recreational facilities of the College will be available for the students. A series of public evening lectures will be held in Alumnae Hall by outstanding authorities in the field of international relations. This year more than ever the Institute will be helpful as a medium through which the real international issues at stake can be determined and interpreted.

It is hoped that some of the students from R. I. C. E. who are interested in this work will be able to attend.

The student groups are planning various novel offerings. The romance language clubs under the direction of Lilian Longo and Alice Langevin are sponsoring short selections from the folk music and dance of France and Italy. The Children's Literature Club takes its cue from the movies and is developing a brief version of *The Three Little Pigs* with music and dialogue.

The Men's Club has joined with the Dramatic League to present Percival Wilde's *The Lost Elevator*. The cast comprises Louise Boland, Ruth Craig, John Lake, Benjamin Peterson, John Lynch, J. Weston Rose, Brendan Murphy, Raymond Biber, Helen Dronney, Gertrude Sarkisian, and Helen Kenyon. The Press, Art, International Relations, Mathematics, Nature, and Athletic groups are also preparing offerings the nature of which they have not disclosed.

Vocal and instrumental music for the occasion will be provided by the student musical groups of the College.

COMING EVENTS

May 31: Play Day! We'll all be cavorting on the campus in our natty gym togs. Whoops, my dear! Leave the hurdles behind you!

June 2: The Kinsprits do go places! This time it's the touring of salty, breezy Cape Cod.

June 6: The fruits of labor are sweet. Yea, sweet and sad—for on Ricoled Day the Seniors will receive the last photographed and printed memories of their happy college years.

June 6, Evening: And All-College Night will complete the eventful day. Sh, sh, must keep the stunts a secret till then.

June 7: What! Eating again? These Sophomores do have a leaning towards sumptuous spreads. Their next bit of gormandizing will be executed at a feast called the Sophomore Banquet. Les connoisseurs of delicate viands will have their palates tickled that night.

June 8: Tally-ho! On to ye olde Sudbury and Cambridge the Seniors go. Picturesque Wayside Inn will be visited by the dignified collegians.

June 11: Faculty Picnic! Our worthy teachers will cast aside their academic duties for a day and jaunt through the mossy coolness of Lincoln Woods. Here's hoping the ants won't decide to garnish their sandwiches.

R. I. C. E. ANCHOR

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EDITORIAL

It has been suggested by members of the Art Department that the small room opening from 102 be developed into a permanent art gallery with exhibitions of current and historic interest. The art exhibition held during Junior Week shows the ease with which showings can be arranged as well as the suitability for such purposes of this unused space on the first floor.

Most progressive colleges have some kind of permanent gallery, for it has been recognized that the best way to acquire knowledge of the past and present in art is through actually seeing well-chosen pictures. No description of rhythmic line or harmonious color or dynamic symmetry, however good, can equal the sight of a single, simple exposition of the fundamental properties of design. Art is to be experienced, not just talked about.

There has been an increasing number of students viewing the displays at the various galleries in Providence; and often the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston offers an especial attraction. But it is inconvenient for the casual student to visit these galleries and the open door to 102 would be a standing invitation for him to come in and become interested in art.

"Honor thy father and thy mother that thou mayest be long-lived upon the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee."

In studying the Decalogue we find that this is the only one of the ten utterances which specifies a definite reward for observing the duty entailed. Moreover, in order among the ten, this commandment of filial obedience is placed immediately after those referring directly to the honor due the Godhead; it is of first importance among the commandments concerning the relations of man to his fellow man. Of so great importance did the Divinity consider the heads of the family. And the ancient peoples built up customs carrying this reverence for parents through the generations.

It seems improbable, however, that the honor recommended and offered by these peoples was aught but perpetual. The fearful esteem in which they held their progenitors was not the commercial conjuration of a single day's extent once a year. Now we find it necessary or advisable to designate one day each year as Mother's Day, upon which occasion we "honor" mother by wearing a grotesquely priced carnation and sending her a box of chocolates. What a sad index of the spiritual condition of our civilization!

Of course, we do not object to Mother's Day. As we have shown, the idea is as old as humanity; and it is vitally important. In these times when whole nations are endeavoring to destroy the home and family; when the status of motherhood as a function of the home is being destroyed by laxity in

MUSIC CLUBS SCORE

IN COMIC OPERETTA

The Junior Week performance of *The Mikado* deserves a note of commendation even at this late date. Singing before a large and appreciative audience, the principals and choruses gave a thoroughly entertaining interpretation of the Gilbert and Sullivan piece. From beginning to end the company displayed understanding competence.

The comic antics of Frances Kearns and Thomas Giblin were particularly well received by the audience. Most of us, however, while we enjoyed this buffoonery emphasized by the authors, were somewhat disappointed at the meagre opportunity offered Eleanor Molloy and Gardner Nichols to use their splendid voices. In all their numbers they sang delightfully. A word must be said, too, for the superbly sustained hauteur of Edward Connors. His acting, attuned to the farcical character portrayed, was superior to that of the others of the principals who failed to bring the quality of their acting and speaking up to that of their singing.

The success of the opera was greatly aided by the costuming and staging although Mr. Nichols' opportune finding of the rope in the second act seemed a little too stagey and melodramatic. We rather suspect that he was as much surprised as we to find it where he did. The lighting, on the other hand, was poorly handled. The audience was continually disconcerted by an electrician who appeared to be experimenting. (There seems to be a need here that is felt also by the Dramatic League.)

The operetta as a whole more than fulfilled our expectations. Everyone found it completely enjoyable. All connected with its production, students and faculty, merited warm congratulation.

LIBRARY RECEIVES GIFTS

Among the latest additions to the books of the College is the valuable Folger Shakespeare Library presented by the trustees of Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts. It contains a number of interesting plates, describing the beautiful Folger Library in Washington. Another recent acquisition is *Le Manuscrit Autographe* presented by The American Academy of Arts and Letters. This publication is particularly interesting because of its numerous photographic reproductions of literary masterpieces.

marriage and divorce laws; when young people are becoming virtually parentless upon graduation from high school, if not sooner—in such times certainly everything which can possibly aid in restoring a saner, more spiritually productive attitude towards the home and parents must be cultivated. But it does seem sad that our generation can actually look forward to only one day in the year as Mother's Day.

The idea is too sacred to allow it to become so vilely commercialized as it has been. We can prevent further disintegration. Our duty is clearly set forth in the fourth commandment; and that commandment is not addressed to the young child, obeying and reverencing instinctively—it is meant for us who have reached the age of imagined self-sufficiency. "Honor thy father and thy mother" every day of the year throughout their lives; and if they be dead, remember them with a daily prayer. They will be happier. So shall we. And the world will be a better world.

1937 SPEAKS

AT last the Freshmen have come into their own. We do not mean to be disrespectful or presumptuous, Upper Classmen, but we can't resist this opportunity of telling you what we think about you and the College and ourselves.

The first thing we noticed about you was your wonderful friendship. It made us feel at home from the very first day we came. We know now that you are earnest, perseverant, courageous, always hoping, always striving, always advancing. We know now that you have true college spirit.

As the months passed and we came to know and love your traditions and customs, we formed surprisingly definite ideas about each of them. We hope that as long as this College stands, each new class will receive Freshman Handbooks, and will have Sophomore Sisters, and that Thursday Assembly and the Forum in the ANCHOR will continue to belong to the students. We should like to compliment you, too, on your clubs, although we know only a few of them yet. It does seem a shame to us that we can enjoy some of them for only one year. We wish that a few from the lower classes of the College might be allowed to join groups now restricted to Seniors.

As for the ANCHOR, it's a newspaper to be proud of with its literary excellence, but we wish there were a few more columns like F. I. K.'s "Rice Flakes", or at least a separate column for intimate news of the college body. We think, too, that it would be more representative of student thought if the contributions were not censored quite so severely.*

The iron Anchor, symbolic of the achievement of the class possessing it, has already captured our imagination. It is so mysterious, so elusive; it has such a strange hold over all whose lives are in any way touched by it; it has figured in so many escapades. Yet it is only in snatches of sentences caught here and there that we have learned a little of its history. It is better so.

We had waited and longed for Junior Week, and we were not disappointed. We enjoyed it to the full, from the May Breakfast to the Prom; but we could not help thinking that because of training, part of our class would not be in College for our Junior Week festivities. There we go again. We know that that question has been threshed out, but we would have to bring it up. However, if the Forum is a consensus of opinion, we do have to put in everything, don't we? While we are thinking of the Juniors, we wish to thank them for giving our self-confidence a big boost. You can't imagine what a thrill a Freshman feels when he stands up and sings the Juniors off to training with his especial blessing, as it were. Oh, well, we'll be Juniors some day. And we'll be Seniors, too, and go marching slowly and majestically down the center aisle to the strains of *Pomp and Circumstance*. We'll sing our own class song, or better still, we shall allow the Freshmen to sing *Hail to 1937* to us on that auspicious day.

We want you to know that we like the faculty, too. Their kind, patient, and understanding help has added in no small measure to our happiness throughout this year, while our advisers and others who have shown a special interest in us, have won our ever-abiding friendship.

DISRAELI PORTRAYED BEFORE LARGE AUDIENCE

One of the outstanding dramatic presentations at the college in recent years, *Disraeli* fully merited the enthusiastic response of the audience. Thorough command of both characterization and lines with the aid of excellent costuming minimized the deficiencies of the stage and properties. In the title role Charles B. Willard revealed a depth of interpretation, an understanding of the subtle shrewdness of Disraeli, and an exquisitely modulated rendition of Disraeli's meaningful, incisive wit. Steeped in his characterization Mr. Willard created a personality rather reminiscent of George Arliss' representation, a personality that revealed itself in gestures, in physical appearance, in diction as Disraeli of the play rather than Mr. Willard the actor. Truly this performance may be included among the more memorable achievements of the Dramatic League.

Mention should next be made of the interpretation by J. Weston Rose of Lord Deedford, one of the two around whom the romantic action centered. Though far less exacting a role than that of Disraeli, it was more than adequately treated by Mr. Rose, for here also was revealed a lack of that superficiality that is apt to creep into an amateur performance. Beautifully and staunchly smug at the outset, enthusiastically conscientious at the close, Mr. Rose managed the transition with admirable finesse. Mary Gallogly as the scheming Mrs. Travers was truly fascinating. Her performance was decidedly above the average, but revealed a slight touch of the melodramatic—pardonable in that the role itself savors of the melodramatic. The haughty, supercilious Duchess, played by Jane Morrissey, and the lovable, unselfish Lady Beaconsfield, portrayed by Evelyn Corcoran, were two other finished characterizations. Janet Brown gave a satisfactory interpretation in the role of Clarissa. The principals were ably supported by the sincere efforts of the bit players, outstanding among whom was the farmer who dispensed a little homely advice to a rural-looking Disraeli. But reduced to its essence, the play was Disraeli.

F. I. K.

As a parting message, the up-and-coming 1937-ers who have shown initiative in everything they have done (sending the faculty Christmas greetings and planting themselves a tree on Arbor Day—the Japanese Maple in the driveway) wish to give you fair warning: "Keep your eye on us, we're going to get the Anchor!!!"

MARTHA WALSH.

*In fairness to the regular ANCHOR Board it must be stated that this "censoring" has been done by the student members of the Board. The faculty consultant, of course, reserves the right of final censorship; but on no occasion this year has this censorship run counter to the opinion of the student editors.

RICOLED TO APPEAR AT ASSEMBLY JUNE 6

Editor Margaret Joseph announces that June 6 will be Ricoled Day. The Ricoled, the Senior yearbook, will then be ready for distribution. A feature of the assembly period will be the presentation of a copy to the member of the faculty to whom it is dedicated.

Although the contents of the Ricoled (Continued on Page 4)

A MAN AND HIS BOOK

FEW forms of literature can leave me with such a feeling of satisfaction as the autobiographical novel. I know of no other type, not even the informal essay, which is so revealing of the man behind the pen. Disguised under the name of a character, the writer may do what he will unto himself; he may indulge in self-praise, pity, or hate; or he may psycho-analyze himself. Indeed, it may be accepted as a truism that the prime function of the artist is to write about himself, purely objective writing being recognized as next to impossible. As Emerson once wrote:

"Talent amuses, but if your verse has not a necessary and autobiographic basis, though under whatever gay poetic veils, it shall not waste my time."

In *Of Human Bondage*, W. Somerset Maugham wrote of that in which he was most interested—himself. He may write as great a book again; but he will not write a more personal one. For Maugham has only one life to live, and the story of that life he has disclosed in the person of Philip Carey, the hero in *Of Human Bondage*.

The path by which Philip developed into a man and Maugham into an artist was an erratic one. The constant conforming to the enthusiasms and sorrows of his associates had prevented Philip from ever attaining the lofty place to which he aspired. He had always seen so much good in every human being that he hesitated to make any step that might be interpreted as a selfish one. He wanted to become successful but he did not know exactly what success meant. Vacillating, for many years, from one creed to another, seeking he never knew quite what, Philip is ever betrayed by a human bondage from becoming anything like that of which he had dreamed in his youth.

"Always his course had been swayed by what he thought he should do and never by what he wanted with his whole soul to do."

The character Philip reveals to us the man Maugham. Both experienced a period of uncertainty, of questioning; both ultimately adopt a philosophy influenced by Rousseau. In his youth, Philip had been a hopeful dreamer wanting to do great things; at the close of the book, he is married and settled into what he would have earlier considered mediocrity. This same acceptance of simple values is Maugham's present philosophy as well. He thinks the most obvious and beautiful life to be that in which a man is born, grows to manhood, produces children, toils for his bread, and dies.

Of Human Bondage is a wholesome book written by a strong and healthy man. His experience is wide enough and of the kind to make him cynical and he is too much of an artist to represent the world in any light but that in which he sees it—a skeptical one. At times, he wavers from this cynicism into a pathetic optimism but never into sentimentality. However, this cynicism is neither bitter nor satirical. In his most recent book, *Ah King*, we find him putting into the mouth of a character these words:

"—if to look truth in the face and not to resent it when it's unpalatable, and take human nature as you find it, smiling when it's absurd and grieved without exaggeration when it's pitiful, is to be cynical, then I suppose I'm a cynic. Mostly human nature is both absurd and pitiful, but if life has taught you tolerance you find it more to smile at than to weep."

WEEPING WOMAN

SHE tried mightily to control them, but like miniature cannon-balls the tears coursed down her smooth cheek, plowing tiny paths through her powder. Furtively she wiped them away with the back of her hand but others rolled down to take their places. Above her head, like the pounding of a million tiny drums, the rain beat in waves of monotonous sound on the canvas awning and poured past her in a shimmering curtain that vanished into the gray, muddy slush at her feet.

A taxi splashed past and she half-raised her hand before she thought. With remembrance she lowered her arm sheepishly and for the third time pawed through the meagre contents of her pocketbook and for the third time found nothing. Every cent had disappeared, vanished, where she did not know. A fresh burst of tears followed one another in single file down her cheeks.

"Stop this, Helen. Stop it this moment!" She stamped her foot. "Where's your well-known sense of humor? Laugh, drink, and be merry for tomorrow you go out of your little back garret room. Laugh, laugh and think of the romantic possibilities of this. Think of the Dream Man who will gallantly come to your rescue in a big sporty roadster and will cover your poor shivering shoulders with his warm furry coat. Yes, laugh Helen, laugh! No money, no umbrella, no newspaper even to save your shabby hat. Do laugh!"

"I-I-I've got a newspaper," volunteered a timid voice at her elbow.

"Oh," she twittered and whirled.

"I-I-I mean," he stammered, "I've got a piece of newspaper we—I mean—you could use. You could put it over your head and maybe it will keep off the rain and then you can get home without getting your hat wet and—"

"But I don't think it will," he finished in a grand burst of breath.

He looked like a bedraggled snow man. Water dripped from every angle of his body and ran down each gutter-like wrinkle. Where there was room, snow lingered. He brushed off a little.

"An awning opened and I was under it and it was full of snow," he stated and shook himself like a shaggy puppy. Spray flew wildly and she retreated.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I can never do things right, it seems. I always do things wrong. I always do. Oh, here's the paper."

From under his coat he pulled a soggy ball that might once have been a newspaper. He tried to open it. Suddenly with a slushy sound it fell in shreds at her feet. She laughed as she watched the boat-like pieces float away. The rain did not seem so horribly gray and dismal. The loss of her money did not appear so irremediable. Her sense of humor had returned.

Her eyes twinkled. "That's all right. It wouldn't have done much good in this cloudburst. Besides," she cocked a knowing eye upward, "I think the rain's stopping."

There was a subtle change in the sound above them. The deep booming was replaced by an irregular beat that strummed in broken rhythm and then became a soft tapping, only to cease a moment later. The iridescent sheet before them vanished into a hundred dripping rivulets. The grayness of dirty snow and wet pavement seemed suddenly to sparkle with soft tints of color.

"See," she cried, "the moon's out. Isn't it beautiful!" He stepped forward to look and put his foot directly into a puddle, which thereby disintegrated and reassembled itself in a small river that ran down her stocking.

He leaped back. "I'm sorry. See, I can't even look at the moon without some damage."

"I think I can navigate through the puddles now. Thanks for the newspaper even if I didn't use it. Goodbye!"

"And so the fair young maiden was rescued from the villainous ogre by the Man in the Moon," he murmured to himself. He reached forward to help her over the largest of the puddles.

"Oh," she moaned, "my pocketbook!"

"I'm sorry again," he mumbled as he fished it from the deepest part of the dirty water. "I wonder if I'll ever do anything right? Look and see if you lost anything. Your pocketbook was open . . ." He scrutinized her keenly. She suddenly sobered. "No, I don't have to look. I didn't lose anything. Goodbye, now, and be careful you don't pull any telephone poles down on you. And thanks."

"I know," he nodded. "I never do anything right."

In her small, dark room, she disconsolately threw her pocketbook and her hat upon the bed. The pocketbook flew open.

(Continued on Page 4)

THE BARRÉTS OF WIMPOLE STREET. By Rudolph Besier. 165 pp. 1931. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. \$2.00.

ANNOUNCEMENT of the forthcoming presentation in Providence of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, with the talented Katherine Cornell in the stellar role, brings us to the review of a play little affected by the fact that it is no longer new. Its success is of course due in great part to the theme; but, even as many a great theme has heretofore disappointingly belied its promise, so, too, could this have been ruined by less skillful handling. Fortunately, the task was not too much for Mr. Besier; the unfolding of the beautiful love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning leaves little to be desired, so expertly and sympathetically it is done.

The entire action takes place in Elizabeth's bed-sitting-room where we find her, as the play opens, a languid invalid with no real desire to go on with life. The atmosphere in which the nine Barrett offspring carry on their existence is one of partial fear and complete subjugation to the tyrannical will of their father. As Elizabeth herself expresses it, they are all, with the exception of Henrietta, the youngest daughter, automata with everything, even marriage, cut out of their lives by a fanatical parent possessed of mistaken ideas of duty and right conduct. One is rather awestricken at the absolute domination which Edward Moulton-Barrett exercises over his full-grown family. His word is law; everyone under his roof speaks, acts, indeed almost thinks, as he directs; his entrance means the cessation of the slightest bit of gaiety or frivolity. One is likely to resent most his high-handed manner of over-riding Elizabeth's wishes by claiming only interest in her good. Although one later gets a glimpse of him as a rather pitiable, embittered man cut off from human affection by his peculiar notions, the impression he creates is that of a tyrant.

The thread of the story is the development of the character of Elizabeth from her first meeting with Robert Browning, the impetuous Lochinvar who comes sweeping all protest before him to bring vigor and the wish to live into her life. Fragile Elizabeth is left quite breathless by the onslaught of this robust young poet who so confidently assumes for himself the largest spot on her horizon. We see her coming more and more under his influence; as her physical being derives strength from his strength, so her spirit seems to absorb something from his dynamic personality.

Henrietta, too, is deeply engrossed in a love affair fraught with fear of discovery, and not without cause, for inevitably all is disclosed. The terrible scene which follows determines Elizabeth's answer to Browning's proposal of elopement as the only possible escape from her father's autocratic rule. One's awakening pity for Edward Moulton-Barrett is overcome by his last cruel plan of vengeance to be wrought on the innocent little dog, Flush; one is triumphant with Henrietta that he is thwarted, since Elizabeth has taken the dog with her. Incidentally, Virginia Woolf has written a biography of this pet who figured so importantly in Elizabeth Barrett's life.

The charm of the play lies not in any strength of its own, but in that it has to do with two of the most romantic characters in English literature. As such, it has intrigued the fancy of some

Towards Parnassus

LAUGHTER

Laughter
Is spontaneous as the wave
Dashing against the shore.

Laughter
Is a blend of Life—
Seasoned with Love and Sorrow.

MARY HURTON

Maugham is honest and no more may be said of any writer.

BRENDAN MURPHY

DAWN

I love to see the sun begin to rise
And streak with gold and red the pale
blue skies;

I love to see the beauty of the night
Go gliding gently into morning light.
The birds begin their songs of joy and
cheer

And every living thing knows dawn is
near.

As rainbow hues are spread across the
earth,

We look with reverence upon day's birth.

MARILLA TABOR

of our foremost actors and actresses especially Katherine Cornell, who has popularized the drama in the United States.
FLORENCE G. MEISTER

WEeping WOMAN
(Continued from Page 3)

and a fat, little roll of green bills tumbled out. Amazed, she looked at it for a moment before she ran to it. "Where . . . What . . . Why?" she stammered and picked it up. "Twenty-five . . . twenty-six . . . twenty-eight." She finished counting and leaned back. With her finger tips to her lips she smiled. "No," she murmured, "you don't ever do anything right, do you?"

He manipulated a tiny hook at the store floor. The lock clicked. He looked cautiously up and down.

"Well, easy come, easy go," he said and vanished into the dark opening.
IRVING GOMBERG.

**AMY BAILEY LEADS 1937
IN ARBOR DAY EXERCISES**

The Freshman Class, under the able leadership of Amy Bailey, provided the program which commemorated Arbor Day, Friday, May 11. With greetings by Commissioner Walter E. Ranger and Dr. John L. Alger, readings and songs were rendered by members of the Class. At the close of the exercises in the College Auditorium, a Bloodleaf Japanese Maple was planted on the front campus.

Among those taking part in the program were Arthur Lee, Marion Walton, Jessie Nelson, Mary Reilly, Margherita Bucé, Barbara Cooper, Lucille McPartland, Doris Money, and Kathleen Wheelan.

**RICOLED TO APPEAR
AT ASSMBLY JUNE 6**
(Continued from Page 2)

are more or less secret, here are a few choice facts. Of the five main divisions, the first deals with the College in general, giving interesting faculty data and campus scenes from new photographic angles; the second is devoted to Seniors; the third shows interesting sidelights on all classes; and the fourth brings our campus life to the fore. *Pen and Lens* is the mysterious heading of the last great division. The artistic motif is strikingly carried out in black and white.

Members of the Ricoled board are Margaret Joseph, Catherine Murray, Elizabeth Laurence, Carmen Fowler, Frances Kearns, Elizabeth Simmons, and Charlotte Arnold.

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A Day in R. I. C. E.

A DAY IN R. I. C. E.

WE Freshmen came to College—and learned to jay-walk crossing through the rotary. Title for a theme: "Perils of Pedestrians" or "Can You Beat the World's Record for the Standing Broad Jump?" The disadvantage is all on our side; if they miss you the first time, they have a second chance as you come out the other end. Hoands at bay, that's what they are, straining at the leash.

THE meanest man in the world (only it happened to be a girl) came to College early and turned the dial of everyone's padlock around so that he had to work the whole combination. Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Did she have fun! More people mad!

THE optimism of youth—that perfunctory perusal of the bulletin board . . . Why does the unlocking of the case outside the office door remind us of scattering corn to heus?

CHAPEL a study in faces.

A BIT of thrilling description in Mr. Ethier's class—the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill. Quotation from one who reads Muzzev: "One column was going up the right and another up the left and Roosevelt was in the middle."

LUNCH on the front steps. You can see such a lot of sky from there. One might get poetic if it weren't for the ants crawling into one's sandwiches. By the way, if anyone likes lamb sandwiches,

we can furnish the names of several people who would willingly exchange theirs for almost anything else.

THOSE students who have spent so many valuable minutes standing in front of the College debating whether the pillars are Ionic or Corinthian or both or neither, might like to know that one of our own Freshmen has expressed her opinion in favor of Iambic Pentameter. However, another school of thought, also founded by one of us, is holding out for Pythagorean.

A TEAR for John Skeleton in the health room. Poor thing, standing there in his bones and having his ribs or vertebral column poked at by the common herd. No wonder he has such a sad face . . . We can't get a bit sentimental, though, about the mass of muscle in the corner . . . he squeaks too much.

SUGGESTION for improvement of the girl's dressing room—lukewarm water. And maybe soap that doesn't get into one's ring. Also bigger and better mirrors. The one in the "Rec" room certainly wrecks the last shred of one's self-assurance. Possible use for it—a cure for a superiority complex.

THE locker room at three . . . A riot . . . someone rashly trying to consume a bit of left-over lunch.

AND so, as the usher at the Paramount yawned after the late show, here we are one step nearer the grave.
F. G. M.

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**SENIORS ELECT WILLARD
AS CLASS DAY ORATOR**

One of the most picturesque and interesting traditional days of Commencement is Class Day, which this year comes on June 22. Charles B. Willard will be the chief orator of the day and will give the usual inspiring Class Day oration. Other features of the afternoon will be the reading of the history of the Class of 1934, *The Moving Finger Having Writ*, by Catherine Murray, class historian; the Senior Ode by Kathleen F. Kelley; and the awarding of degree pins to the Seniors by various faculty members.

The exercises open with a procession from the college building to the linden trees at the end of the campus. The Seniors in their caps and gowns are preceded by white-gowned class marshals, the Sophomore Daisy Chain, and the faculty in their academic robes. Immediately following the exercises the Seniors and their guests will be entertained by the Junior Class at an informal campus tea.

**FACULTY ENTERTAINED
AT FORMAL TEA MAY 16**

The customary tea and reception given by the Seniors of Rhode Island College of Education for the trustees and faculties of the College was held on May 16, 1934, in the reception room of the College. Mary Higgins gave a reading of "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes and Jane Morrissey read "Where Ignorance Is Bliss," by Howard Fielding. Vocal selections by Helen Dronney and a piano solo by Lucienne Lavallée provided the musical part of the program.

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