



#### DR. BARBOUR TO GIVE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

**Exercises to be Held June 25**  
Commencement exercises for the Class of 1935 will be held on Tuesday, June 25, at 10:30, in the College Auditorium. Dr. Clarence Barbour, President of Brown University, will give the principal address. Other speakers will be Governor Theodore Francis Green and Mr. James F. Rockett, Director of Education. At this time the degree of Bachelor of Education will be conferred upon the graduates of 1935 by Dr. John L. Alger. The degree of Master of Education will also be awarded to the successful candidates at this time. Arrangements have been made to have an amplifier in the library so that those who are there can easily hear.

Following the Commencement exercises, a luncheon for the graduates, their friends, and the faculty will be held in the cafeteria of Henry Barnard School. This occasion always provides opportunity for renewal of old acquaintanceships and meetings between former and present graduates.

On the eve of their Commencement, the Seniors will gather in Dr. Carroll's room for their class banquet. The time will be seven o'clock, or immediately after the Ivy Day exercises. The affair, which will be the Seniors' last social event in the college building, will also be attended by Professor and Mrs. Benjamin G. Sinclair, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, and Dr. Mary L. Stevenson.

Room 102 will be attractively decorated, befitting the occasion, and favors will be provided. Following the banquet, there will be dancing in the gymnasium. Plans are in the hands of the social committee consisting of Frances Fennessy, chairman, Dorothy Beaudreau, Veronica Corrente, Ruth Davis, Margaret Egan, and Jeanne Mulligan. They will be assisted by the class officers: Mary G. Colton, Margaret Whalen, Doris Burns, and Edith Bernstein.

#### PHYLLIS ADAMS CHOSEN AS EDITOR OF ANCHOR

##### Six From Freshman Class Added to Board

At the last regular meeting of the *Anchor* Board, Phyllis Adams of Lakewood was chosen to be editor-in-chief for next year. Miss Adams will be assisted by a veteran corps including Brendan Murphy as associate editor; Virginia Cunningham, literary editor; Marilla Tabor, associate literary editor; Florence Meister, feature editor; and Catherine Curran and Susan Breckel, news editors.

The remainder of the staff are as follows: Helen McWilliams, Genevieve Pagnano, Irving Gomberg, Evelyn Walsh, Florence Saunders, Dorothy Berry, and Barbara Garner. Six members of this staff are members of the present Freshman Class, who, because of their interest in the paper and their contributions to it, have proved themselves worthy of a place on the staff.

#### SENIOR BALL TO BE HELD AT METACOMET GOLF CLUB

##### Frances Fennessy Chairman of Arrangements

Beautiful surroundings and cool breezes will tend to create a delightful atmosphere at the Commencement Ball, which this year will take the form of a supper dance, to be held Tuesday, June 25, at the Metacomet Golf Club. Although the affair is usually held at either the Biltmore or the Narragansett Hotel, the committee this year think that the environment selected will add greatly to the pleasure of a June dance.

The receiving line will include the Honorable and Mrs. James F. Rockett, Dr. and Mrs. John L. Alger, and Professor and Mrs. Thomas Herbert Robinson.

Frances Fennessy as chairman, assisted by Dorothy Beaudreau, Veronica Corrente, Ruth Davis, Margaret Egan, Jeanne Mulligan, and the class officers, Mary G. Colton, Margaret Whalen, Doris Burns, and Edith Bernstein, arranged for the dance.

#### TWO FACULTY MEMBERS GIVEN MASTER'S DEGREE

Two members of our faculty, Miss Alice L. Thorpe and Miss Neva L. Langworthy, have received advanced degrees this June. Miss Thorpe has completed the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts at Brown University. Her thesis subject is "American Songsters of the Eighteenth Century." Miss Langworthy received the degree of Master of Education from Boston University. Her thesis is entitled "Improving the Preparation of the Elementary Classroom Teacher for the Teaching of Physical Education."

## MARGARET McLOUGHLIN MOST POPULAR; JOHN LYNCH MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

### School Management and History of Civilization Again Voted Most Beneficial

After four years of association in classes, college affairs, and extra-curricular activities, the Seniors have conclusively named the most outstanding of their number. Verifying once again their choice for the May Day festivities, the Seniors chose Ruth Davis and Nina McKeown the most beautiful. Some admirers, however, cast their ballots for Charles McCanna's masculine beauty. The president of Student Council, Margaret McLoughlin, drew the honors for being the most popular, and having done most for the Class of 1935 and R. I. C. E. Dorothy Beaudreau was also named for popularity, and versatility, while being overwhelmingly considered the most frank of all the fair Seniors. The choice of Kathryn Orme for the most versatile was verified by naming her the most original, wittiest, and one of the best natured. Such a happy combination for one person!

John Lynch was considered by his classmates to be one of the most intelligent, most ambitious, most studious, most likely to succeed and one of the best extemporaneous speakers. Along with Mr. Lynch, Helen French was voted the most intelligent, most likely to succeed, and the best extemporaneous speaker, while drawing honors for having done most for R. I. C. E. during her four year's sojourn. Anne McCarthy's and Mary King's efficiency was recognized, and Miss Mc-

Carthy was also voted having done most for '35. A successful All-College Week probably aided in the result of the voting on this question.

The Class of '35's talent is embodied in Mary Fitzpatrick, best actress; Rosalind Turbitt and Mary Orme, best writers; Mary Giblin and Anna Theroux, most athletic; and Emily Thomas and Edith Bernstein most diplomatic. The business-like propensities of Edith Bernstein and Laura Bye were recognized in the poll as was the sartorial perfection of Theresa Lefebvre and Mary Beane. Dorothy Lowrey's wit and good nature took high place as did Mary Dunn's humor and Helen Lombardi's originality. Senior dignity was personified in Mary Colton and Elinor Sheldrick. Miss Colton also kept Katherine Mullaney company in having the biggest drag with the faculty.

If one is to judge from the results of this poll, ambition, studiousness, and conscientiousness travel hand in hand, for Pearl Shippee was considered the most conscientious and the most studious; while Olga Kaltsas, the most conscientious, shared honors with Mary King for being the most ambitious. Our bashful members were said to be Alice Atwood and Olive King.

Once again School Management and History of Civilization were considered the most valuable courses in College.

As usual, Seniors have enjoyed this poll, and the results have proved most interesting.

#### CAMPUS CALENDAR

June 21. Class Day ushers in our Commencement activities. Songs, speeches, the daisy chain, the granting of degree pins to worthy Seniors, and finally the bestowal of the Anchor complete the day.

June 23, at 4 P. M. Senior Vesper Service with Dr. John L. Alger as speaker of the day. This is to be held in Henry Barnard Auditorium.

June 24, Ivy Day, at 6 P. M. Juniors to be recipients of Senior steps and flower beds. Following Ivy Day Exercises are two banquets—for Juniors and Seniors, respectively.

June 25. Commencement at 10:30 A. M. And the Seniors become Alumni of R. I. C. E.

Luncheon at 1 P. M. in Henry Barnard cafeteria. The Associated Alumni, graduates, and parents are cordially invited.

Commencement Ball—a supper dance at the Metacomet to complete one of the greatest days of our lives.

## SENIOR CELEBRITIES

- |                        |                                   |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Most Beautiful      | 10. Most Likely to Succeed        |
| 1. Ruth Davis          | 1. John Lynch                     |
| 2. Nina McKeown        | 2. Helen French                   |
| 2. Most Popular        | 11. Most Efficient                |
| 1. Margaret McLoughlin | 1. Anne McCarthy                  |
| 2. Dorothy Beaudreau   | 2. Mary King                      |
| 3. Most Versatile      | 12. Most Original                 |
| 1. Kathryn Orme        | 1. Kathryn Orme                   |
| 2. Dorothy Beaudreau   | 2. Helen Lombardi                 |
| 4. Most Conscientious  | 13. Wittiest                      |
| 1. Pearl Shippee       | 1. Kathryn Orme                   |
| 2. Olga Kaltsas        | 2. } Mary Dunn                    |
| 5. Most Dignified      | } Dorothea Lowrey                 |
| 1. Mary Colton         | 14. Best Extemporaneous Speaker   |
| 2. Elinor Sheldrick    | 1. Helen French                   |
| 6. Most Frank          | 2. John Lynch                     |
| 1. Dorothy Beaudreau   | 15. Biggest Drag with the Faculty |
| 2. Katherine Lamb      | 1. Mary Colton                    |
| 7. Most Diplomatic     | 2. Katherine Mullaney             |
| 1. Emily Thomas        | 16. Done Most for '35             |
| 2. Edith Bernstein     | 1. Margaret McLoughlin            |
| 8. Most Intelligent    | 2. Anne McCarthy                  |
| 1. John Lynch          | 17. Done Most for R. I. C. E.     |
| 2. Helen French        | 1. Margaret McLoughlin            |
| 9. Most Ambitious      | 2. Helen French                   |
| 1. John Lynch          | 18. Most Valuable Course          |
| 2. } Mary King         | 1. School Management              |
| } Olga Kaltsas         | 2. History of Civilization        |



## R. I. C. E. ANCHOR

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## SENIOR COMMITTEE

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## EDITORIALS

This year has witnessed several improvements at the College. The much needed elevator, even though it will be for the teachers and janitors only, should be valued by the students. The remote prospect of having the gym-locker room cleaned and new showers provided delights those of us who have had to do without them. To us these contemplated showers to take the place of the old ones, long since unusable, seem a prime requisite where gymnasium work is required. We are sure that they will constitute one of the chief prides of the students when they are finally installed. We should not forget to mention that provision has been made for a *Handbook* for the incoming Freshmen—a guide which the present Freshman Class sorely missed.

Of course, as is always the way, there is still much room for improvement. We realize that it does take time to bring about changes and therefore we have been patient about the girls' recreation room. It badly needs redecoration and refurnishing. The ideal thing would be to have a larger and pleasanter room. Cannot something be done about it? The chairs in many of the classrooms are old and squeaky. New study seats such as we have in a few rooms would not only help to improve the appearance of the institution, but would be a comfort for those who are forever ruining hose on the rough surfaces of these old chairs.

After all, what we have been mentioning, important as they may seem, are not what constitute a college. It is a society of scholars or friends of learning incorporated for study or instruction, and in our own particular case, with the definite aim of preparing for teaching. Most important of all is the spirit of the group and their relationship to one another. At this time of year it is natural that we should feel the weight of all our tasks; nerves are on edge; perspective is hard to attain. What we all need for a rejuvenation of our spirit of cooperation is a long vacation and we haven't long to wait. It is just one week away.

With the publication of the Senior Edition, we bring to a close the second year of the *Anchor* as a journal of news as well as of letters. The experiment, started a year ago last September, has proved in many ways successful. For one thing it showed the students of Rhode Island College of Education that they should not be afraid to seek changes in their student life, when those changes seem advisable. This was one generally desired change which has worked.

That the *Anchor* has been a success is shown by the financial support it has re-

## Important Legislation Passed at First R. I. C. E. Model Assembly

*If flies turn pig, and pigs turn snail,  
What's to become of the donkey's tail?*

*If grips won't lock, for travel we're sunk;  
Pray how can we use the elephant's trunk?*

Which is neither here nor there; yet it's a beginning and could be used for an end. Anything goes when Youth takes upon its frail frame such burdens as those which accompany the formation of a ruling body so complicated as the Rhode Island General Assembly. Here in our scandalized halls, on Wednesday, June 12, 1935, the Senior Class under "Governor" Carroll's leadership, demonstrated the aims and methods of a self-appointed body in the guise of our own state legislature.

Because of the untiring efforts and progressive natures of the Class of '35, future Seniors no longer will endanger life, limb, or orb by such immediate obsessions as mortar board corners. The Assembly to a man has approved rubber guards and bumpers for the same. If all laws introduced into the House and Senate are passed and enforced, students no longer will wear long black stockings in gym, professors will perform penance in the Detention Room if late to classes, and Commencement happily will always fall on the first Tuesday in June. Green-eyed because of the new elevators destined to be used only by the faculty and the janitors, members introduced a bill to provide for tandem banisters to speed up traffic.

In the Upper House Senator Fox introduced a resolution providing for the presentation of one quart of "health-producing, non-fattening, and non-ricket engendering beverage" to "Governor" Carroll, who was immediately relieved of it by the same pilferer that stole the original. Senator Gomes, proving a fountain of resourcefulness, succeeded in conveying an impression of the "fighting menace" through most of the Senate proceedings.

When the House convened, the Senate occupied the Gallery, but left, upon the expulsion of one of its members, who offended the observant eye of Representative French because of his garb. Senator Lynch, whose black-shirted form resisted Sheriff Lannon, is a heavily-set man, and with his rising temper, it required the cooperation of Representatives Lucitt and Plante to expel him. The Senate retired and adopted a resolution demanding a public apology. This was not acted upon, and the enraged Lynch strode into the Assembly and "planted" a bomb at the feet of Representative Speedwell. The illustrious body, however, proceeded with the calendar until recess, motion for which had been three times thwarted by Representative French, was declared.

Participants in the Model Assembly can congratulate themselves upon two points which the General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations may well consider. They accomplished much in a short time and they failed to produce a yawn from the audience.

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## The Forum

## THE DANCES ARE GAYER

(See the last Anchor.)

Why the talk of formality at the college functions known as the informal dances? We, the student body, are the only ones guilty of this feeling. If this atmosphere of formality is present at our dances, it is not the receiving line but the students who create it. We, ourselves, are at fault if we feel ill at ease or coldly restrained in the presence of our faculty.

The members of the receiving line at the Cap and Gown Dance were friendly and humorous, promoting a good feeling of comradeship. "Good evening, Mary," was the delightfully, unexpected greeting of Director Rockett. "Ah, the Senator from East Providence," came from Dr. Carroll, and, in return: "Senator Carroll, of the Missing Quart of Milk." These are only samples of the pleasantries exchanged between students and the patrons and patronesses. Is it not always true that the people who complain about the formality of the receiving lines are the ones who proudly say they slipped in without going down the line? Can such opinions be regarded as the sentiment of all the members of the College or even of the largest number?

If members of this student body feel "policed" as they dance by the invited guests, they are wholly to blame. If one is doing the right thing, he will see no reason for evading certain parts of the gym. Surely the faculty wish us to have pleasant times, as they themselves do. Many of the patrons and patronesses attending our dances seem to enjoy themselves for they return again and again, and there is no compulsion about their attendance. We may safely assume that they are with us because they enjoy meeting with us for some of our fun as well as for our work.

Gayety and informality will be in attendance at all our dances if students feel as friendly and eager to promote a happy relationship between faculty and students as did those at the Cap and Gown Dance.

ROSEALINE S. GOMES.

## AN OFT-HEARD COMPLAINT

This eleventh hour complaint is intended not to benefit the class of '35, but our successors, especially those of '36. Juniors, we warn you—our fate may be yours next year! While every other Senior in Little Rhody is now free from classes, we the Seniors of R. I. C. E., still trudge from class to class in anticipation of June twenty-fifth. That date might almost impress the reader as a day on which to embark on a summer cruise, or to gather firewood for ye olde fire on the Fourth. If such be your surmise, you are wrong. It is Commencement Day at Rhode Island College of Education.

We have a term of forty weeks—longer than that of any of our neighboring teachers' colleges. For example, Bridgewater, Massachusetts, Plymouth, New Hampshire, Albany, New York, and West Chester, Pennsylvania, all have terms of thirty-six weeks. The average term of ten eastern normal schools and teachers' colleges is thirty-six weeks and four days. Why should the academic year of Rhode Island College of Education be

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## ASSOCIATED ALUMNI HOLD ANNUAL MEETING JUNE 11

## Director Rockett Guest of Honor

The Associated Alumni of Rhode Island College of Education brought to a close a very busy and highly successful year of activities with a supper and business meeting, Tuesday evening, June 11. Nearly one hundred and fifty graduates and faculty met for an informal reception previous to going to the cafeteria, where an attractive supper was served by Miss Hutchinson with the assistance of a group of Seniors.

After the supper, which was like a pleasant family affair, a business meeting was held in Room 102. President Mary M. Lee, Ed. B. '28, presided. Reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved. By motion, provision was made for the appointment of a committee of five members, one from each county, to prepare a list of three names for submission to Governor Green. From that list, the Governor may select the graduate who will become a member of the Board of Regents. A committee to nominate officers for next year was also named.

Addresses to the Alumni were made by President Alger, Dr. Carroll, and Dr. Craig. The guest of honor of the evening was Director of Education James F. Rockett. In an enthusiastic and inspiring speech, Director Rockett emphasized in particular the responsibility which rests upon the Alumni in the new dignity which has come in its representation on the Board of Regents.

and Miss Thorpe, has been an important factor in making the paper what it is. Their help is greatly appreciated.



## BOOKS

LIKE most young hopefuls, we were recently indulging in that fruitless annual pastime, planning our vacation. Fruitless, because past experience has shown us that the "best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." We found that, in tune with our temperament, we had included, amid a round of swimming, canoeing, walking, and plain old-fashioned resting, an intention actually to catch up on some reading. We thought of all the new books we had heard of since last vacation, of all the books we had "always intended to read", and all the books worth re-reading. Selection was no easy matter; nevertheless, despite premonitions that we would probably read no more than newspaper headlines, we drew up a list which turned out to be staggering, not to say discouraging. And in our most altruistic manner (not at all prompted by a desire to fill this column), we decided to pass part of the list on to you.

First, there is the tide, the endless and ever-changing tide, of current best-sellers and prize-winners. Heading the list is the Pulitzer Prize winner, *Now In November*, by Josephine Johnson. We read part of it last November (appropriately enough) but, as those happened to be hurrying days for us, we would like to re-read it in the slower tempo of summer. It's that sort of book . . . But before we forget . . . summer will be only a few days young before we finish Vincent Sheehan's *Personal History* which is as enjoyable (and somewhat saner) as any of the modern biographies . . . We have never read any of Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna* books, but prompted, in part, by the recent publication of a fifth volume, *Young Renny*, we would like to try at least one of them.

Biography isn't our strongest inclination but, struck by the description of Robert E. Lee in Stephen Benet's *John Brown's Body*, we should like to read Douglas Freeman's *R. E. Lee*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in its class . . . It's in four volumes, though, and as an antidote to size, there would be, probably, James Stephen's *Crock of Gold*, which was recently re-issued in a new inexpensive edition, The Modern Reader's Series, along with such other varied volumes as the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, *The Return of the Native*, *As The Earth Turns*, Robinson's *Tristram*, and Lewis Browne's popular history of the Jews, *Stranger Than Fiction*.

The element of comparative brevity would also be provided by practically any of the volumes of poetry issued in the last year. There is Paul Engle's *American Song* which might be remembered if only for the "Complaint to Sad Poets"; E. A. Robinson's swan song, *Amaranth*; Fdna St. Vincent Millay's most recent volume, *Wine From These Grapes*.

An event of future probability is presented in Robert Nathan's *Road of Ages*, wherein is depicted a wholesale exile of the Jews to the Gobi Desert . . . The liberty of a people is also treated in Franz Werfel's *Forty Days of Musa Dagh* . . . Both books are especially interesting in the light of recent Anti-Semitic activities in Europe . . .

The list grows, as you see, and assumes the proportions of impracticability—a privilege that goes with planning. And if we know ourselves as we think we do, the middle of August will find us in a comfortable hammock, under a high blue sky, languidly perusing the latest exploits of Ellery Queen or Perry Mason.

"WE THREE."

## Towards Parnassus

## RENAISSANCE

The sun had fallen, red and raw,  
Into a starved horizon's maw.  
The up-flung trees like dragon's teeth  
Had spewed out colors, while beneath  
One lonely cloud, the dusk of eve  
Crept forth that Earth might now receive  
The cooling softness of her grey  
To sooth the burns of speeding day.

I pitched my camp and made my bed  
Where pine trees towered overhead,  
Trees which at night were turned to  
lyres  
To serenade the sparkling fires  
Of stars, as quick'ning winds with hands  
Unseen, had plucked those verdant  
strands.  
I stole the glory of that night  
To give my soul an earned respite.

D. O.

## LEVIATHAN

He came from the south with his crimson-flecked mouth  
All a-hunger for virginal feast;  
He sprang 'round our pond from the forest beyond

Bringing day that was not of the East.

A blood-ruddy day with a mantle of grey  
Where the smoke of his breath stained the sky;  
The souls of our trees flung aloft on the breeze  
To appease hungry Fire-Gods on high.

Where once we had seen Nature's tunic of green  
Now behold! It is scorched from her back.  
What hideous scars! How the flame-eaten spars  
Plead for mercy with arms roasted black!

A servant once kept had attacked while we slept,  
Seeking vengeance for slights of the past.  
We lifted this prayer as he left Yawgoog bare  
"May he die of his greedy repast!"

D. O.

## KALEIDOSCOPE

AT least half the blame must fall on this poor month of June for the thoughts swirling about in my head. The other half may rest upon an article dealing with hypnosis which compared the body with the mind in relation to locomotion. By this comparison the body was found awkward and slow. For example, (1) the body cannot be in America one moment and in China the next; it is limited. But the mind has no such limitations; it is built for flight and can rove wherever it wills in the space of an instant. (2) The body can live only in the present. But the mind knows the past and present and can conceive of the future. Hence the spirit can mix a past experience with one that never happened, construct mortifying or ridiculous adventures, synchronize the old into the new or the fantastic with the sublime, and make all appear perfectly ordinary until one is startled back into reality and the inert body becomes king and laughs at the incredulous exploits of the mental.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beneath a soft blue sky in a land of green trees and gleaming white marble pillars where the distant sea shimmered as the sun plunged his golden shafts into her bosom, a maiden came. She was draped in filmy white and on her feet were strapped tiny white sandals of soft doeskin. Entwined within the long dark masses of her hair were sprays of white flowers. A snow-white dove with a coral bill—the only patch of color—crooked his toes around her outstretched finger. The dove was an offering to Athena, goddess of wisdom and knowledge. Over the green velvet carpet the girl moved swiftly and lightly towards the temple, the wind fluttering her garment as she disappeared within its glistening pillars.

Here amid the mysterious silence of the temple the statue of Athena was enshrined. To her the maiden offered the

dove as she sank down prostrate before the image, placatingly:

"I petition thee, O Divine Goddess, for wisdom and knowledge that the secrets of Truth may be known to me." Suddenly in the distance she heard music—weird, mournful sobs blending with gay carefree laughter into a beautiful, yet strange, harmony, which like a magnet drew her forth from the temple towards the sea.

"It is the answer of the goddess," she said with joy.

Viewed from the temple, the sea had seemed calm and quiet; but as the maiden approached, she saw billowing mountains tumbling and roaring, and deep blue waves breaking into frothy white foam upon a long sweep of sand. Great tropical palm trees waved slowly in the distance. Abruptly the music ceased.

"This is not like my country," the maiden said. And even as she spoke, a brown girl with flashing teeth and a white hibiscus in her long dark hair dashed from a grove of palm trees into the rushing waters. She laughed at the waves as they dashed against her and beat fiercely at them with her tiny fists. But the water soon tired her, and exhausted, she threw herself luxuriously upon the warm sand and felt the sun pour his rays into her body.

Slowly from the trees behind her, the same plaintive music which had drawn the maiden forth from the temple into this wild and beautiful land, began to play. It was as though someone were trying to laugh, but could utter only broken sobs; it spoke of Pan and Naiads, of dark jungle torture, of tinkling crystal fountains and fragrant flowers, and of cold marching exiles. The whole story of life was being poured forth into a confused pattern of sound.

The maiden, spellbound, turned and followed its beckoning. The brown girl as though enchanted walked after her. Concealed among a circle of lofty trees was

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## TREES

I AM somewhat of a pagan. At least I have a pagan feeling for trees. I think of them as living, lovable personalities—working, growing, and thriving in a world quite as real and important as our own, and possessing numerous ways and attributes which we frequently consider exclusively human.

Many of us say that experience is the best teacher in the world. If this is true, then the trees are well drilled. The primeval forces of the universe are the severe masters before which they sit. Every minute of the day, trees are forced by nature to learn and remember new and difficult lessons. They cannot run away from danger. They are patient, for they endure floods, insects, earthquakes, and severe storms. Yet many of them rise superior to all forces working their destruction and reach ages about which man marvels.

Trees are musical. To the lover of nature the sounds of the mountains and the forests are notes in the greatest symphony ever written. Every day in any kind of forest a tree concert is in progress. The buzzing bee, the running waters, the murmuring brooks take part. Every twig and leaf rustles glad and joyful accompaniment. The trees considered alone are helpless instruments in the powerful hands of the winds. Each has its range and its tone. Ordinarily, the music of the trees, as I have discovered on many olive-colored hills, is soft and caressing, but often they are called upon to wrestle with the storms. Under the relentless and ferocious lashings of an aroused wind, their song rises into a heartbreaking wail; or their boughs creak and roar, and their twigs snap like overstrained strings.

Trees are fashionable. When they finally decide to cover their winter nakedness, they do it with an abandon similar to the way in which females don their spring millinery and garments. The apple, the cherry, the peach, the pear, in fact all the fruit trees, are quite lavish in their display.

Undoubtedly, it was under inspiring, and sympathetic shady trees that some of the world's best poetry has come to birth. Who can look upon the beauties of an autumn or spring wood without feeling inspired to dream, to put down his thoughts in the form of verse? Who can watch a tiny seed develop into a beautiful, graceful tree without singing a hymn to his Creator?

TITICA JEREMIAH.

## THE SHOES

I REMEMBER her almost as well as the shoes; but best I remember the shoes. They were little pink things with high heels and pom-poms. They were blue—the pom-poms. Blue and fluffy . . . and brave . . . rather like her. They didn't seem to belong on the shoes; they were too big—too fine. She used to keep the shoes wrapped up in tissue paper in her bottom bureau drawer.

I was eight years old when I first saw them. I had been in the habit of going into her room to kiss her goodnight, but this time she didn't see me as I stood in the doorway. She was whirling around in a wild beautiful way, just whirling and whirling, and her hair was all down and around her face. I called her. Then I saw the shoes. They were coming toward me; and next I was in her arms and she was crying.

Often, after that, she would wear the shoes when I was near, and she would laugh a great deal and seem happy and look pretty. But then she was pretty



when she cried, too. Most often her eyes were a dull brown, but when she laughed they were golden and when she cried they were like silver and gold mingled and spread over deep brown.

Sometimes she would dance for me and, when she was through, drop on the floor beside me, out of breath and flushed, her hair all curled in ringlets and damp with perspiration.

It was on one of these occasions that my grandfather interrupted us. He had gone out and we didn't expect him back until late—quite late. I asked for the shoes—she wore them only when grandfather was away—and she took them out and put them on. Half-mockingly she started to dance. I have never seen anyone dance as she did that night. She spun in wide circles around me and dipped and swayed over me, swishing her skirts high to her knees. I did not hear my grandfather enter, but she did and she stopped abruptly with a terrible fear in her eyes. He walked over to her and they two stood facing each other. Then he struck her. The room became very quiet and my grandfather went out, but still she lay in a limp heap on the floor. I felt cold and chilled. The fire started to crackle, so I ran over to it to get warm. The shoes, flung toward the fireplace in scornful anger by my grandfather, lay near the blaze. They were quite badly scorched when I reached them, but one of the pom-poms was still good.

She never knew what became of the shoes. I buried them all except that one pom-pom. After that she became very sick, and toward the end her eyes were weak. Sometimes she didn't know me. The last time I saw her she couldn't recognize me at all until she felt my face and ran her hands through my hair. I thought of the pom-pom and took it out of my pocket. She didn't ask anything of me when I stroked the back of her hand with it. I think she thought it was not real. Soon she fell asleep, quiet and happy. She was smiling.

I still have the pom-pom and oftentimes when I look at it I wonder if my dead father loved it as I do.

M. G. F.

#### ANCHOR BOARD MEETS FOR ANNUAL SUPPER

The *Anchor* staff celebrated the culmination of its year's work with a supper held June 3 in the faculty dining room. The guests included the present and past members, the Faculty Committee on Publications, and two past editors, Mr. Charles B. Willard and Miss Marjorie Johnson.

The affair was planned under the efficient direction of Marilla Tabor, assisted by Dorothy Anderson, and Florence Meister. Lupin and buttercups were effectively used in decoration, and artistic place cards and favors added to the attractiveness of the tables. The menu, arranged for with the assistance of Miss Hutchinson, was prepared by the committee.

Games were enjoyed before the supper and between courses and suitable prizes awarded the winners. "Faculty Censorship of Student Publications" was the theme of the evening's discussion, which was conducted informally, with students and faculty participating.

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## OFF CAMPUS

Numerous of our number will spend the summer at various camps, acting in the capacity of councillors or performing other camp duties. Mary Colton and Claire Lamoureux will go to Camp Hoffman, West Kingston, Rhode Island, Marion Sullivan to Camp Witawentin Pittsfield, Mass., and Beulah McCoy and Vivian Morrill to Camp Wawanock, Maine.

At her summer home in Nausauket, Anna Lannon entertained a group of Seniors during the weekend of June 14-16. Among her guests were Olga Kaltsas, Jane Morrissey, Eleanor Molloy, Helen Lombardi, Dorothea Lowrey, Claire Lamoureux, Marjorie Myette, Jeanne Mulligan, Kathryn Orme, and Katherine Mullaney.

Several Physical Education devotees will continue their studies during the summer. Mary Giblin and Kathryn Fee will go to the University of Wisconsin Summer School and the Le Vasseur twins will attend sessions at Boston University.

Miss Evelyn Corcoran entertained at a miscellaneous shower at her home in Lonsdale, on Thursday, June 13, in honor of Miss Ruth Davis. Miss Davis is to be married in September to Mr. Lincoln Dexter of Pawtucket.

Members of the Senior class who were entertained by Mary Dunn at a dance at Kenneth Ridge, Watch Hill, June 1, are Margaret Whalen, Helen French, Rose Lodge, and Grace Smith.

#### R. I. C. E. STUDENT TO RECEIVE F. P. A. SCHOLARSHIP

Jack Roberts to Study at Institute of Foreign Relations

The Rhode Island Branch of the Foreign Policy Association at a recent meeting awarded to Jack Roberts, President of the Freshman Class at Rhode Island College of Education, a scholarship for study at the Institute of International Relations, held at Wellesley College, from June 25 to July 5, inclusive. Mr. Roberts is a graduate of Woonsocket High School, and since entering College, has indicated a special interest in history and in the work of the International Relations Club.

Each year the scholarship is open to a young man and a young woman, students in either Rhode Island high schools or colleges. A student at Pembroke College received the other award this year.

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LUNCHEON

11:30 a. m.—2:00 p. m.

DINNER

5:30 p. m.—8:00 p. m.

## AN OFT-HEARD COMPLAINT

(Continued from Page 2)

so much longer than those of similar institutions doing similar work?

However, the late Commencement is not our only concern. The fact that we have classes until the very last hour of Class Day is an outstanding grievance. The calendars of most colleges are so arranged as to allow the Seniors to complete their studies at least one week before underclassmen, that they may have a breathing space before the activities accompanying Commencement. Seniors at R. I. C. E. have even been known to take a final examination one hour before they marched out on the campus for Class Day Exercises.

This year's Senior Class is submitting to this program as gracefully as possible, but it is with true altruistic feeling that a member of that class has written this letter, hoping that it may effect a much desired change.

KATHRYN ORME

## KALEIDOSCOPE

(Continued from Page 3)

a golden organ which was being played by a very pale girl with enormous sad dark eyes. As they watched, her body quivered excitedly, and with a crash her fingers descended upon the keys and the sounds splintered through the trees and reverberated; then she became taut, slowly relaxed, and sweet delicate harmony was produced by her skillful fingers.

As the two girls approached, she stopped and stood up. In amazement the three looked at one another; all, except for clothing and complexion, were exactly alike. And yet they were not alike, for the brown girl looked innocent and untroubled; the music-maker was sad and cynical; the Grecian maiden had a searching, puzzled expression. As each looked in wonderment at their startling likeness, Athena appeared in their midst. She addressed herself to the Grecian maiden:

"This is my answer to your prayer, O maid. You are all one and the same. The brown girl has little knowledge, yet is she happy in her ignorance; the music-maker has gained too much knowledge in this world, which has made her sad. You, my daughter, would not be happy to live the life of either one, for as the music-maker you would always be unhappy and as the brown girl you would always be happy. Really to live one must know innocence and experience, joy and sorrow, light and shadow. The Truth I disclose will teach you how to weave all into one harmonious whole."

R. T.

## Rice Flakes

**S**PEAKING of the Seniors reminds us of our class president. When the would-be Freshmen appeared for their trials, one little girl approached Miss Colton and asked: "What is the best way to become a ruler?"

"Go straight," was our brilliant leader's prompt reply.

**S**O the Sophomores also sing well! The Freshmen make good grave-stones, and smart epitaphs! The Juniors are a clever and friendly lot! What to do with the proverbial Anchor is indeed a problem. Several bright suggestions have been handed in—among them that we "Anchor the Faculty" and another that the janitors might take good care of it.

**A**CCORDING to the Bulletin Board various forms of entertainment, advice, money making devices, etc., are being established in our midst. "Dorothy Dix" and "Zoe Beckley" handle matters of a very personal nature strictly confidentially and without pecuniary reinforcement. Bird walks are advertised as a mild and inexpensive diversion—good for young and old. The latest is "back scratching"—look that up for yourselves.

**A** SMALL collection box is to be placed in a conspicuous spot in an effort to raise a "food fund." This fund is to be used during the summer months to feed the mice, now feasting on caps and gowns, paper, yarn, and other odds and ends. Remember to do your part!

**L**ONGFELLOW relates the tale of the "Skeleton in Armor," but it took the Senior men of R. I. C. E. to originate a new version—the "Skeleton in a Cap and Gown". Johnny Bones was borrowed from his tomb, garbed, treated to a cigarette and buttonhole bouquet, photographed, and re-entombed, all on Cap and Gown Day.

**B**ECAUSE of the fact that this is a Senior edition, may we of the Senior class take this opportunity to extend our sincere and heartfelt congratulations to the Senior songbirds who sang so melodiously as to win for our class the annual song contest. It was a grand performance, classmates. (It takes the Seniors to appreciate the Seniors.) M. D.

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