

# THE ANCHOR

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. IX, No. 1

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1937

Ten Cents

## Faculty Changes at R. I. C. E.

### JACK ROBERTS CHOSEN COUNCIL PRESIDENT

The election of Jack Roberts to the presidency of the Student Council Association started the ball rolling for a series of elections and automatically made Helen Harrington Vice President of the Council. Two other officers in this organization are Regis Ryan, Secretary, and James Donaldson, Treasurer.

Class elections have been held as fully as possible in the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes. The officers newly elected are

#### SENIORS:

President.....Mary Howe  
Vice President.....Regis Ryan  
Secretary.....Alice Gallagher  
Treasurer.....Rosemary Cole  
Chairman of Social Committee...Frances Noon

#### JUNIORS:

President.....Andrew Low  
Vice President.....Dorothy McElroy  
Secretary.....Sylvia Kniznik  
Treasurer.....Rita Black  
Chairman of Social Committee  
Elizabeth Carney

#### SOPHOMORES:

President.....Peter Farrelly  
Vice President.....Margaret Kenny  
Secretary.....Cecile Lariviere  
Treasurer.....Thomas Bannon  
Chairman of Social Committee...Evelyn Coupe

Jack D. Roberts once more was proved a leading spirit of R. I. C. E. when the student body, in a poll conducted on September 6th, by the Junior Class, elected him to the presidency of the Student Council, the most responsible and honored position which a student of the College can hold. Mr. Roberts, it might be said, has already been baptized by fire, having very capably served for two and a half

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### New Members Added to College Staff



**Miss Mary M. Lee**

Not only have many new faces appeared at Rhode Island College of Education in the Class of '41, but the Faculty also has been augmented by interesting personalities. Miss Mary M. Lee, formerly of the East Providence High School Faculty, is now Assistant Director of Training at the College. At the Barnard School, Miss Mary Tucker Thorp has been promoted to the principalship, and Miss Kathleen F. Kelley has been

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## MISS MARY LEE

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appointed to the Faculty. Other new members of the College Faculty are Mr. Warren Nystrom, as instructor in the Geography and History Departments, and Miss Catherine Connor as Professor of History. Miss Marian E. Walton and Miss Alice Melrose, graduates in the class of 1937, have returned to their Alma Mater as assistants.

Isn't it strange how one can know a name well; can realize its fame and its potency abroad; can build around it associations until it has acquired a familiar, almost intimate character? In some such way many of us had come to "know of" Miss Mary M. Lee: the former President of the Associated Alumni, whose efficient leadership won her the respect and friendship of her fellow teachers; the representative of our own College on the State Board of Regents; to a favored few, the friend and guide of student training as State Critic in the Central Junior High School at East Providence.

And now we are introduced to Miss Lee as the newly-appointed Assistant Director of Training. It is not the name we know so well which arouses our curiosity, but the personality which is new to us, which we have the desire to know and to befriend—and to have befriend us.

Miss Lee was graduated nine years ago with the first four year group to leave the College. This class numbered twenty-four, and from Miss Lee's conversation we have glimpses of the pleasant relationships which existed in so compact a unit. Her duties as class president relinquished at graduation, Miss Lee immediately became an active alumna and soon rose to leadership in the graduate organization.

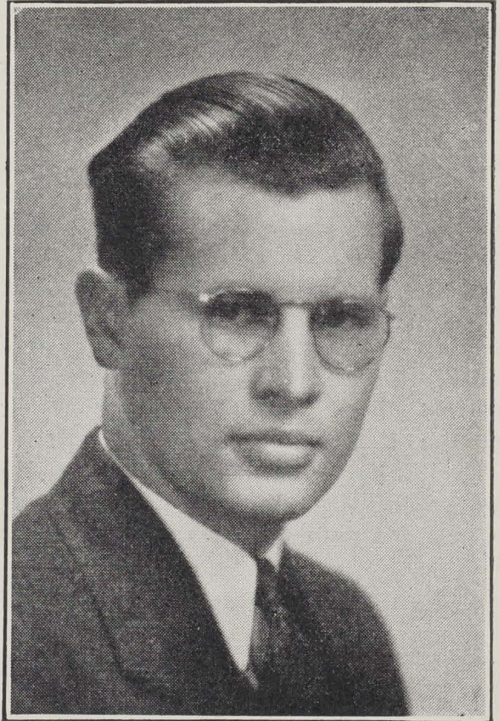
Having taught for a year at the Henry Barnard School, Miss Lee was appointed in 1929 to head the Mathematics Department of the Central Junior High School in East Providence and to serve as State Critic in the newly opened training school there. She enjoyed this position until June, 1937, when she resigned to come to her new post at the College.

Undoubtedly one of the most distinguished positions any graduate of Rhode Island College of Education can hope to hold is a place

on the Board of Regents. Miss Mary M. Lee was appointed to this Board in 1935 by the Governor of the State of Rhode Island and remained in that office until her resignation in September, 1937.

Miss Lee's special interest is mathematics, and she took all of the courses offered by the College in that Department. Both her Bachelor of Education and Master of Education Degrees were taken here. Miss Lee studied at Providence College this summer before taking a short vacation trip to Canada.

No longer will a limited number only know the advantage of her expert guidance. Her service is multiplied as many fold as the number of students who know her. The *Anchor* Staff hope that her modesty will not deny us for future publication choice bits of experience and thoughts along professional lines that should be shared with members of the college group.



**Mr. Warren Nystrom**

What does the interviewer do who suddenly finds himself at the receiving end of the questions and with no escape? "Escape" is not the word, for nothing was easier than answer-

ing the interrogations posed by a very earnest new addition to the faculty of R. I. C. E., Mr. Warren Nystrom. As soon as the writer found the opportunity, the tide was turned and Mr. Nystrom was forced to answer all questions put to him.

Worcester, Massachusetts, is his native city, and there he received all his formal education. Helping to bridge the gap between kindergarten and North High School for him, was an orchestra, in which he played the violin. Upon receipt of a Jonas Clark Scholarship from Clark University, Mr. Nystrom entered Clark, retaining his scholarship through four years, during which he majored in History and in Political Geography. In 1937 Clark University conferred upon Mr. Nystrom the Masters Degree in Geography. As an undergraduate, Mr. Nystrom was managing and Business Editor of the *Clark News* (the undergraduate newspaper), President of the International Relations and Glee Clubs, a member of the Senior Honorary Society, Gryphon, and President of the Clark student body. He was active in music and drama groups (having a particular aptitude, with due respect to Stephen Leacock, for parts such as "offstage noises"); and in sports where he preferred tennis and basketball. Mr. Nystrom has professed a desire to help in such activities at R. I. C. E. After graduation and receipt of his Masters degree, Mr. Nystrom enrolled in the summer school of R. I. C. E. for education courses.

He is now working under Professor Brown in the Geography Department, glad of an opportunity to teach, the work he always hoped to do, in the field of Geography, his favorite study. Clark University, one of the few colleges in the East to stress the subject, has a fine Department of Geography. At this point, of course, a discussion of "your college" and "mine" ensued. There is much about Clark University that is intriguing—"Spree" days, novel dances, rope pulls, duckings and kidnappings of rival class presidents (having been a victim, Mr. Nystrom is vehement in his disapproval of kidnapping—in any form). But to counterbalance these customs belonging so notoriously to men's universities are all the traditions that make R. I. C. E. our Alma Mater, and Mr. Nystrom was treated to a rapid Bird's Eye View, so that soon there was

## COLLEGE CLUBS HOLD ELECTIONS

Extra-curricular activities of the College got in full swing the week of September 20 with most of the clubs electing officers. The Nature Club unanimously chose Barbara Garner of the Senior Class to lead it once more in its varied activities. Other officers of this organization are Vice President, Frances Collins; Secretary-Treasurer, Grace Rafanelli; Chairman of the Social Committee, Mary Eagan. These officers, in collaboration with Dr. Weston, are planning an extensive calendar. The Club intends to present to its members speakers from the various scientific groups in the State. There will be many outdoor gatherings as well, including such interesting events as hikes and frankfort roasts. There is even the possibility of an overnight trip.

Rita Bliss, who returned from training this year, has been elected president of the Art Club with Irene McKenna as Vice President; Rosemary Cole, Secretary; Marion Baker, Treasurer; Frances Noon, Chairman of the Social Committee.

The Dramatic League which, under the direction of Professor Patterson, each year presents a varied program of plays, held its first meeting on Wednesday, September 22. The club elected the following officers; President, Eileen McVey; First Vice President, Adam Imbriglio; Second Vice President, Frank Campagna; Secretary, Frances Rattigan; Treasurer, Mary Lynch. The play-reading committee will consist of Albert Cohn, Gilbert Johnson, Teresa Cenami, Michael Beauchemin, and Robert Herchen. The plays given annually by the League are three one-act plays in November, a Thanksgiving play, a Christmas play, a three-act play, a Christmas play, a three-act play in January, a Classic in March, and a play later in May in which senior members of the Dramatic League participate.

no more of "your college" and "mine" but only *our* College—R. I. C. E.

We are happy to have Mr. Nystrom with us and can probably wish him no better than that he achieve his own aim—to be a successful teacher—and if student co-operation interests you, Sir—well—"Barkis is willin'."

## It's the Gypsy In Us

Seeing America first was evidently Miss Patterson's idea this summer as she visited Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Colorado. Objects of interest to her in Colorado were Seven Falls, Royal Gorge, and Pike's Peak. The greatest thrill of her life was driving her automobile up Pike's Peak. (Even greater, Professor Patterson, than pursuing a steamer half way across the Atlantic?)

Miss Mary Loughery and Miss Katherine Cuzner attended the sessions at the Columbia University summer school.

Lorraine Jalbert of the Sophomore Class spent the month of August at Eaton's Ranch, Wolf, Wyoming. She traveled by train over the Burlington Route.

During the weeks before College opened, Mr. Rawdon spent an enjoyable time in Vermont, doing landscape painting.

Constance Devereaux spent five weeks at Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay. During her stay there, she became acquainted with the famed Bob Crosby and the members of his band, who, during their summer engagement at the Ritz-Carlton in Boston spent their weekends at Gray Gables.

Agnes Cavanaugh took an extensive auto trip across the continent and along the Pacific Coast enjoying the wonders of our country.

The White Mountains were the scenes of Mr. Underhill's summer wanderings after he had finished building his camp at Prudence Island.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was Dot Berry's destination, and she visited her favorite "swimming hole"—Lake Michigan.

Dr. Weston attended the meetings of the National Education Association, held in Detroit, and then traveled through Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, over the mountains and home. Dr. Weston is the

State Director of the Department of Science Instruction.

Andrew Low of Battery E, 243rd Coast Artillery of Rhode Island National Guard and Gilbert Johnson, Supply Sergeant of Battery A, pursued their favorite hobby this summer when they spent a couple of weeks at Fort Wright on Fisher's Island, New York.

Miss Bassett visited Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket this summer, and while there was entertained by Lorraine Tully. She also went on a cruise to Havana, Cuba, where she was particularly interested in viewing the monuments and buildings connected with the Spanish-American War.

A perfectly delightful time was had by Miss Makepeace in her very detailed tour of North Carolina. She also spent some time at the Barnstable Inn on Cape Cod.

The joys of small town life were experienced by Teresa Cenami, who lived for two weeks in Bartlett, New Hampshire.

## SENIOR CLASS TO REUNITE

The Senior Class will hold the first of its evening class meetings on October 8th. These meetings are held in order to allow those members of the class who are in the Training Schools to gather again informally with the members of the class who have completed their training period and have returned to College.

At the business meeting, which will precede the social hour, two new members will be elected to the *Ricoled* board. The posts to be filled are those of Assistant Business Manager and Art Editor. Evelyn Walsh, Editor-in-Chief of the *Ricoled* will lead a discussion pertaining to the set-up of next year's class book.

Frances X. Noon is in charge of arrangements for the informal party to follow.

## CROSS CAMPUS

*Shall students be requested to purchase their textbooks?*

**Evelyn Walsh, Senior:** "Students should have the privilege of buying the books they desire, but it seems to me wrong to inflict upon the student the burden of buying all books, many of which will not be up-to-date."

**Michael Beauchemin, Junior:** "It is a very fine thing for those students financially able to do so to buy their own textbooks. I think that such students should buy at least the books pertaining to that subject in which they are most interested and which will be of the most use and value to them."

**Albert Cohn, Sophomore:** "Students might be asked to buy books pertinent to the subject in which they are most interested. This answers a two-fold purpose: it allows library copies of such books to be more accessible to students not specializing in such courses, and enables one to gather for his personal collection as many books as possible on any subject he intends to teach."

**Mary Munson, Freshman:** "Because of much supplementary reading, the student could not attempt to purchase all the books needed in even one course. The solution lies in having the library supplied with a sufficient number of books to enable each student to use them sometime during the week, and the purchase by the State of those absolutely necessary textbooks to bring about a more economical and thorough use of all books purchased."

**Mr. Lampropoulous, Graduate:** "It is often the case that books bought by an institution become obsolete before being discarded. By the personal purchase of books, the student has the advantages of keeping books up-to-date and of beginning a private library."

### W. A. A.

The members of the Women's Athletic Association have elected the following officers for the 1937-38 athletic season:

President.....Kathryn Wathey  
 Vice President.....Mary Rogers  
 Secretary.....Dorothea Quinlan  
 Treasurer.....Marjorie Lowe  
 Chairman of Social Committee...Grayce Prince

The organization has agreed to use the field on Mondays and Wednesdays, and either the field or the gymnasium on Tuesday afternoons for soccer and fist ball, the two selected as fall sports. The faculty advisers for the association are Doctor Florence M. Ross, Miss Neva Langworthy, and Mrs. Bertha M. Andrews.

### Charles Carroll Club

The Charles Carroll Club held its first meeting of the season on Tuesday, September 28th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President.....Anthony Agatiello  
 Vice President.....Norman Green  
 Secretary.....Michael Beauchemin  
 Treasurer.....Louis Yosinoff  
 Faculty Adviser.....Charles O. Ethier

A committee of three seniors and one member from each of the other classes was appointed to supervise the use of the men's recreation room. The members of this committee are Leroy Algren, Anthony Agatiello, Bruce Ogilvie, William Boyle, Daniel Mooney, and Daniel Kitchen.

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# The Anchor

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A Journal of News and Letters

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## EDITORIAL

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Gertrude Houle  
Marion Baker  
Rose Wilson  
Eileen Fitzpatrick  
Anna C. Mulligan  
Beula Schwartz

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## A NEW ERA

IT is an old saying that absence makes the heart grow fonder. There is an equally ancient theory that absence gives one a clearer perspective. Those of us who have completed training have seen the fulfillment of both the above. While away from the College, we realized how much the association had meant to us, how much a part of our lives it had grown. We determined to make the most of our opportunities in our last year, both scholastically and socially.

Looking backwards to our freshman and sophomore years, we remember the singularly apathetic spirit which engulfed us. The traditions of our College, such as the *Anchor*, which should symbolize the best spirit of College, met with no welcoming response. A few lone underclassmen attended the basketball games and a few scattered claps cheered or depressed our boys on to Victory! Classes were unfortunately concerned too much with their own affairs to think much about general student cooperation.

Our junior year saw an awakening and our senior year promises more pleasant surprises. Our wondering eyes have beheld an enthusiastic audience, led by our cheer leaders, applauding vigorously a basketball team that inspired pride. The women's recreation room has at last been refurnished. Now Sophomores are planning to treat their freshman sisters and brothers to a theatre party; the invigorating effects of the blanket tax are being felt; a hundred and one varied interests occupy students' time, energy, and enthusiasm.

Are these accomplishments in themselves as important as the new attitude of the student body which inspired them? Do they not signify that a positive constructive spirit has taken the place of a negative, destructive one? If that is so, our hopes for the future are limitless.

## LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

THE other day we were impressed by an experience related by one of our professors.

He told of his visit to a strange college and how, when he entered, he was met by a student of whom he made a few inquiries. By way of answer he was conducted to a large and delightfully pleasant room nearby, where many students and teachers were gathered for an informal social hour. The practice was a customary one and it afforded opportunity for the whole group to become better acquainted. Many students here covet just such opportunities.

The social program here at College is extensive, carefully planned, and most enjoyable; but somewhere along the way (and a Senior is speaking) it would be well if we could have the chance of enjoying closer association with a larger number of our faculty. If in the exchange of pleasant conversation, we could grow to understand each other better, to appreciate our common interest—R. I. C. E.—with a finer sense of what it stands for, then wouldn't these social hours repay in large measure for the time that they take?

You say that this College does not have the campus life which naturally brings faculty and students to a closer association. Must we continue to imitate the disadvantages of a day school. Can we not, in this particular at least, do something to develop as fine a spirit of unity among both faculty and students as ever existed on any college campus?

### For Freshman Enlightenment

You have undoubtedly already noticed that our College is somewhat different from many other colleges in its attitude toward Freshman. Here they are not objects of scorn to be subjected to several varieties of hazing. They may not have so many privileges as members of other classes, but that is merely because of their inexperience with college life. The upper classmen heartily welcome the Freshmen into college activities and expect their cooperation in all student undertakings.

Rules at Rhode Island College of Education are not burdensome. Every large group of persons must have some regulations to insure the greatest opportunities being enjoyed by the greatest number of the group.

Your attendance is required at morning assembly every day except Wednesday. On that day an assembly at one o'clock replaces the morning exercises.

Cuts are not allowed. Students who become ill before completing classes for the day must report to Dr. Ross or the college office before leaving for home. Those unable to attend classes should have notification of their absence entered in the faculty book in the office. On returning to College they must report at the office and fill out an illness card before going to classes. Such students should also confer with instructors about making up lost work.

Tardy slips are placed conveniently in the main office for students who enter classes after they have begun. After nine o'clock, one may attend chapel only on the balcony after hav-

ing made out a tardy slip in the office. Absences and tardinesses are indicated on report cards.

There is a generally observed period of silence in chapel which came as a request from the Student Council. A respectful attitude is expected from every one.

Members of the Freshman Class will always be welcome with their escorts and guests at dances given by other classes.

With regard to marks: A minimum score of plus five is required of all students. A student who fails to make that score loses his class standing and is named on the unassigned list. Students whose names appear on that list have all campus privileges taken from them. Students who fail repeatedly are asked to resign from College.

Like every other College, R. I. C. E. is proud of its traditions which have grown up about it over a long period of years. With some of these you may perhaps be acquainted. There follows a list of many of these traditions, and it is suggested that you ask your sophomore brother or sister for specific information about them: The Sophomore Party for the Freshmen; The Junior Party for the Freshmen; The Freshman Party for the Sophomores; The All-College Ball; The Junior Prom; Sophomore Day, including the Sophomore Hop; All-College May Week, which includes, among other events, a May Day pageant, a Dramatic League presentation, and a concert; Cap and Gown Day; The Song Contest; Stunt Night; The Anchor; Class and Ivy Day; Commencement Day, the Commencement Ball, and the Senior Steps.

## The Mountain Comes to Mahomette

You have heard the old story of Mahomet and the mountain, but Mahomette, by whom we mean the woman of today, seems to have brought the mountain to her and placed it on her head. Not content with this stupendous feat she goes further, turns the tables on the Indian and scalps him of his eagle feather to adorn her own war bonnet. (After borrowing the poor fellow's war paint, too.) If not robbing an Indian, she becomes an object of concern to the S. P. C. C. by plucking a baby ostrich. Oh, yes—and veils! Bows, loops, swathes of veils—and we thought the Turks were queer.

Indeed, Mahomette's favorite tune in hats seems to be Haramesque—more or less. By less, I mean a nose-length veil (and will you tell me why unkind Fate ordains it shall reach the tip of a nose which turns cherry-red at the first touch of frost?) By more I mean—words fail me. Only she knows what she is out to catch—male or whale—but the net she casts is enough for either.

Often do I speculate whether the novelist who wrote *Feather In Her Hat* had any conception of the lengths to which that feather would go. Walk down Weybosset or Westminster Streets and what do you see? An ocean of heads and hats—with feathers long and sleek or long and fluffy skittering along like sails o'er the waves (permanent).

I feared the consequences when mushroom hats made their debut, for you know how mushrooms mushroom, but whoever heard of a little mushroom growing up to be the Leaning Tower of Pisa? Yet, look around you and witness the sheer genius of the Modern Women in out-Burbanking Luther himself! (The opportunities in a Democracy!)

A headline, "Car Turns Turtle," is not particularly astounding, but what about "Woman Turns Turtle?" At least, the M. W. copies it to the extent of wearing an architectural concoction large enough to provide shelter in time of danger!

All of which makes Mahomette Public Nuisance No. 1, in a theatre. Wouldn't you consider it a nuisance to have your favorite hero apparently carry on a conversation with the eagle feather on the chapeau (I almost

## Autumn Aurora

Chill mornings, when the infant sun  
Twines tiny fingers round the earth,  
Such hosts of beauties one by one  
His baby touch brings into birth,  
That pale and jealous at the sight  
The wan moon hides until the night.

D. M.

## A Short-Short Story

The man adjusted his ascot tie, buttoned his morning coat, gave a reassuring glance to the razor-like crease of his grey-striped trousers, and glanced down the aisle. His dark brown eyes lighted up and a smile played over his face. A woman in white came toward him with a slow measured step. She came close to him and placed her hand in the crook of his arm. They proceeded to the end of the aisle; the man spoke in a clear, calm voice, "Madam, ribbon counter three aisles to the left."

Helen Galvin.

## On Beginning a Voyage

To sea a tiny boat put off,  
Bearing my heart as a loan;  
Will it come back with a cargo of gold  
And a heart that has loved and grown?  
Or will it come back beaten and bruised  
And broken down by a fall?  
Will it come back with a wreck of a heart  
Or perhaps not return at all?

A. Mc.

said chateau) of the lady in front of you? To have your pet tap dancer perform through the haze of the lady's bow of veiling, perched penthouse-like, on her hat?

Woe, woe, and whoa! This has gone far enough. Woman is once more adopting a gentleman's custom, and what's more, out-doing him, for she is raising her hat—without removing it from her head!

R. K.



## SMILING MEMORY

*Victoria Regina* opened last week for a four-week run in Boston, beginning a tour which will take in twenty-five major cities during this winter. Helen Hayes in the title role certainly found enthusiastic audiences during this first week on the road with her latest and greatest vehicle.

Expecting a ponderous drama depicting nineteenth century British court life interwoven with political intrigue and the struggle of conflicting social and political ambitions, I was surprised by the play from the start, and Helen Hayes as the delightful Queen charmed me from "seventeen to seventy-seven" and goes on charming me, now but a memory, as indeed did the memory she depicted.

Gilbert Miller has selected ten intimate episodes of Lawrence Housman's original play for his American representation. The most remarkable thing about these ten brief glimpses into the longest reign in England's history is the pervading spirit of gaiety. The keynote of the breathless sweetness of the whole is found in the words of Lawrence Housman himself, "I have written quite purposely to bring smiles, not tears to her memory."

Technically the production is superb. The sets reveal a colorful brilliance and splendor in tune with the mood of the text. The play moves along with the precision and smoothness of clockwork. But best of all, the make-up artists achieve wonders in making living people out of portraits familiar to us all.

Nevertheless, no amount of make-up, no splendid sets, no garnishing with authentic effects could have made of Victoria the naive child, the vivacious virgin Queen, the jealously adoring wife, the lovable repining widow, or the happy proud old woman, had not Helen Hayes herself lived and loved Victoria.

E. M. W.

## PETER PAN VS. MICKEY MOUSE

One evening in autumn, while very drowsily gazing out into the dismal and deserted street, I heard a very intriguing scratching at the window. I looked out with a sense of interest that soon lagged when I saw that it was merely the branch of a tree. But suddenly to my surprise, the branch, by some magic, had turned into a gnarled and wrinkled hand. I rubbed my eyes, thinking that my near-sightedness was playing tricks on me. Looking more intently, I discerned the figure of an old lady, very interestingly resembling the "old lady that lived in the shoe," she of the age that had gone so swiftly by. I went to the door and she silently mouthed, "Come." I followed her beckoning hand that, bewilderingly enough, always seemed to be ahead of me. Then—lo and behold—I fell into a hole, such a one that another Alice had once fallen into. Presently I landed softly and quietly. I looked around me with a sense of enjoyment. All about me were the friends of my childhood days, but with such sad and long faces. There was Peter Pan, but not the one that I remembered. Not the same one that had flitted in and around the trees at Kensington. He fixed a glaring eye on me and announced: "Alice, you have been brought here to see the ruin that has befallen us. Children are no longer our companions. Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pop-Eye, and such persons have replaced us. You loved us and so did many others. What is the reason? And pray tell, just who is this Mickey creature that has such appeal?"

During this very appalling monologue, I had suddenly become embarrassed, for Mickey appealed to me also. King Arthur and his men looked ready to do most anything; little Miss Muffet no longer was afraid of a spider, for she had Sir Lancelot by the hand. Peter was getting impatient and he bellowed, "Answer me, Alice." If you can imagine Peter bellowing, you know how terrified I was.

"Peter Pan," I answered, "boys and girls of to-day have very mechanical minds. They have been trained to look facts in the face. Mothers and fathers think that contact with

all of you will ruin all the work that has been done. The children of to-day, dear Peter, are going to be an unimaginative lot."

We all looked at one another and tried to think of a world without imagination. What a dreary place it would soon be! Everybody would be rich in materialistic means. There would be no dreamers, painters, no creators of books. There would no longer be any need for it.

"That is why we have sent for you," exclaimed Peter. "In your connection with the children and with the schools you can do something. Will you help us, Alice? We are so very lonesome." Tears started to fall and I knew then that I would do all in my power to help my dear friends who had been my friends and playmates when I had most needed them.

"I shall help you, Peter. There won't be a place that I won't go to. All my influence with my friends shall be strained to the utmost to have children love you as I did. They shall!" I ardently declared.

Everyone now was smiling. All seemed to think that their future was settled.

Peter took me by the hand and in a twinkling of an eye, we were home. He led me to my chair. Then, with one of his adorable smiles, he kissed my cheek, saying, "You were always my favorite, too." I felt a tug. Then a voice saying, "It's time to go to bed. You should be stiff sleeping in that chair." Very mechanically I went to my room, but with a smile, thinking how surprised Mother would be if she had known where I had been. All because of the fact that when I looked out of the window, Peter was flitting in and around the branches as he used to. Then, I knew that it had not been a dream and that I had a very solemn promise to keep.

Isabelle M. Lanard.

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MEETINGS OF THE  
RHODE ISLAND INSTITUTE  
OF INSTRUCTION  
OCTOBER 28 and 29

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## Temptation

My tired eyes are closing,  
And I feel a lot like dozing,  
And I haven't finished half my homework yet.

If I leave it 'til tomorrow,  
Will my pleasure end in sorrow?  
Will my folly give me reason to regret?

Will I think it so much fun  
When I don't know X from one,  
And adjectives are things that shouldn't be?  
Or, perhaps, should I decide,  
In my strong scholastic pride,  
That further study means security ?

Ah, tomorrow I will sleep  
While I'm standing on my feet,  
And a martyr to my calling I will be.  
My temptation has been waived  
And my reputation saved,  
But gee, how tired I am going to be!

Mary G. Davey.

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## Physical Education Courses

There is a rapidly growing hum of activity among the men students at Rhode Island College of Education as they swing into the newly organized Physical Education courses offered them this year. A four year schedule of activity and theory, initiated by Daniel N. O'Grady, instructor in Physical Education, and approved by Dr. Florence M. Ross, head of the Department of Health and Physical Education, and Dr. John Lincoln Alger, President of the College, saw its inception September 23, as seventy-two men punted, passed, and blocked through a speedy session of touch football. This is the first sport on an intramural program which will include archery, swimming, wrestling, speedball, softball, basketball, tennis, baseball, and track.

The plan of courses, in addition to activities, will be as follows:

Freshmen—Fundamentals of Teaching Physical Education and Game Leadership.

Sophomores—Methods and Materials of Teaching Physical Education.

Juniors—Theory of Intra-Mural Play.

Seniors—Administration of Athletics.

## JACK ROBERTS CHOSEN COUNCIL PRESIDENT

*Continued from Page 1*

years as President of the Class of '38, during which time his fine executive ability was recognized by all.

As a native of Woonsocket, Mr. Roberts has enjoyed his daily trip to the big city to attend classes. He received both his grammar school and high school education in Woonsocket. Mr. Roberts, naturally, is tremendously interested in education and believes, as many of us do, that several present social and economic problems can be helped toward adjustment by the work of educators.

Always willing and happy to do something for his country, Mr. Roberts was born on July 4th, making him, by a slight stretch of the imagination, a distant relative of the Declaration of Independence. This probably is the reason for his gifted knowledge and love of history, often made evident to us by his work in the International Relations Club.

As our new leader, Mr. Roberts has high hopes for the ideas and plans that he has drafted for the improvement of our College. He intends to simplify the method of dispersing Student Council funds, and to put the all-college student affairs, as well as every club receiving its share of the blanket tax returns, on a budget. The men will be pleased to learn that Mr. Roberts has not forgotten the matter of the renovation of the men's recreation room!

Having been christened Jack, Mr. Roberts places emphasis on the fact that he intends to remain Jack, and what to thousands of Johns all over the world is merely a nickname, is considered by him as the only correct method of signing a check.

Mr. Roberts is deeply interested in the track and basketball teams, and proudly admits that his hobby is horticulture. Recrea-

## DOTS . . . & DASHES - - -

First week impressions:

Babble-Babble — each trying to outdo the other — have a nice vacation? — boats — beach — frankfort roast — dances — Cape — the mountains — tan — bandanas — swell to see you — thanks for the card — isn't this great? — good old R. I. C. E.!

Practice — training — cutest pupils — best critic — scared — you'll live!

Plaid dresses — can't help calling the Sophomores, Freshmen—fall hats with 'oompa.' Welcome recurrences.

Freshmen quiet — full of good resolutions — Dr. Alger's inspiring first words — Louise Coffey's continued cheery presence — Mrs. Andrew's enthusiasm — Merry Chapel sings — nice welcome from the janitors — the beaming face of "our policeman" — the new students at Barnard — Mr. McGovern — now an old friend — silence of the library — slowness of the cafeteria water fount — "Rec" room still unwrecked — Chapel silence still an ideal — Jerry Monticone's freckles.

What uninitiated graduate volunteered to make over what professor's course? — what blonde Sophomore spent an hour donning her Alice Blue Gown? — her silver slippers and her rhinestone bracelets in a tent, of all places!

Objects of envy: Seniors' poise — Freshmen's hopes — Sophomores' vitality — Juniors' opportunities. New Year — new slate — and new highs. — "Go To It!"

tion for him comes under the heading of reading. While on the subject of books, he stated that the most inspiring volume he read this summer was *And Gladly Teach* by Bliss Perry, and he advises every student to make a point of reading it. Mr. Roberts' pedigreed hunting dog, a setter of one and a half years, is his "pet" subject of conversation. Ted is "quite a beauty," and a cordial invitation is extended to anyone interested to inspect the photographs of this famous dog.

A toast to our new leader! We're with you one hundred percent, President Jack D. Roberts!

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## Spindrift

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SO SUMMER'S gone, and gone with it are those days of blue and gold, days when turquoise skies stretched overhead like medieval canopies, and the warm air, spiced with the sweetly pungent scent of bayberries, drifted lazily on. And gone, too, are hours when a stiff breeze whipped across a restless, dark-green sea, and oddly shaped clouds floated by in Olympian measure, while white sails bent in heady exultation. Gone—and yet, not gone. For, once seen, they are imprisoned in our minds. And if, as years increase, we fear these images have faded beyond recapture, we shall find some day that we are mistaken. A chance glimpse of turquoise sky, a faint aromatic whiff of bayberry, a brisk salt breeze against our cheeks, and back they come, swiftly and noiselessly, surging through every pulse in our body, filling our minds and hearts with a keen, nostalgic remembrance of summers past.

BUT WE MUST turn to the future. One may be understandingly reluctant to do this, yet it must be faced. In Spain men, women, and children are dying. Pirate submarines, like loathesome water rats infest the Mediterranean. Europe, says Mr. Baruch, is a tinder-box. In China, more men and women and children die. Fire and disease are ravaging the land. Are we drifting with deadly irresistibility toward a worldwide cataclysm? No one is certain that we are not!

TIME gives three reasons for Japan's acting so aggressively this year: "1) Japan saw the U. S. adopt a Neutrality Act well-meaning but sufficiently cockeyed for experts to agree that its legal meshes would hamper China greatly, Japan scarcely at all; 2) Japan saw the Soviet war machine suddenly weakened by Stalin's shooting of its ablest commanders; 3) the Spanish Civil War and the Mediterranean mixup have so tangled Great Britain that Japan does not fear any Far East intervention by the 'Mistress of the Seas'."

A BUSINESS venture we shouldn't mind handling: Running the stationery counter at Woolworth's during the first week of school.

I WAS quite firmly decided to steer clear of *Gone*

*With The Wind*. The awarding of the Pulitzer Prize to this novel has, if anything, strengthened my decision. —By the way, if you want to read some delightfully acid comments on the worthiness of several previous Pulitzer Prize novels you can find them in Kenneth Roberts' book of essays, *For Authors Only*. There are also included a couple of satisfactorily caustic papers on Oxford showing that American educational methods top the English in many ways.

Author Roberts has a new, meaty, American historical novel on the bookstands just now: *Northwest Passage*.

THINGS TO give you a "cauld grue": Automobile accident statistics— Mayonnaise on fruit salad— The way in which a handful of stubborn men seem able to throw the world into chaos— "Sweet Lelanie"—The ultimate unimportance of present momentous occasions.

ONCE IN A while—an oddly long while—you come upon a book that has all the answers, a book that takes the confused mish-mash of loose thoughts cluttering your brain, and arranges them in an orderly and lucid manner to point a startling truth. Your mind-fog gives way to the clear and scorching sunlight of reason—reason so brilliant that all your finer instincts are left aching. Such a book is H. A. Overstreet's *A Declaration of Interdependence*. Dr. Overstreet is head of the department of psychology and philosophy in the College of the City of New York. That he is an educator is not the reason I recommend his book to you. My almost indecent enthusiasm for *A Declaration of Independence* arises from the fact that here is a book which many educators would not dare to write.

Our American democracy was conceived before the Industrial Revolution began sweeping across the world. It was, therefore, to be basically a democracy of rural population and of men who believed that all were born with an equal claim to certain human rights. Dr. Overstreet sees the Jefferson ideal as growing out of a hope, a hope that is now floundering among present-day conditions. The Marxian ideal he sees as growing out of a disillusion-

ment—the disillusionment which the first flush of the Industrial Revolution brought to thinking men. Yet Americans being what they are, this philosopher-psychologist believes that they will ultimately arrive at a compromise between the two ideals.

Read this book even if you don't do any other outside reading this term. It's more exciting than a novel—and more enlightening than a heap of text books.

A. C.

### MUSIC CLUBS ORGANIZE

The Hosmer Music Club held its first meeting of the year on Tuesday afternoon, on September 28th, at 3:00 p. m. The meeting was called to order by Teresa Cenami. The group elected the following officers:

President ..... Mary Joyce  
 Vice President ..... Cecile Lariviere  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... Elizabeth Carney  
 Chairman of Social Committee ... Jean Corkery  
 Chairman of Program Committee

Rosalie Corkery

The first meeting of the College Glee Club was called to order on Wednesday morning, September 29th, by Miss Alice Melrose for the purpose of electing officers. Those chosen by the Club were

President ..... Rosalie Corkery  
 Vice President ..... Marion Baker  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... Jean Hinman  
 Chairman of Social Committee ... Mary Byron  
 Librarians: Polly Wunsch, Mabel Menders,  
 Mary Fitzgerald.

### Mr. John Brown Elected Regent

The College is most proud to learn of the appointment of Mr. John Brown to serve on the Board of Regents. Mr. Brown is well known to us as President of the Alumni Association of R. I. C. E. He received his Bachelor of Education degree in 1927, and his Master of Education degree in 1936. Immediately after his graduation from this College, Mr. Brown became a principal in the Johnston schools. He later taught in the schools of Providence where recognition of his fine qualities and capabilities led to his being made principal of Candace Street School.

### RICE FLAKES

AFTER using half a box of stationery in rough drafts, yours truly dropped her letter, requesting an interview from Helen Hayes, down the mail chute feeling definitely that if a well-written note meant anything, the interview was granted. The next point was to find some penetrating questions to ask so that Miss Hayes would be suitably impressed by the intelligence of her interviewer. Now how about, "What do you think is the advantage of the legitimate theatre over the movies, Miss Hayes?" Or, "What influence, in your opinion, will the 'Barn Theatre' movement exert over the American stage?" Or, "Do you agree with a current writer that the stage, etc., etc?" Ah, three beautiful questions; these should keep us going for hours, and then a grateful exit speech.

Maybe she'll serve tea—maybe she'll introduce me to her leading man—maybe she'll arrange for a screen test for me—maybe—

Came the dawn—and Western Union's bright little messenger: "SORRY PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS MAKE INTERVIEW IMPOSSIBLE. HELEN HAYES."

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CLICK! Don't look now, but your picture is being taken. Everywhere cameras are snapping as likenesses of campus, buildings, and students are recorded for posterity. Proud amateurs are fondly displaying their first negatives. How they'll look when printed isn't known as yet; that doesn't come until the next lesson.

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OVERHEARD in the corridor: Freshman in plaintive voice, "But don't they have *any* pencil sharpeners?"

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THE reward of our usual surreptitious peek into Professor Tuttle's office — this first week or so — was a glorious galaxy of baskets brimming with odorous and graceful gladioli. We thought at first some sympathetic soul was supplying him with cheery blossoms to help alleviate the suffering in his pedal extremity, when we discovered the aforesaid professor ensconced in the office across the hall, blissfully unaware of our sympathetic interest.

## METAMORPHOSIS

The new format of the *Anchor* which you are so rapturously admiring (we hope) is the result of several different forces. We are all eager that the *Anchor* keep abreast of the times. Everything to-day, from dictionaries to radios, is pocket-sized. Therefore, why not the *Anchor*? Also, it is felt that the present "make-up" is much more suitable for the varied type of material which the publication contains, and which gives the *Anchor* its distinct individuality. Everything has its disadvantages, it is true. We are losing a beautifully large first page full of exciting (!) headlines, yet we are not losing the headlines. Because the *Anchor* comes out but once a month and contains a definite portion of literary material, there has been much dissatisfaction with calling it a newspaper and trying to give it complete newspaper standards. Perhaps it would be more correct to call this paper a news digest of college activities. But please don't be misled into thinking that our news department won't keep eye and ear carefully cocked for "scoops"! We believe that this new format will give the *Anchor* a more lasting appearance and that students will therefore feel more eager to submit stories, essays, reviews, and poems. Now that the monotonously long columns are gone, such material can be printed much more attractively. In short, we have created a more flexible medium.

This change may seem a very casual thing to you who pick up the paper and skim through its pages. But if you only could have been at Editorial Board meetings last spring when the atmosphere sizzled with emotional debate on the content and format of the *Anchor*! That members of the Board are still all on friendly speaking terms continually gives us fresh assurance that there is yet hope for international peace.

## OFF CAMPUS

Rose Wilson acted as hostess to Barbara Garner, Dorothy Berry, Mary Gallagher, Frances Harrington, and Isabelle Zweir at her camp in Bridgeton on the weekend of September 24.

Miss Papino is to play at Boston University on October 7, as an outstanding pupil of Mr. Raymond Havens, who is on the faculty there.

Coach Daniel O'Grady attended Columbia University's 1937 summer session where, as a graduate student, he studied under Dr. Hughes and others. He was a member of the much publicized Baseball Course which featured members of the New York Yankees and Giants as lecturers.

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