

ANCHOR

MUSIC DEPT. HAS NEW HEAD

New Hampshire Teacher Succeeds Dr. Archer

Miss Gertrude McGunigle, successor to Dr. Archer in the music department, came to Rhode Island College of Education from State Teachers College in Plymouth, New Hampshire, where she taught for nine years. She received her B.A.



from Mt. Holyoke where she later substituted as voice teacher and choir director, and her M.A. from Columbia University. She gained other musical experience at a state teachers college in New York and at a school for girls in Indiana.

While at Columbia, Miss McGunigle was voted into the national honorary music fraternity, Sigma Alpha Iota. She has studied singing for many years, and has been a soloist in churches and before women's clubs and other organizations.

Not only does Miss McGunigle teach music and voice, but she also writes music. She is the composer of several children's songs which have been published in the *Instructor*, the *Cradle Teacher*, and *Child*.

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I. R. C. TEA GIVEN FOR FRESHMEN

Activities Outlined

On Tuesday, September 14, the International Relations Club sponsored a tea for the incoming Freshman Class. Gay Beausoleil and Rae O'Neill were in charge of arrangements for the first major social affair of the newly inaugurated Freshman Week.

The purpose of the gathering was to interest Freshmen in the International Relations Club as well as to orientate them to college life. It is important for everyone to be awake to the rapid happenings in inter-

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Social and Academic Calendar For 1943-1944

October	
Oct. 12—Tues.	Columbus Day
" 18—Mon.	Three One-Act Plays
" 28—Thurs.	Institute
" 29—Fri.	Institute
" 30—Sat.	Institute
November	
Nov. 11—Thurs.	Armistice Day
" 12—Fri.	End of Quarter
" 24—Wed.	Assembly Play
" 25—Thurs.	Thanksgiving
December	
Dec. 10—Fri.	Stunt Night
" 20—Mon.	Christmas Carols
" 24—Fri.	Christmas Play
" 25—Sat.	Christmas
January	
Jan. 5—Wed.	Three-Act Play
" 24—Mon.	Exams
" 25—Tues.	Exams
" 26—Wed.	Exams
" 27—Thurs.	Exams
" 28—Fri.	End of semester
" 31—Mon.	Vacation
February	
Feb. 1—Tues.	Vacation
" 2—Wed.	New semester begins
" 9—Wed.	Faculty Party for Seniors
" 22—Tues.	Washington's Birthday
" 23—Wed.	Ash Wednesday and beginning of Lent
March	
Mar. 6—Mon.	Song Contest
" 17—Fri.	Sophomore Party for Seniors
" 21—Tues.	Classical Play
" 22—Wed.	Classical Play
April	
Apr. 7—Fri.	Good Friday
" 10—Mon.	Spring Vacation
" 11—Tues.	Spring Vacation
" 12—Wed.	Spring Vacation
" 13—Thurs.	Spring Vacation
" 14—Fri.	Spring Vacation
May	
May 8—Mon.	Sophomore Banquet
" 9—Tues.	May Day, Cap and Gown Day
" 10—Wed.	Senior Play
" 15—Mon.	Junior Banquet
" 24—Wed.	Faculty Party
June	
June 5—Mon.	Ricardo Day
" 11—Sun.	Senior Vespers
" 16—Fri.	Class Day
" 17—Sat.	Commencement Senior Banquet

The dance program will be announced during the school year.

Extension Courses Given by Former R. I. C. E. Professor

Mr. John B. Archer, former head of the music department of Rhode Island College of Education, is giving a course for teachers entitled "Nationalistic Music" at West Senior High School, Pawtucket. The course will begin Monday, October 11, at 4:00 o'clock.

Dr. Archer will begin an extension course at Brown University entitled

Great Concertos. "It is the purpose of this course to trace the meanderings of the Concerto from its beginnings in the early 1600's through the Baroque, the Classic, and Romantic periods to our own perplexing Moderns with whom the form seems to be a prime favorite. As nearly every one of the great composers has had a go at it, and as the work of each contributor mirrors, in a sense, the social life of his time, this flexible chronological treatment should provide a varied and highly colorful canvas."

New Geography Science Bulletin Goes to Press

Sophomores Assistant Editors

Today marks the initial appearance of a competitive publication, the *Geography Science Bulletin*. This journal, a monthly publication, is issued cooperatively by the Science Departments of Rhode Island College of Education and Henry Barnard School, and the Sophomore Class of the College.

Mr. Jensen believes that this publication, in addition to providing a vital contact with teachers in the field, will stimulate them to devise

interesting classroom activities along the geography-science lines and will cause them to look ahead into future post-war problems. This publication will be sent to departments of geography and science in many different parts of the country.

The Sophomore Class, acting as assistant editors, will review numerous magazines in order to bring before teachers articles which might otherwise be overlooked. Members of this class will also visit teachers

JUNIORS INTRODUCE FRESHMAN WEEK

SPIRIT OF FUN RULES AT R. I. C. E.

Freshman Attend R. I. C. E. Reception

President Whipple and Others of Faculty Receive Entering Class

Entering students at Rhode Island College of Education were entertained at the President's Reception for Freshmen September 22, in the college reception room. Members of the College and of the Henry Barnard School faculties greeted the guests.

Included in the receiving line were President Whipple, Dean Catherine M. Connor, Dr. Helen A. Murphy, Dean of Freshmen, Professor Mary M. Lee, Director of Training, Dr. Mary T. Thorp, Principal of Henry Barnard School, and Dr. Fred J. Donovan, Dean of Men.

Cream and white gladioli in an antique blue bowl and white candles centered the tea table, and fall flowers in brilliant red and yellow decorated the reception room. Miss Lillian E. Swan arranged the decorations.

Ices and cakes were served under the direction of Miss Lucy F. Hanley.

Servers were Miss Inez Jordan, Miss Margaret Brennan, Mrs. Madeline Ellsworth, Miss Theresa Barone, Miss Prudence Fish, Miss Mary Emond, Professor Neva Langworthy, Professor Amy Thompson, Professor Wendela Carlson, and Professor Mildred Bassett.

Ushers included Dr. Marion Weston, Miss Florence M. Ross, M.D., Professor Frank Waite, Professor Eugene Tuttle, Professor Benjamin Sinclair, Professor Charles Underhill, and the Misses Irene Plante, Edith Bernstein, Isabel Woodmancy, Helen M. Triggs, and Avis G. Marden.

September 13 marked the opening of the first Freshman Week ever held at Rhode Island College of Education. After registration, the Freshmen and Juniors enjoyed a social hour. During that time, Barbara Golden, President of the Junior Class, welcomed and introduced the newcomers to their Junior Sisters. The Freshmen were presented with identification pins and the Juniors with identification bracelets, which were to be worn for the remainder of the week. In addition to these conservative marks of distinction, the Freshmen were commanded to wear bright green hair ribbons, while the Juniors were to be recognized by red bows. After these ceremonies, light refreshments were served and dancing followed.

Frosh Orientated

On September 15, the Freshmen were duly initiated into the mysteries of extra-curricular activities in the College by a short skit prepared by Eleanor Labrie. Participants in the skit were Miss Carryl Harlow as "Director of the O. C. I.", Miss Helen Leddy as "The Freshman", and Miss Polly Draper as "Guard".

Club representatives were as follows: Miss Gabrielle Beausoleil, *Dramatic League*, Miss Mildred Watt, *Nature Club*, Miss Rae O'Neill, *International Relations Club*, Miss Eileen Barry, *A Cappella Choir*, Miss Dorothy Horne, *Women's Athletic Association*, Miss Eleanor Labrie, the *Anchor*, and the Misses Laura Colucci and Camille Blain representing *Sigma Rho*. The Freshmen were especially warned against joining too many clubs, and were advised to choose one or two activities to which they should do full justice.

Day of Doom

Thursday afternoon, the Juniors played host to the Freshmen at the annual Junior-Freshman party. At this affair, culminating a full week of fun, the upper-classmen learned that the yearlings are truly good sports, capable of taking whatever is offered them. The Freshmen appeared in short skirts and bright sashes, and with one high-heeled shoe with a sock and one low-heeled shoe with a stocking. Each carried a doll and sucked on a lollipop during the proceedings. A court of three Juniors passed judgment against Freshmen guilty of disobeying their elders, and the sentences in all cases were severe.

After these stunts, the Juniors served ice cream and cupcakes and danced with their weary sisters in the gymnasium.

Buy War Bonds

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The Anchor

Published monthly by the students of Rhode Island College of Education at Providence, R. I.

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THIS YEAR AT THE COLLEGE

We have not been long back from our summer experiences in which we did literally hundreds of intriguing, fascinating things, and yet it is greatly in evidence that we have brought back with us a more cheerful, a more invigorating spirit. It is in evidence, not alone through the bustling air of activity which pervades the College as students initiate Freshmen into college life, plan teas, dances, and socials, and elect new officers to lead them; but rather is it evidenced by the level-headed industriousness of the students crowding the libraries, and the quick, sober settling down of the entire College to the year's work.

There is a better spirit among the students of R. I. C. E. this year because every single individual who has returned to college after a summer of work, who has cast aside the transitory glory of high wages and patriotic jobs, is ready and most willing to do good work in college. All the doubts assailing young people—doubts of whether teaching is their real goal, whether they will like to teach, whether these years in college are so many years wasted—all these have been answered for those who have come back. That is why there is a more unified, a more cooperative, a more vital spirit at Rhode Island College of Education this year than ever before.

"They gave their merry youth away for country and for God."—Spires of Oxford

LEONARD MAILLOUX, Class of '41

Captain in the Marine Air Corps
Killed in the Pacific Area

JOHN HETHERMAN, Class of '40

Lieutenant Navy Air Corps
Killed in action in Australia

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."—Luke 9-24

ALSTON SUGDEN, Class of '42

is missing in action in the South Pacific area.

Service Letter Box

I have been waiting for this week to roll around in order that I could write you about these past summer months. I say "past" because from the feel of the air, summer is over. Despite the early rising, things have certainly been wonderful. The Navy officers, the college professors, and the rest of the fellows in the unit are all grand. This program is a break that most of us realize is a lucky one, and I for one am not going to throw it away.

The studies are tough. I have been slugging it out with the books since my first class, and only now am I gaining a little ground. I am taking Engineering, Drawing, Physics, Chemistry, and advanced Calculus. I sleep and eat anything that has to do with math, the courses are so concentrated. If you drop a pencil and are foolish enough to pick it up, you miss about two weeks' work at the ordinary peacetime pace. Nevertheless, I am getting a really wonderful education and am thankful for it. I went out for the football team and stand a pretty good chance of making the squad. I have also been pledged into one of the fraternities, the Delta Upsilon. I never thought much about the latter until I came up here, but I do think it will not do me any harm. You never know when you may need assistance from your friends, so it is good to have plenty around.

I felt a bit sad Monday when I knew College was opening. I would have liked to have been there, because I thought a lot of my classmates and the faculty. This turn of events has not shattered my desire to be a teacher. If anything, it has strengthened the desire, since I may have a better chance now to become an instructor of some sort.

John Fallon

Quite far away from dear R. I. C. E. at the present, but now and then we recall fleeting memories of many happy days. The only trouble is that I would like to be brought up to the present and this can be done by a few addresses, such as those of Dick Turner, Bob Byron, Dan Kitchen, etc. Man, you sure can lose track of these Gullivers.

"Mais le Baron" finds himself settled for a while in Northern Ireland. Before coming here, we had the pleasure of traveling through parts of England and Scotland. I need no further explanations for the great writers and poets of these countries because I just know that if I had a poetic soul—begorra, Dr. Donovan would be taking up the "Life of Kwasnicki." There isn't a moment that you aren't looking at some God-given beauty. After viewing the hillsides of Scotland, with the various colors and neat arrangements, it struck me as though I were looking at one great plaid.

Now for a wish that you extend my regards to all my old friends at my "old Alma Mater." I would more than ever appreciate a line here and there—mostly here.

Just

"Le Baron" Kwasnicki

I just want to drop a line and let you know I'm still alive and well. I'm down here at advanced bombing school and if all goes well, I'll finish in about 12 weeks.

The work here is very stiff; we are on the go from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M., then have to study three or four hours a night. We will start night bombing in four weeks and that will mean about four hours' sleep a night—but I love it and honestly this bombing job gets in your blood. It's wonderful. Also a bit of glamor or something in being familiar (did I say familiar) with one of our most closely guarded military secrets—the bombsight—quite a gadget incidentally.

The news of Jay and Lenny was quite depressing. I often wonder how they must have felt while crashing to their deaths. That's three of our boys that have gone now the hard way, but I know, Doctor, that as much as we love life, anyone of us would die proudly and bravely for our country. You may think it's easy to say that over here when all we have to worry about is bombing a peaceful slice of desert; but we are gradually becoming instilled with the idea of patriotism. Love for our country becomes so much greater to us boys who are far from home and deprived of many things we love: our homes, friends and carefree days. After seeing so much of this grand land of ours and talking with the boys who boast of Utah and Minnesota and Arkansas and all the rest, we begin to feel that we must do something to preserve this great place called America. We've all signed up, right down to the last man, for combat duty as soon as possible and the months will seem long indeed before we can call out "Bombs Away" over Berlin or Tokyo. But that is the day we are all looking forward to.

Best always,

Frank Milligan

Service Alumni

Jack Fallon is a squadron leader in the V-12 at Brown.

Ben Read is now a 2/c seaman in Uncle Sam's Navy.

Francis Searle and Arthur Nelson are also at Brown, serving as Squadron Commanders.

Raymond Monahan is now at the City College of New York.

Fred Johnson, at last reports, was training with the Army Air Corps in Louisiana.

Joseph Young has graduated from Columbia and is now an Ensign in U.S.N.R.

Back the Attack

This anonymous bit of verse circulated in the jungle foxholes was sent to Dr. Frederick Donovan by a former Ricean, Harvey Goldberg.

Somewhere in the South Pacific

Somewhere in the South Pacific where the sun is like a curse
Where each long day is followed by another slightly worse
Where coral dust blows thicker than the shifting desert sand
And white men's dreams are mostly of a slightly colder land.

Somewhere in the South Pacific where a woman is never seen
Where the sky is usually cloudy and the grass is very green
Where the Gooney birds fuss nightly, robbing men of blessed sleep
Where there isn't any whiskey, and two cans of beer a week.

Somewhere in the South Pacific where the sunshine bakes the green
Where ice-water's nonexistent and your skin is slightly clean
Where you get so tired and lonesome for the folks you left behind
And then you write a letter telling them that you are fine.

Somewhere in the South Pacific where the movies that one sees—
Are the "Best in entertainment for our boys across the seas"
Where you get so tired of eating dehydrated food every day
Where work is thought a pleasure to pass the time away.

Somewhere in the South Pacific where the mail is always late
Where Christmas cards in April are considered up to date
Where we always sign the payroll but we never get a cent
Though we never miss the money, there is no place where it's spent.

Somewhere in the South Pacific where they say the trade winds blow
Where your thoughts are drifting, to the one you used to know
Where the moon shines so brightly, where stars twinkle in the sky
Where eyes well up so quickly, full of tears, yet you never cry.

Somewhere in the South Pacific where a battle has been won
Where the Stars and Stripes forever will be flying in the sun
Where you talk about the future, planning things that you will do
And then you stop and wonder—when will those dreams come true?

Somewhere in the South Pacific where the sea-birds moan and cry
And the lumbering deep sea turtle comes up on the beach to dry
Oh, take me back to the U. S. A., the place I love so well
For this South Sea Island Paradise is awfully close to HELL.

ONCE OVER

By H. I. Phillips

Reprinted from Evening Bulletin

("Three American airmen, Edward Mallory, Vogel, Tennessee; Izzie Goldberg, the Bronx, N. Y., and Edwin J. Sipowski, Waukegan, Ill., killed in a take-off in San Juan Harbor, were buried side by side with a Protestant chaplain, a Roman Catholic priest and a rabbi officiating. The flag for which they fought flew over them."—News item.)

I

A Chaplain, a priest and a rabbi—
Protestant—Catholic—Jew—
Three Yanks in three simple
caskets—
Three colors, red, white and
blue . . .

A hush on a tropic island
As notes from a bugle fall—
Three rituals slowly chanting—
Three faiths in a common call!

II

A lad from the Bronx; another
Who joined up in Tennessee;
A third one from far Waukegan—
A typical bunch, those three!
A crash in a naval airplane . . .
A rush to its crumpled side . . .
And near by Old Glory marking
The reason the glory died.

III

They answered a call to duty
From church and from syna-
gogue—
From hillside and teaming city . . .
Three names in a naval log!
Each raised in his separate con-
cepts—
Each having his form to pray—
But all for a faith triumphant
When rituals fade away!

IV

A prayer in Latin phrases—
And one with more ancient lore;
A Protestant simple service—
All one on a distant shore!
"Qui tollis peccata mundi" . . .
And, "Enter ye unto rest" . . .
A blessing from ancient Moses . . .
For three who had met the test!

V

This is the story mighty
Making our sinews strong;
Boys from the many altars
Warring on one great wrong!
This is the nation's power,
This is its suit of mail;
Land where each narrow bigot
Knows that he can't prevail.

L'Envoi

A chaplain, a priest and a rabbi—
Protestant—Catholic—Jew—
Knowing that forms are nothing
If but the cause is true;
Challenge all craven bigots!
Tell them, as brave men die
Fighting for fullest freedom—
Tell them they lie . . . they lie.

W. A. A. ELECTIONS

The Women's Athletic Association began the year with the election of the following roster of officers:
President . . . Elizabeth Murphy
Vice-President . . . Gabrielle Beausoleil
Secretary-Treasurer
Elizabeth Cashman
Chairman of Social Committee
Dorothy Horne
From the report of the meeting, this year's program gives promise of being full and entertaining.

STUDENTS HOLD ELECTION

Kathryn Reardon New Council President

Miss Kathryn M. Reardon of the Senior Class was recently elected by the student body to the position of President of Student Council. Miss Reardon, a graduate of Saint Xavier's Academy, has been most active in college functions. She was on the staff of the ANCHOR for three years; a member of the A Cappella Choir and of the W.A.A., in which she was particularly interested in soccer; vice-president of her class during her sophomore and junior years; a Marshal of the Daisy Chain; and treasurer of the French Club in her sophomore year.

Miss Marie Shannon, a graduate of Saint Patrick's High School, was elected Vice-President of the Student Council. Miss Shannon's college career includes the following activities: Social Committee Chairman, 1; Social Committee Member, 2, 3; A Cappella Choir, 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 3; Daisy Chain, 2; May Day, 1; Queen's Court; I.R.C., 2, 3; Italian Club, 1, 2; Dramatic League, 3, 4; Secretary, 4.

BARNARD NEWS

Several changes in the faculty of Henry Barnard School are in evidence this fall. Claire Richards of the Class of '43 is teaching in Grade 1. Mrs. Mary Doyle Ritchie, formerly of the Providence School Department, is a permanent substitute filling the vacancy caused by Mr. Guertin's leave of absence. Mrs. Harriet Zurlinder is in the Science Department during the absence of Mr. Leonelli. Miss Emma Harris is substituting for Miss Easton in the Sub-primary Grade. Miss Easton's leave has been extended for the first semester.

An after-school sports program for the elementary grades is being planned. Mr. Sloan will have charge of the boys and Miss Murphy of the girls.

During the past week at Henry Barnard School \$7799.55 in stamps and bonds have been sold. This amount is enough to buy six jeeps of the type bought last year, or to pay for five ambulances.

MISS AUBIN NEW '44 PRESIDENT

Miss Farrin Vice-President

Miss Cecile Aubin has been elected President of the Senior Class of Rhode Island College of Education. A graduate of Sacred Heart Academy, Pawtucket, Miss Aubin has been a prominent member of the Class of '44. She has been active in all functions of the W.A.A., especially in horseback-riding and outings, and has been a member of the A Cappella Choir. She has also taken an active part in all Stunt Night productions.

Others elected to class offices were Miss Frances Farrin, Vice-President; Miss Florence Genua, Secre-



Class President, Barbara Golden, and Social Committee Chairman, Elizabeth Lennon receive the ANCHOR in behalf of the Class of '45 during Class Day exercises on June 18.

CLASS OF '45 ACHIEVES FAME

One of the outstanding features of the annual Class and Ivy Day observances held on June 18, was the awarding of the ANCHOR by the Seniors to the class considered most deserving of the honor. The long-awaited pronouncement came from the lips of Joseph Young, president of the Senior Class. Then, amid riotous cheering, the ANCHOR was awarded to the Class of '45. Barbara Golden, President of the Class, received the award in the name of the Class, and, followed by the Sophomore Daisy Chain, carried the coveted prize away to a safe hiding place.

This award, an authentic sea-going anchor, has long been a symbol of highest merit and definite achievement. The class which either finds or is awarded the ANCHOR keeps it until graduation. Very few classes have won the ANCHOR in their sophomore year. Naturally, winning it through pure merit claims the greater honor and results in keener collegiate spirit. Excitement and anticipation increase gradually, and reach a high pitch at the close of the year during Commencement activities.

A KANGAROO
MAKES A BIG SKIP



tary; Miss Estelle Hunt, Treasurer; Miss Muriel Benson, Social Committee Chairman; and the Misses Grace Almeida, Anne Kearns, and Elizabeth Murphy, Student Council members.

ONE-O-TWO CHANGED TO RECEPTION ROOM

Plans for decorating Room 102 were made and carried out by a committee of faculty and students early this year. Previously the room had been a general meeting place for students in their free hours; after classes a reception room for all college teas and socials; and at crucial moments in the life of the college community even a classroom. Room "one-O-two" was considered the room of the College.

Prior to dreams for a new reception room, social functions always entailed temporary decorations of the room. When social committees saw changes taking place, they felt a great lessening in their list of concerns. As plans progressed, the student body decided by a vote that the nickelodeon did not fit into the proposed picture of the new 102.

Venetian blinds added charm to the room; wisely chosen couches and durable chairs added comfort; chandeliers added sophistication. The college seal, strikingly beautiful against its background of blue, became the "center of interest." When war-time restrictions are but a memory, it is hoped that paneling will cover the slate walls.

We students are requested to cooperate in keeping Room 102—excuse us—the college reception room—as charming, as comfortable, and as collegiate as it has been made for us. If we remember not to use "one-O-two" as a study hall nor as a general recreation room, it will retain its graciousness and dignity.

Ed. Note: Last Friday a certain meeting was held in our new Reception Room. After the meeting adjourned ashes, butts, and other incidental trash were to be seen scattered on the blue linoleum and on the maple table. While we realize that guests were not aware of the rules, in regard to the use of this room, still, we are of the opinion that the room should not be used for meetings of this sort, unless students are also allowed a modicum of freedom in the same place.

We realize that the rules were made with good intentions and should not be violated, but the Anchor suggests either that further meetings of this sort be transferred to another room or that students be allowed that freedom.

THE STUDENTS SPEAK

The Forgotten Generation

You know us. We are the Johns who used to deliver your morning paper or the Marys next door whom you watched grow up in no time at all. John was reported missing in action in the Pacific area last week, and Mary is now serving as a nurse with the U. S. Army in Italy. Yes, we have finally matured, and in so doing, have left behind our childish illusions and dreams.

We are the babies of the '20's, the generation you accused of being "soft." We have never known true peace. The lean depression years, Japan's aggression in China, Hitler's rise to power—all have left their mark on us. We are not responsible for this catastrophe which has struck civilization, and yet we are paying for it, many of us with our very lives. You once said we were soft?

Our past has been unfortunate, our future appears grim, but we are unafraid. We are struggling for a righteous cause, a simple cause in our eyes. We are fighting and dying for peace—a peace of mind and heart that we have never known. We are to be the forgotten generation, but we fervently pray that those who follow us will remember why we were sacrificed.

R. K. O.

N. E. I. OF I. R. MEETS AT A. N. T. S.

Unable to meet at Wellesley as formerly, the New England Institute of International Relations met at the Andover Newton Theological School from July fifth through the fourteenth. The subject of the discussion was "Issues of the Coming Peace". Miss Elizabeth Schofield who attended the conference with Fay Robin and Marjorie Wood of the class of '43, describes their activity while there. "We were awakened each morning by the clanging bell on our dormitory's first floor, we hurried to breakfast, attended a short Quaker meeting, and proceeded to the morning lectures. These lasted until noontime, when we were free to swim, play tennis or softball, or shop at the Center.

"At quarter of five every afternoon, we returned to the Institute. There, each lecturer gathered an informal group about him for discussion and argument. After supper came another lecture and an enjoyable social hour before retirement. During the course of the lectures and discussions many important questions received attention. These included such subjects as India, the social problem, the re-education and feeding of Europe, and our own relations with South America. My favorite speaker was Mr. Rembao, a Mexican, and editor of the *Latin American Journal*. This speaker was a strong advocate of closer ties between the two Americas, and did not hesitate to tell us the true feeling of the South American towards us. He believes we need more en-

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CROSS CAMPUS

Question: What was the nature of your summer employment?

Molly Moses—Junior

I visited my brother and family in Chicago and worked as junior clerk in the war department there. The work was made more interesting by the varied types of people from all states in the Union.

Rose Di Cola—Junior

I was an employee of Silverman Bros., who were at that time making service bars and officers' insignias for our armed services.

Virginia Hill, Senior, was at Wawanock Camp in Jefferson, Maine, along with Priscilla Soule, Senior, who was affectionately known as Aunt Prissy to all her charges.

Auntie Gay Beausoleil taught canoeing to all eager learners at this same camp.

Evelyn Lamaire—Freshman

To do my part in relieving the manpower situation, I worked in the United States Rubber Company, testing wire. Believe me, it was great.

Gladys Gammon—Freshman

This summer I was an attendant nurse at Crawford Allen Hospital. Besides getting a wonderful tan, I learned a little of routine hospital work and gained some knowledge of how to cope with behavior problems. It was work, but it was wonderful!

Helen Aspinwall—Sophomore

My enjoyable summer work consisted of being lifeguard at one of the ponds connected with the Pawtucket playground system. My job provided everything, including loads of laughs.

Esther Sullivan—Sophomore

Well, I made pearls at the White Pearl Company. It wasn't a defense job, but it was fun. And by the way, for any unbelievers, I have some pretty good samples of my work!

New Bulletin

Continued from Page 1

sue. Although students of the College will not receive copies, those in training may do so on request. There will be no charge for the publication.

Miss Patricia Rochford of the Sophomore Class is Art Editor of the Bulletin. Miss Louise Morris of the Junior Class is typist.

International Relations

(Continued from Page 3)

voys like Dwight Morrow who took trouble to learn Spanish before entering upon his mission. Mr. Rembao advocated dual citizenship, a common coin system, more exchange of students, and a breakdown of tariff barriers. He also advocated lend-lease to Latin America in the future."

Miss Schofield found an interesting person in her roommate, Miss Leonore Meyer, a German-Jewish refugee. The war scattered Miss Meyer's family and she is now a kindergarten teacher in Philadelphia.

Professor Mildred Bassett of the faculty attended the last days of the Institute. Many teachers from various parts of the country also came and all pronounced it a worthwhile and interesting experience.

TWO GONE FIFTY-EIGHT HOPEFULS LEFT

A double shower, held in the College Reception Room, for Miss Mary Dunn and Miss Sophia Marszalek, highlighted the junior program on September 28. After a humorous poem recited by our gifted tragedienne, Miss Caryl Harlow, each bride-to-be was presented with a Chatham blanket. Music was provided by versatile Miss Rae K. O'Neill and was followed by light refreshments. Miss Dorothy Horne was emcee for the affair.

Miss Dunn will become Mrs. James Dougherty on October 2 and Miss Marszalek will become Mrs. Martin O'Neill on October 9.

MESSAGE

This is your paper. You are responsible for it, good or bad. You have seen the type of material which is used in the paper and you know that you have something to contribute. Perhaps it is that theme which you received an A on in Miss Thomson's class (this does not necessarily mean that all "A" themes are newspaper material) or that bit of verse which you scratched off in your free time. Whatever it is, submit it to the Anchor. Whether it is used or not of course depends on the decision of the editors, but just imagine the thrill that will be yours when you first gaze upon your "brainchild" in print. This is your paper; do with it what you will.

To the Service men and women. Please keep writing again and again. The Letter Box is one of our most popular columns.

ODE TO DIETERS

By R. K. O'Neill

To diet isn't so much fun—
Oh, how you'd like to have that bun!
You sit and watch the others eat
While you, poor you, must pass the meat.

You pick the berries for the pie,
But sorrowfully you pass it by—
You take your bread without the butter—
Potatoes cause your heart to flutter.

You shall not unrewarded be
For such a fierce tenacity,
For all your pounds shall pass away
To come again some other day.

INSURE YOUR HOME AGAINST HITLER!



Buy WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

FROM OTHER PUBLICATIONS

Brown Herald-Record

Brown University

So this is the Army—from the Out of The Side of Our Face Dept. the afternoon of Prom a harried committee huddled on the steps of Alumnae, eyeing the weather and muttering weird charms and incantations. They had already consulted the Weather Bureau, the *Journal*, and assorted rheumatic knees—and received nothing in reply but a couple of censored's from the government and one from Hays' Office. Then they laughed and laughed. Here was the campus just filthy with Meteorologists—and they were wondering about the weather. Bouncing up to the first prophet, they posed their question. "Well," he said, "it's clear in the East, and that's what counts." Its' interesting to note that with or without Meteorologists, we still worry about weather on Prom nights.

Western Washington Collegian

Western Washington College of Education

Four different types of Chinese foods in addition to rice, tea, and fortune cakes were on the menu Tuesday night at the Chinese Cafe. The Chinese dinner was attended by 18 WWC students.

Chopsticks were used by everyone attending. The rice cakes which contain fortunes made predictions regarding money, love, and success in business.

The Chinese dinner was a feature of the summer recreation program under Miss Ruth Weythman.

Miss McGunigle

Continued from Page 1

dren's Activities. Her latest song, "Little Eskimo," is to be published in the forthcoming edition of the *Silver-Burdett Music Hour Series* for the Second Grade.

Although a native of Boston, Miss McGunigle admits with a twinkle in her eye that Rhode Island is "a rather quaint place." She plans to continue the A Cappella Choir and is very eager for the formation of an all-college orchestra. She would like anyone who plays a musical instrument, or who would like to play, to see her as soon as possible in order that a definite start may be made.

Following the custom, the A Cappella Choir will give a performance at Christmas time and again in the spring. There is also the possibility that a choir group will be formed to lead hymn singing at chapel.

I. R. C. Tea

Continued from Page 1

national affairs, and the International Relations Club is the means by which the students at Rhode Island College of Education are offered the opportunity to hear prominent speakers and meet students from other colleges throughout the country.

RICE FLAKES

The scholastic year opened with Seniors, Sophomores, Juniors, Freshmen, a few lovely tans, and much leg make-up very much in evidence.

* * *

Riceans returned from vacations well spent, whether employed as counselors or office, store, or industrial workers, or in other capacities. Probably more than one personnel manager remarked, "It's amazing what student-teachers are up to these days."

* * *

The College Shop has assumed that important look this year with the rows of new textbooks lining the shelves. Book trading is going on as never before even though a surprising number of us are lending rather than selling. Could it be we're taking the faculty's advice about starting a library of our own.

* * *

The Freshmen weren't the only bewildered students during opening week. The Sophomore Class continued to read all the Freshmen notices, while many Juniors headed for Barnard Practice, accustomed themselves to that last-minute change from ankle socks to rayons.

* * *

Last year's social life problems still confront us. Does Ricie go formal or otherwise and from where the men? Also connected with the war was the mention by the Student Council President the other A. M. of a definite goal in the sale of war stamps and bonds. How about buying a jeep and naming it Ricie!

* * *

Worth Repeating:

Professor Marion Weber's comment that her venture into industry was a summer idyl but not an idle summer.

Ed. Note: The staff wishes to thank Miss Weber for her interesting contribution.

Prize boners we have noticed come from the *Journal*, and a certain Mr. Charles Brickley. The *Journal* in its article concerning the Faculty Tea for the Freshmen stated that for table decorations, "Cream and white gladioli in an antique blue bowl and white sandles centered the tea table." We presume that a pair of white candles instead of shoes were on that table. But who knows—the number 18 stamp has greatly altered our sense of values. The other boner concerns Mr. Brickley, a mislaid English paper, and a Barnard student. For further information see Mr. Brickley.

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I. R. C. ELECTIONS

On Monday, September 20, the International Relations Club held elections for the first semester. The following officers were chosen: President, Rae O'Neill; Vice-President, Marjorie Latham; Secretary, Joan Wheeler; Treasurer, Mary Quilty; Chairman of the Social Committee, Grace Mulcahey, and Program Chairman, Camille Blain.

Fall Fashions

Fall again and school again, both accompanied by the eternal question of what to wear. This month's suggestions include, of course, the reliable skirt and sweater. Take good care of the so-called old clothes because new materials aren't always so good nor too plentiful.

Why don't you help keep up the good neighbor policy and consider some of the South American jewelry. It is just the thing to brighten a dull day.

With fall comes color—in scenery and clothes. Purples and reds are even more popular than ever. The dark lipsticks being sold now are just enough to make any heart beat faster. Try one with just a slight bluish touch.

The fascinators are still fascinating. Knit, crochet, or buy one—but above all wear one.

If you have been saving part of the summer's earnings, why don't you splurge on a wool coat lined with soft lamb's wool. Dressy and sporty, it's just the thing to wear all winter.

AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS TO BUY



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