

Language Students Join Alliance Francaise; Dr. Loughrey Adviser

A group of twenty-two students have become members of the Junior Alliance Francaise and are looking forward enthusiastically to the many delightful gatherings to be held by the organization.

Madame Andre Girard, for twenty-five months a German prisoner, is but one of the many notable speakers to be heard at the meetings of the "Alliance."

The twenty-two students, all members of Dr. Loughrey's French classes, are as follows: Rosalie Lavalley, Kay Mitchell, Theresa Leveillee, Lena Pinga, Lorraine Bolduc, Robert Collinge, Sonia Cullen, Florence Harrington, Marilyn Hay, Marion Hoyle, Richard Kells, Barbara Kotrys, Ruth Mandeville, Dolores Marchand, Margaretta McElroy, Christine Melone, Betty Pryce, Barbara Riley, Stella Tesavis, Sandra Waldman.

Miss Sonia Cullen and Robert Collinge are the representatives of the college to the organization. Miss Loughrey is serving as the faculty adviser of the R. I. C. E. "delegation."

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Jan. 22—Tuesday—Community Concerters congregate at Met to hear Indianapolis Symphony.

Jan. 25—Friday—Oh, happy day! Exams end.

Jan. 30—Wednesday—After a week-end and two days recuperative period, students will appear, ready for second semester's struggles.

Feb. 6—Wednesday — Faculty "throws" party for sorrowing Seniors.

Feb. 9—Saturday—Dance with a date in your fanciest duds at the Senior Informal.

Feb. 11—Monday—Jascha Heifetz at the Met—no more need be said—let's just listen.

Feb. 20—Wednesday—Seniors and Freshmen frolic together at their mutual party.

Feb. 22—Friday—Washington's Birthday—no classes—imagine!

Feb. 27—Wednesday—Nature Clubbers meet.

Trustees Approve Sabbatical Plan; Bassett and Read Leave to Study



Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow!

Opportunities Offered for Research and Study

Among the first to take advantage of the sabbatical absence plan recently approved by the Board of Trustees of State Colleges, Professor John Read will leave next semester to complete work for the Doctor of Education Degree at Boston University. Professor Mildred Bassett is already enrolled at Teachers College, Columbia University, in courses leading to the Doctor of Education Degree.

Professor Read will attend the Spring Session, Intersession, and the Summer Term of Boston University, where he has taught Visual Education for the past three summers and where he will continue his summer instruction. "A Non-Verbal Test—Recognition of Science Objects and Relationships" is the subject of Mr. Read's dissertation, which he hopes to complete by August 15, when he will have credits enough for his degree.

When mentioning his choice of Boston University as the institution at which he desired to complete his study, Mr. Read said that he enjoyed the "friendly spirit" there and that, as far as teachers are concerned, high academic standards are not enough; these must be

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Marion Lund Chosen Snow Belle At Student Council Dance

The first All-College Dance since pre-war days was held January 12 under the sponsorship of the Student Council. In the College Reception Room gay couples waltzed, two-stepped, fox-trotted, and even rhumba-ed from 8:30 o'clock until 12 o'clock at the Frosted Flurry. Tommy Masso's Orchestra provided the musical rhythms for the evening.

By a previous vote of the student body, Marion Lund was chosen "Snow Belle." She was selected as the typical college girl from a charming bevy of candidates because of her scholarship, cooperation, interest in college rather than only class affairs, and her loveliness. The court, representative of all classes, included Marie Thorpe,

Terry Marchand, Mary Holton, Mary Smith, Dolores Lindeman, Sylvia Whitehead, and Lorraine Boudreau.

Mary T. Walsh, as Vice President of Student Council, was chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements for the dance. She was assisted by Eleanor Jordan, Doris McGinty, Mary Holton, Hope Williamson, Mary Smith, Virginia Besette, Madelyn Goodwin, Lorraine Boudreau, and Marie Thorpe, ex-officio.

President and Mrs. Lucius Whipple, Vice-President and Mrs. Fred J. Donovan, Dean Catherine M. Connor, Miss Mary M. Lee, Miss Mary E. Loughrey, Mrs. Bertha M. B. Andrews, and Mr. and Mrs. John G. Read were patrons and patronesses.

R.I.C.E. Goes to Brown

"Minority Prejudice and How to Deal With It" will be the main topic of the Inter-Faith Conference to be held at Brown University on January 26. Mr. Lewis Fox, last year's guest speaker, will again open the forum. Following his lecture there will be student discussion, led by Albert Maynard of Brown University.

Panel discussion, directed by James Williams of the Urban League will include prominent religious leaders—Israel Kapstein, Professor at Brown University, Jewish faith; Clarence A. Pretzer, director of Family Welfare, Protestant.

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THE ANCHOR

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Editorial Board

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News	Claire Auger
Feature	Mary J. Trayner
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Exchange	Genevieve Baughan
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"LEAVE US BE REALISTIC"

There is no division of labor in the **Anchor** colony. A few faithful staff members and tired editors are the workers. Without stimulus from the student body, we slave. Without encouragement, without criticism, and without interest, we try to manufacture an artificial stimulus from among this small group of workers. Weariness is the result. Tritely, we say that this is your paper—the college paper. You have forced it to become a publication voicing the opinion of the few—so few that there is constant warning: "Be careful; your style will show through." When these things—the need for artificial stimulation, the burden of getting the news (sometimes, making it), reporting it, writing it, editing it, proof-reading it—glare at us, frankly, **without your help**, we are overwhelmed.

The **Anchor** Office was closed for a month. A clamor for the paper, an appreciation, though belated, for what had been written, a sigh of loss for the missing edition—this we hoped might result. It has not. Your reaction was what we feared. To be honest, we have been worrying about student interest since the first edition.

Admittedly, there are many interesting activities: plays, sports, musicals—and the **Anchor**. All are important. Publicizing and discussing these other activities is, in our opinion, the duty of the **Anchor**. In your opinion, is this necessary? Perhaps because of the bustle of the Christmas season, the student body may even have overlooked that definite stand taken by the **Anchor** Staff. We closed shop. For, no longer were we sure that the **Anchor** was needed.

The editors are eager to discuss this problem—your problem—with you. Do you want the **Anchor**? Is it a needed part of college life? Are you willing to support it—by your stimulating interest, your contributions for News, Rice Flakes, and Letters to the Editor, and your active assistance in re-writing, proof-reading, and typing? The future of the **Anchor** depends upon you. It is a heavy burden that has been shifted to your shoulders. But it belongs there.

KAPPA DELTA PI

As its research program for the year, Kappa Delta Pi has sent to all past members a questionnaire concerning present professional activities, and advanced study. The answers, when returned and compiled, should provide valuable information which will not only aid the Honor Society in planning an inter-

estig program for the year, but also will serve as important reference material for past members who wish to obtain better positions than those they now hold. If the funds of the Society permit, part of the data will be published in a **Who's Who in Kappa Delta Pi**. All this goes to show that Kadelphians are busy people.

The Literary Cornered

THAT'S LIFE

A pair of grey eyes looked up, startled, as the bus suddenly screamed to a standstill. The rain beat hard against the tightly shut windows, and flashes of lightning lit up miles of sky in split-second jagged streaks.

The girl lowered her eyes slowly and fastened them on the tiny diamond that gleamed on the third finger of her left hand. It was a beautifully set stone, with no smaller diamonds on either side to detract from the main gem's solitary loveliness. She twisted it nervously round and round on her slim finger, and every few moments gazed at it steadily, letting it catch and reflect the sparkle coming from the lights in the ceiling of the bus.

Trying to make himself as inconspicuous and uninterested appearing as possible, the man across the aisle looked alternately at the young lady with the ring and at his open magazine, which he was pretending to read. A smile of infinite understanding, tinged with a benign tenderness, suffused his face. Then his eyes stared vacantly out of the window without seeing even the pelting rain or the streaks of lightning.

He was thinking of young "Grey-eyes" and of her fiancé. He imagined them as they were on the marine's first furlough in three years, meeting shyly at the station, and holding hands all the way home, expressing only with their eyes all that could not yet be said in words because of the months of separation which held their tongues in check.

Of course, "Grey-eyes" mother had met the two at the door, kissed the young marine resoundingly on the cheek, and led the sweethearts into the living-room. After some polite and questioning banter full of affectionate familiarity, which welcomed the soldier and brought back memories of the days when he and "Grey-eyes" first vowed their undying love for each other, she had discreetly retired from the room and had taken pains to rattle the dishes and pans very loudly as she washed them in the kitchen.

The lovers sat in front of the fireplace and reminisced about the day when they had promised to wait for each other for all time and when these self-same vows were sealed with a lover's kiss and a ring which

symbolized their hopes for the future.

Then he had gone away. Life held only bitter tears for her and an aching heart for him. Letters winged back and forth across the ocean and kept alive the flame that burned so steadily in both their hearts.

And now at long last, there would be no more letters, no more anxious waiting and hoping and praying—for he was home and within four days he would be married to his "Grey-eyes."

From the expression on the face of the man across the aisle, it was evident that he had deciphered all the knowing glances that the young woman had been casting at the ring. In his thoughts, the marine and "Grey-eyes" were already at the altar, the wedding march was fading away into the recesses of the church, and the lovers were voicing their solemn "I do's". Without warning, the on-looker suddenly drew a deep breath and lifted his magazine, while expressions of disappointment, chagrin, sorrow, and even resignation flitted over his face.

"Grey-eyes" was saying loudly to her companion, in reply to a remark too low to be overheard:

"Yes, but if this bus doesn't hurry up and get started, Mother will be home before I am, and she will be very angry because I wore her ring without even asking her permission. . . . But wasn't it fun fooling every one in school today?"

The man across the aisle coughed slightly and very disconsolately turned the pages of his magazine.

Joan Alexander

Rhodes

Soft lights enveloping
Shiny floor attracting
Sweet music inviting
We succumb—
And dance.

Soft lights softer
Shiny floor shinier
Sweet music sweeter
We dance—
And think.

And think . . .
If his height—lessened
Or mine—stretched
Cheek to cheek
We
Would dance.

Alas, we do not match
And yet we dance
Dance . . .
While on my head
His chin
Doth rest. . . .

Mary Louise Fillo

Rice Flakes

Awards of the semester for outstanding services rendered go to Pat Donovan and Hope Williamson—to Pat for the best stunt ever written, directed, and produced singlehandedly—to Hope for the best Prom ever, period.

* * *

The very latest thing in engagement rings belongs to Helen Aspinwall. All the best from all of us, Aspie.

* * *

Nancy Hooker has found one answer to a certain professor's "Are there any questions before we go on?" At 9:25 she blithely responded, "Yes, may I return my library book?"

* * *

One blond bombshell plus one returned veteran equals—Gracie and Lyn!

* * *

The faint heart murmur of a Junior Practice Student developed into a thunderous thump when one of her male students looked at her with adoration in his eyes and said, "Miss Cadden, your great big blue eyes are just as pretty as some blue agates I have at home." Hubba! Hubba!

* * *

The pursuit of things aesthetic has reached a new high among the Juniors as indicated by the number of people who borrowed the Brunavian.

* * *

Now it has been discovered why Alice Hurl loves to collect her pay. She passes right by that frat house on her way!

* * *

If you saw Ruth Beaven swinging on a chandelier recently, don't think it was because Corkie came home. She just wanted to get a different slant on things.

* * *

Here's something that isn't a secret any more. Mary T. Walsh has been having a telephone romance with a mechanic. Their first meeting hasn't taken place yet, but he plans to wear a potted palm so she'll recognize him.

* * *

Post-graduation plans are already underway for many Seniors. Good old June may find the good old Seniors (old, anyway) widely scattered. Glenna Duggan and Eileen Russell will be off to Maine, Betty

Donovan Reviews Report

The Harvard Report, **General Education in a Free Society**, is a study of the current education situation in the United States, chiefly on the secondary level, with one-quarter of the report discussing the Harvard curriculum. The investigation is the work of twelve professors assisted by teachers and educators outside the University. The survey, started in 1943, was made at a cost of \$60,000.

The keynote of the Report seems to be expressed in the words: "Ours is a centrifugal culture in extreme need of unifying forces." The Report then goes on to explore ways to achieve this unity. It means, of course, an about-face from the Eliot free-elective plan which has multiplied courses no end in colleges and secondary schools. The emphasis, at present, is on diversity when there is a need for a goodly portion of unity and education in our common humanity and common citizenship. Incidentally, the Report is repetitious on this point. In regard to Harvard, the curriculum contains four hundred courses, with no **one** required of all students. The revised plan calls for six required courses in General Education. These

Lee will be off to Florida, Pat Rochford to South America, Marie Thorpe to California, and Millie (the Filly) Brennen will be off. Which reminds us—have you heard about the diamond-studded razor that will be presented to Millie in the very near future because she's such a little shaver?

* * *

Louise Holland is "waiting for the train to come in," but then, who isn't?

* * *

Mary T. Walsh gave a one minute publicity talk for R. I. C. E. on a program presented by Kay's Newport, which paid tribute to the college.

* * *

Bette Faria's latest is an Eskimo—his name is Chili, at any rate.

* * *

Examples of the Law of Diminishing Returns . . . 400 veterans came back to Brown . . . 300 to State . . . 200 to P. C. . . . and 6 to the college!

* * *

Hope everyone will back the I. R. C. drive for clothing for war-torn Europe. Let's send our own little splash of color into the darker corners of this best of all possible worlds wherein everything undoubtedly happens for the best.

will furnish a common core experience for all Harvard men.

There is nothing particularly new in the portion of the Report dealing with rural schools and city schools, the need for better salaries, federal aid, the aristocracy of academic over vocational courses, heritage versus pragmatism. However, there is throughout, the emphasis that education must be Jeffersonian and Jacksonian—"give scope to ability and raise the average."

The section of the report on Areas of General Education in Secondary Schools is well done. Space does not permit my commenting other than to note "General education must aim at these abilities: effective thinking, communication, the making of relevant judgments and the discrimination of values." These are to be achieved through general education in natural science, social studies, and the humanities.

I take some exception, however, to the perennial argument, Liberal Arts versus Teachers College. The Report speaks of attempting "to bridge the dividing canyon." I don't think it does much bridging for it goes on to say "teachers are badly educated" since much of their time is taken with methods, psychology, and administration. This is not true as a general statement. It may have been some twenty years ago. By the way, the Committee preparing this Report didn't see fit to call on the American Association of Teachers Colleges for any data. Of course, we do not agree with their recommendation that six or eight hours are adequate for teacher training. As I see it, Teachers Colleges approved by the American Association need make no apologies for their graduates who know both **what** and **how** to teach. Liberal arts hasn't the market cornered on brains. Co-operative tests have proved this. Liberal Arts in subsidizing the education of those in the lower income brackets, is moving in, only now, to areas which have supplied the Teachers College with excellent material.

Moreover, unknowingly, the Harvard Report pays tribute to the Teachers College in a statement to the effect that Primary (Elementary) education in the United States does not share the confusion that is found on the Secondary Level. This, indeed, is most interesting because in general, elementary school teachers are recruited from the ranks of the Teachers College graduates. With all due respect to Harvard, maybe the answer is to have more Teachers College graduates on the Secondary level.

FREE SPEECH

Dear Madame Editor,

So the **Anchor** Staff threw in the towel—for a month at least—either a good paper or no paper at all. . . . Now isn't that something? Spunky I guess you'd call it—or determined—or should it be discouraged? A newspaper with no news to print is a pretty peculiar situation, I admit. News with no reporter to gather it is a pretty pathetic situation, I insist. Wasn't that the case—50% no news, 50% no interest? So you closed shop. . . .

What good did such a lay-off do? True, the staff had a rest. True, the printer had a rest. Some ink was saved. Some paper was saved. But is anyone of the student body eager to hand in tidbits of news? Is everyone on the **Anchor** Staff now "rarin'" to go? Answers are in order.

That's the situation. Why cover it any longer? Let's take it out, dust it off, and give ourselves an even chance. There is lack of interest inside and out.

Criticism, I understand, should be followed by suggestions. All right. I'll suggest. Let's forget our college paper. Let's grant the poor, tired thing a sabbatical leave. It would seem we've had our chance and failed. Let's leave in a somewhat burned-out blaze of glory—let's be true to ourselves and our hopes.

Sincerely yours,
Claire M. Beirne

P. S. May I suggest you take a poll among the students to see how they would feel about a complete, unconditional cancellation of all publications of **their** paper?

Faculty Notes

Mr. Nelson Guertin has returned to his French classes at Barnard School after his leave of absence for military service.

* * *

Dr. Mary E. Loughrey's birthday was duly remembered when President Whipple presented her with a lovely little gingerbread cupcake adorned with a huge choir candle!

* * *

On January 8, Miss Catherine Connor and Miss Amy Thompson entertained the Editorial Board of the **Anchor**, officers of the I. R. C., and the **Ricoled** editor, a former active member of the **Anchor** staff, at a tea at their home.

Who's Who

Juniors Depart for Training; Semester Officers Elected

As twenty-two tearful Juniors roll damp handkerchiefs into soggy balls, the thirty-two other members of their class will file out mournfully, January 25, into the dark unknown of Training. The Juniors, alas, are the smallest class to go through the college in several years, and they will be oh, so lonesome!

However, their grief will be alleviated somewhat by the fact that, in place of their beloved classmates will appear six veterans who will perhaps help these remaining Juniors to forget their woes.

Steering the grieving class through the next semester are a new slate of officers:

President, Marion Lund
Vice-President, Mary McDole
Secretary, Kay Mitchell
Treasurer, Claire Beirne
Social Committee Chairman, Jean Rosenvik
Student Council members, Arline Allston, Evelyn Lemaire, and Ellen Fay.

RICE Choristers Present Annual Hour of Song

Melodious music swelled the assembly hall on the night of January 9, 1946, when the Choir of Rhode Island College of Education presented its program of Christmas carols. The hour of song, previously postponed because of stormy weather, was presented under the able direction of Miss Gertrude E. McGunigle. The accompanist was Corina Papino. Maureen Maloney, harpist, was featured artist.

The concert opened with an impressive candle light procession of the Choir as they sang Mendelssohn's "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Harp selections played by Maureen Maloney were Rosewig's "Ave Maria" and Gruber-Place's "Silent Night." Solos were offered by Eileen Geoghegan and Mary Mulligan in the negro spiritual, "Rise Up Shepherds an' Foller" and in the Mexican carol, "The Shepherds and the Inn."

After the concert, an informal reception for the two hundred guests who attended was held in the College Reception Room, where refreshments were served, and faculty members greeted parents and friends of the students.

Interfaith Conference

Continued from Page 1

ant; and Thomas Sullivan, Rhode Island lawyer, Catholic.

Brooke Anderson, director of Brown Christian Union, is the chairman of the conference. R. I. C. E. has been represented on the planning board by Julia Malatt, Eleanor Jordan, and Sarah Fisher.

Fun with Birds

As early as March 10th, the red-winged blackbirds start arriving from the South. By June the birds are all back from the South, and this is the month in which the outdoor symphony begins. If you have not heard this chorus, then you have surely missed a great deal. It begins at four in the morning and I think is at its best between four and five A. M. To hear the oriole, scarlet tanager, robin, song sparrow, chickadee, phoebe, and the wood thrush is about the most pleasant awakening one can have in the early morning hours.

Several years ago we had a very delightful experience when we found a baby cedar waxwing which had fallen from its nest. This baby was several days old and could not feed itself; so we hung a large cage under a tree and every twenty minutes Mrs. Gairloch fed this baby. At first it had to be "forced fed," but after the first day it adopted us as its parents and would hop to the door of the cage each time we arrived with food and would hold its mouth open to be fed. We gathered blueberries, raspberries, and cherries, and then in the evening we caught mosquitoes for it. This little bird would always let us know when it was time for another meal by making a lot of noise. This feeding we continued for two weeks, during which time his feathers came out and he developed into a very beautiful cedar waxwing. One night when we opened the door to his

cage he flew out and did not return until morning. We kept him several days longer and then released him. During the next week if we called him, he would come to us to be fed, flying to our heads or shoulders; but after another week, he joined other cedar waxwings as he was able to feed himself, and did not return. Now when we see the cedar waxwings return in the summer we always wonder whether or not he is among them.

During the winter I make several trips each week to Tucker Hollow to feed the birds which stay during the winter months. We have about fifteen different species which remain all winter. Also during the winter we feed the birds at our Kingston home and this winter we have had an unusual flight of evening grosbeaks. We had one hundred and fifty at one time, feeding on sunflower seeds.

Taking bird walks is another way of seeing more birds and learning more about them. On Sunday, December 16 the "Little Rest Bird Club," of which I am a member, took a trip to Salt Pond and saw a snowy owl, which is a very beautiful bird and is not common here in Rhode Island, living most of the time in Canada. This bird is most beneficial as it eats many mice. Mr. Furbush reports, in his *Birds of Massachusetts*, that upon examination of the stomachs of thirty-eight owls the contents consisted of the following: 2 game birds, 9 other birds, 18 mice, and two other mammals; 12 were empty.

On our walk we also saw red-breasted mergansers, old squaw ducks, grebes, loons, golden-eye ducks, gulls, myrtle warblers, goldfinches, chickadees, purple finches, white-throated sparrows, marsh hawk, sparrow hawk, herring gulls, and black-backed gulls.

May I extend an invitation to all the students of Rhode Island College of Education interested in birds to visit us at Tucker Hollow and enjoy with us the pleasure of our bird friends.

Stanley S. Gairloch

Sabbatical Leave

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coupled with high social standards, free from prejudice of any kind.

To qualify for such a leave of absence as Professor Bassett and Professor Read are enjoying this year, a member of the Faculty must have served for at least seven years, and "may, upon written recommendation of the President of the College, be granted by the Board of Trustees of State Colleges a leave for study and research for a period of one year at half pay or for a period of one-half year at full pay." The teacher must agree to remain on the Faculty for at least two years after the end of the leave. Such a plan, in force in a great many American colleges, provides desirable opportunities for advanced study and refreshment.

Class Chat

March 18, we Sophs will endeavor to torture the Seniors at the traditional "sister" party. It will be a chance to welcome back the Seniors who have been training for the last five months and at the same time to bid a fond "au revoir" to those Seniors who have been so understanding and inspiring in difficult situations.

Program plans, which must remain secret, are being made by the committee. Yes, "Big Sisters," we'll keep you in the best of spirits—and, what's more, there will be refreshments galore.

* * *

102 was the scene of much chatter and activity after a recent Senior Class meeting. It was a Welcome-Back Party for those who had been out training for a semester. The festivities were planned to get the girls in condition for the grueling semester ahead. The program included Pat Donovan's inimitable Boogie playing, dancing, general merry-making, and, of course, refreshments.

Alumni News

Some Sister Act Combinations between Alumni and Undergraduates.

Dorothy O'Brien '38, sister of Marie O'Brien, Junior, is continuing her war-time position as draftsman in the Army Map Service at Washington.

Sophomore Eleanor Crook's sister, Beth, graduated in '41 and is now supervisor of music in the schools of Seekonk.

Catherine Dooley '31, sister of Norma Dooley, Junior, teaches the sixth grade at Wilson Grammar School in Rumford.

Beth Dowling's sister, Mary Dowling '38, a physical education teacher, recently married Douglas L. Raymond, another physical education teacher. Beth is a Sophomore.

Irene Majka, Sophomore, has a sister, Jennie, graduate of the class of '43, who is now teaching Junior First—kindergarten to you—in Central Falls.

Barbara Murray, Junior, informed the Alumni Editor that her sister, Selena Murray Flannery, '33, has three little Flannerys who keep her occupied most of the time.

Compliments

of

EUGENE McCARRON

FOR THAT
AFTER-CLASS
SUNDAE

Try the
Biltmore Pharmacy