



ANCHOR

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RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

October, 1945

Three Ph.D.'s Join College-Barnard Faculty Group

Dr. Dura-Louise Cockrell, former State Supervisor of Nursery Schools in Missouri, is the new director of the Children's School at Henry Barnard. Miss Cockrell studied at Texas Christian University, where she received her Ph.D. Before coming to Henry Barnard, Miss Cockrell was Supervisor of the War Public Service Section which deals with child care.

Dr. Clifford Pearce, new professor of psychology, is a native of Rhode Island. He attended the Pawtucket schools and continued in specialized study at Brown and Princeton. Upon his graduation, the Bradley Home and State Department of Welfare claimed him for work in the psychology field. The eight years following found Dr. Pearce teaching in Illinois. From there, he returned to Rhode Island.

Wife of Riley Hughes, assistant professor of English at Providence College, Dr. Josephine Nicholls Hughes has pursued a career as librarian, literary critic, and professor of English before coming to our English Department. Born in Seattle, Washington, Dr. Hughes spent most of her childhood in England, returning to the United States to finish her education. She received her B.A. and M.A. from University of Washington and her Ph.D. from Brown University.

From Connecticut comes Miss Mary Drennan, teacher at Henry Barnard. Miss Drennan, having graduated from New Britain Teachers College, taught one year in a rural community. At the end of this time, she returned to specialized study at the primary level and received her M.A. from Columbia University.

Mrs. Edith C. Becker, Head of the Art Department, grew up in her profession. She spent the first eighteen years of her life in the artists' colony of Old Lyme, Connecticut, and went on to study art at Syracuse University. Having received her M.A. from Syracuse, she taught in the New York school

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Dramatic League Observes 20th Year; Professor Patterson Directs Group



Doyle, Thorpe, Malatt

Student-Faculty Program to Open Season Oct. 22 With One-Act Plays

Twenty years of performance to satisfied audiences under the capable guidance of Professor Adelaide Patterson is the shining record of the Dramatic League. In 1925, the present organization was organized. Before that time, the College provided no funds to meet the necessary costs of royalties and costumes. Then came Mr. Ethier's class, who were intensely interested in dramatics. Their enthusiasm and Professor Patterson's backing brought the drafting of a letter to Dr. Ranger in which they requested permission to charge admission to cover play expenses. The embryo organization became financially secure with the granting of this privilege. Each year since then, the League has given six major performances, including Shakespearian and Greek plays. Chosen by many as highlights of the 'twenty years' theatricals are **Hamlet** and **Our Town**.

A sincere effort is made to give each student opportunity to take part in the productions. No one actor has been continually "starred" in each play of the year, for Professor Patterson believes that no matter how great the talent of any individual may be, all students

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Council Leader Chosen Anchor and Ricoled Editors Selected For Coming Terms

Student Council elections were held on Wednesday, September 12. Miss Marie Thorpe was chosen President of the Student Cooperative Association by the vote of the student body. Mary T. Walsh, runner up, automatically became vice-president, in charge of all-college social activities. Both girls have been very active in class and college affairs during their years at R. I. C. E.

Miss Thorpe, class secretary in her sophomore year, is a member of the A Cappella Choir, having acted as its vice-president and social committee chairman. Active also in the Dramatic League and on the staff of the **Anchor**, Miss Thorpe has served on the committees for Stunt Night, Song Contest, the Junior Prom, and May Day. In her sophomore year Miss Thorpe was proclaimed queen of Carnival Kapers, the class hop.

Miss Walsh, treasurer of Student Council in her junior year, has been active in the Debating Club, the Dramatic League, the A Cappella Choir, and the International Relations Club, serving as secretary in her sophomore year. At present she is vice-president of Kappa Delta Pi and make-up editor of the **Anchor**.

Miss Elizabeth Doyle, editor-in-chief of the **Anchor**, gained journalistic experience as Associate Editor of the **Xavierette**, her high school paper. Secretary of Student Council in her sophomore year, Miss Doyle has served on both the **Anchor** and **Helicon** staffs. Presently the Secretary of Kappa Delta Pi, she has been cast in one of the three one-act plays to be presented by the Dramatic League.

Miss Julia Malatt, editor-in-chief of the **Ricoled**, has been active in literary fields and in dramatics. On the **Anchor** Staff for three years, she was Feature Editor in her junior year. Winner of the Poetry Contest as a Sophomore, she has been cast in the Dramatic League Productions, "Will-o'-the-Wisp," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Lost Elevator," and "The Florist Shop." At present Miss Malatt is a member of Student Council and Kappa Delta Pi.

Miss Walsh represented the College at the Wellesley and New Britain Conferences.

Professor Mary M. Lee To Preside at 100th Institute Sessions

The One Hundredth Anniversary of Teachers' Institute will be observed on October 25 and 26. Miss Mary M. Lee, Director of Training at Rhode Island College of Education, will preside. Other members of our College faculty will assist on the committee for arrangements. The A Cappella Choir, directed by Miss Gertrude E. McGunigle and accompanied by Miss Corina F. Papino, will provide musical interludes.

In President Lee's message to members, she gives a thumbnail sketch of Institute history, from which we quote, "One hundred years of continuous service in the interest of professional improvement is the record of R. I. Institute

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THE ANCHOR

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In Scholarly Pursuit

After the hazy summer months, collegians return again to scholarly pursuit. That this quest is earnest is attested by the swelling rank of library enthusiasts during free periods. No, all who exhume data are not Freshmen, Sophs, Juniors, and Seniors are well represented. Perhaps we are beginning to realize the brevity of four years. Perhaps each class has an ulterior motive; the Freshman, eagerness to prove his mettle; the Sophomore, anticipation of practice; the Junior, engrossment in lesson plans; and the Senior, the same quest as the freshman but more pointed. Whatever the reason, this situation deserves to be lauded.

In a lighter educational vein, notices of the many cultural opportunities offered to students are posted on the library bulletin board. Concerts and art exhibits round out the college program. The latter are usually free, and for the former student tickets may be obtained. Remember that the scholar not only learns from a textbook but also from any other educational opportunities proffered. Take advantage of as many as your time permits.

Homo Sapiens

Our first forum should establish a precedent for the intelligent handling of all petty irritants to come. Here, with a few tactful phrases, our thinkers subdued the *Anchor* controversy. Because they presented facts rather than emotional appeals, the widespread discussion which followed brought light and agreement. Deny, if you can, that college spirit was further animated that day or that friendship among classes was enhanced.

Contrast the results of this intelligent attack on student problems with those generally attained by the "griper," whose caustic wit and absence of logic are easily recognized. His audience is usually limited—a few locker-room cronies—but his voice is sometimes compelling and always loud although it seldom reaches the persons qualified to correct the situation of which he complains.

Remember that the thinker, without either emotional pressure or ranting, brought about results in one forum meeting. Shall we revert to "gripping" with frustration as a product or shall we continue as thinkers with emphasis on the rational and on success?

Roughly Speaking

The leaders in extracurricular activities bemoan the fact that they have no one to lead. Enthusiasm of club members wanes early in the college year. First meetings are blessed with a number of avid members who register, perhaps pay dues, and then disappear until such time as club pictures are to be taken. A few carry on stoically to the end. Two, three, or four active participants may effectively engage in tete-a-tete, but the main object—intense interest on the part of those who join—is sidetracked.

Flagged enthusiasm is not wholly the student's fault. This is not a campus college. The student's every waking moment cannot be concentrated here. Home life, with all that it entails, claims him part time. The business world makes its encroachments, too. On Thursday evenings, especially, lucrative enterprises are irresistible. All this leaders seldom consider. Now is the time to think about this problem and, along with it, the fact that we must stop attempting to ape the "dorm" college. Time is the dominant factor in determining what we can give of ourselves to a club.

But, despite the fact that some students are pressed for time, there are many who are free until supper. Some in this group are so confused

To the Editor

Dear Editor:

We, the men of the Freshman Class, would like to be heard. We think that the girls of Rhode Island College of Education, for the most part, are well trained and charming people. But, like all, they are not perfect. There are, at present, three glaring faults which we would like to help overcome; namely,

- (1) Chewing gum—Remedy—look into a mirror, and be frightened.
- (2) Making noise—Remedy—try hard but, "girls will be girls!"
- (3) Failing to keep Sigma Rho clean—Remedy—apply theory of domesticity!

After all, we hope that some of you will marry in the future. What sort of home will you have if you don't keep it clean? How will you hold your man?

On the other hand, we thank you for the friendliness and aid you rendered us from the very beginning. Our special gratitude goes to those students who helped us secure books and other needed equipment. We thought this a good opportunity to thank you for your interest in us, and, in turn, help you by our suggestions.

The Men

SERVICEMEN'S LETTERBOX

Dear Mr. Donovan,

General Marshall said that it would be necessary to keep 200,000 men in the Pacific to occupy Japan and other islands. Well, he meant 199,999 and me, I guess.

The Okinawans are kept away from the Americans as much as possible, and vice versa, but we still manage to do business with them. We bring cartons of cigarettes, old tooth brushes, etc. to some unguarded spot near a native settlement. The natives come out, and by sign language we trade a pack of cigarettes, or what have you, for Japanese bills and coins.

The natives are homely and dirty. Most of them have black teeth, or no teeth at all, and most of them live in flimsy, thatched huts. There were quite a few stucco houses with fluted metal roofs once. . . but most of them were ruined in the war. Some of the boys were up to the northern part of the Island, which was practically

by heterogeneous clubs that they are inept at selecting one and sticking to it. A smaller number are not interested in any club. Very few concentrate on two, only to find that often meeting dates conflict and one must be chosen at the sacrifice of the other.

There is a definite need for handing tentative club programs to a central agency where they will be adjusted to the social calendar. What more logical place than Social Coordinator Dean Connor's office! Our aim for the year: intensely active participation on the part of each and every club member.

All This I Know

The land was free, but far away. The people were weary, but eager. Freedom, bought or rented only for a time, had always demanded dearly of them. Bravery meant fitness, strength, perseverance, courage—sometimes death. All these they had. And so they came. "Give" was their motto. Give all you have to this new thing, liberty, whether it be mental ingenuity or love of justice, or tolerance for all, or just sweat and tears—all can be used. All were used. They lived of the woodlands; they ate of the fields; they drank of the streams; they grew.

Then there was a new sound in the world—the steady, sure beat of a new heart, of this nation, sending out the breath of plant, and animal, and man, and freedom. They found a land. They left it a nation.

Now all this and more are ours. Still the land is free. Yet the people of the world are weary. Now they do not come "here"; "here" goes out to them, still giving of ingenuity, justice, tolerance, and life. America's strength radiates, warming an earth made cold by wealth, by unbridled ambition, and by too much freedom. America's might answers all scornful "too soft's" with a defiant self-confidence in the right. Never will she sink into obscurity; never will she yield to any tyrant; never will she be second to any nation.

With mission in mind, as crusader for right; with goal in sight, complete and unbinding freedom for all men, America again opens up a world of promises. What Franklin Roosevelt was to America in the depression years, America is now to the world in these peace-seeking years.

Claire Beirne

untouched by war. Some places are Japanese settlers, cleaner and prettier than the Okinawan natives, and the fellows who have seen them believe that it would be better to "forgive and forget" rather than continue the non-fraternization plan.

I have found Okinawa a pleasant and beautiful island. Every American would rather be back in the good old U. S. A., but if one must serve outside of the continental limits, Okinawa is as fine a place as any could be.

A former R. I. C. E. Student,
Bill McIntyre
(16½ points)

Spencer Tracy Tracked

This is the tale of three would-be reporters who invaded the sanctum of the Theatre in quest of an interview. The whole episode began in the browsing corner of the library where they planned the search for Spencer Tracy—and drafted the letter which was to be their opening.

The stage door was open. The performance schedule was posted. That looked good. The sound of hammers and men's voices echoed from the stage. That sounded good. Then a huge man walked by, carrying a case of cocktail shakers. Definitely, he should be followed. So gently they walked behind that interesting burden. From the looks of things this was going to be some play! On the three reporters pressed—until—they were discovered. It was now or never. The bravest blurted, "Can you tell me where I can find the stage manager?"

"He ain't here. Nobody's here."

"But we're reporters!"

"Oh" . . . (a bit incredulously). "Hey, Bill!" Out came the stage manager, a short, sandy haired man with a Cyrano de Bergerac nose and an ingratiating manner. No. It wasn't wise to leave our letter there.

Before they could catch their breath, the three were quite unceremoniously hustled toward the box office. There, they deposited the letter, and, like three recently apprehended thieves, sneaked out. All they could do now was to wait for an answer. Or try to discover whether Spencer Tracy was at the

Biltmore, the Narragansett, or the Sheraton!

No answer came. Perhaps no one had received the letter. So, to the telephone. A call to the theatre produced one result. During the conversation, which on the reporter end was a series of "Yes's" in rising inflections, it was learned that the man to see was Mr. Brennan. Mr. Brennan? Spencer Tracy's manager, of course. Now the leads were beginning to appear!

Another theatre visit seemed the solution.

Again, the three peeked in the stage door. Stale cigarette smoke and the odor of paint were chasing each other round and round the entrance way. Someone's deserted sandwich (it could be His!) lay on a step. In the theatre, moreover, were people—all sitting watching the stage. This was evidently a performance of some kind. Authoritatively, the three walked down the aisle, vainly trying to hide the piles of books which somehow lent a bobby-sox atmosphere to the whole thing.

It was extremely interesting watching the stage revolve, as final touches were put on the scenery. First a rather gloomy setting faced them, done in subdued greens, greys, and browns, and complete with a stage hand reposing in an easy chair. Then with a few heaves and a great many grunts, they were presented with a grass-covered hill and a few palm trees. Suddenly, at that moment, the theatre lights dimmed, and the stage was darkened, except for a brilliant blue light which formed the background of tropical sky. Silhouetted palm branches and jungle foliage next came down gingerly from the ropes above the curtain.

The effect was breathtakingly lovely. So the girls sat and panted. Rudely, a voice came booming from

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Class Officers

Senior

President—Eleanor Jordan
Vice-President—Agnès Finan
Secretary—Rose Donatelli
Treasurer—Murriel Maher
Social Committee Chairman—
Doris McGinty

Junior

President—Mary Holton
Vice-President—Claire Auger
Secretary—Katherine Mitchell
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Social Committee Chairman—
Hope Williamson

Sophomore

President—Mary Smith
Vice-President—Dolores Lindemann
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Social Committee Chairman—
Virginia Bessette

Club Elections

W.A.A.

President—Nancy Ferri
Vice-President—Marion Lund
Secretary-Treasurer—Phyllis Horton
Social Committee Chairman—Audrey Livesey
Publicity Chairman—Gene Cianfarani

Choir

President—Ruth Pylka
Vice-President—Audrey Livesey
Secretary—Lydia Palmer
Treasurer—Betty Armington
Social Committee Chairman—Doris Lavallee
Librarians—Marion Lund, Eleanor Crook

Nature Club

President—Gladys Peterson
Vice-President—Sarah Fisher
Secretary—Eleanor Connors
Treasurer—Marion McCarthy
Social Committee Chairman—Doris Tingley

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Ricoled

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I.R.C.

President—Mary Black
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Treasurer—Edna Passano
Social Committee Chairman—Joan Doyle
Program Chairman—Mary Louise Fillo

Teachers' Institute

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of Instruction. . . . Henry Barnard himself provided the impetus which brought the Institute into being. He and his fellow-organizers pronounced its aims—'to raise the standards of teaching, to propagate an interest in education among non-teaching groups, to acquaint parents with the problems of the school.' In short, the R. I. Institute was conceived as an educational agent designed to unify professional endeavor and to strengthen professional prestige!"

The program numbers many prominent speakers. Dr. Ross Hoffman, Associate Professor of European History at Fordham University, will lecture on "American Education" and "American Foreign Relations" on Thursday morning. A timely subject, "Educational Responsibility for Keeping the Peace," will also be discussed that morning. In the afternoon, Dr. Roma Gans, Professor of Education at Columbia, will elaborate upon the subject "Consider the Teacher." These are a few of the many interesting topics to be discussed.

Students are cordially invited to attend any of the lectures in which they are interested.

POME

O gosh, O gee,
I do love he
But he you see
Has love for she.
And she ain't me
And me ain't she
And that's why he
And me ain't we.

—University Columns

Faculty Welcomes New Members

New members of the Rhode Island College of Education and Henry Barnard School faculty and staff were honored at a tea held Wednesday, October 10, in the College Reception Room. The guests of honor included the following: Mr. and Mrs. Riley Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Pearce, and Mrs. Edith C. Becker of the College, and Miss Hope B. Brown, Miss Marguerite M. Cianfarani, Miss Duralouise Cockrell, Miss Olive P. Draper, Miss Mary E. Drennan and Miss Catherine T. Murray of Henry Barnard School. Also honored were the new state critic teachers, Miss Blanche I. Corrigan of Central Falls, Mrs. Joseph H. Rohloff of Warwick, and Miss Doris O. Haslehurst of Providence.

The decorations for the Reception Room carried out the theme of China Friendship Day, which was also celebrated on October 10. A beautifully embroidered black Chin-

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The Literary Cornered

Bond Without Shackles

It was autumn again—that lovely October morning in the bright-washed sunlight when all the world sparkled and bubbled with a happiness that she, too, shared. It was strange, somehow, to be once more a part of this world—the world that smiled on her. It was strange, too, to realize how much she had missed of the lovely autumn which now surrounded her. The briskness of the wind, the russet of the leaves, the smell—ah, the smell of the air, heavy with apples and the smoke from burning leaves!

Yes, it was strange that she should be here, bracing herself against the wind, and drinking in October—it was unbelievable that she could be so aware of fall, when her mind was so full of Danny. Yet, somehow, Danny and October were one in her mind.

Maybe this was the natural reaction of a girl who learns her husband is alive. Yes—that was it. She was just beginning to live again,

be herself! All these months, she had been a shell—a sort of automaton with senses dead. And now—now, she must live for Danny, too!

Strange—what a telegram in October can do. * * *

It was a chilly night, but from somewhere, a comfortable warmth had crept under the covers of his hospital bed. In the half-haze and soft morphine drowsiness which brushed aside the nightmare of the past months, he could see her again, and feel her closeness. It would be October, and she would be standing on a hill with her hands behind her back, and her face lifted toward the wind. How like a child she seemed, in her love of riotous color! And the brilliant blue of the October sky would always be his backdrop for—Nora. October and Nora—both so full of fire and life—inseparable. October—capturing two hearts a thousand miles apart and welding them together in common delight.

Mary Jo Trayner

New Faculty

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system—in Frankfort, Kingston, and Syracuse.

* * *

Miss Catherine Murray, Henry Barnard teacher, graduated from our college in 1934. While in college, she was active on the staffs of the **Anchor** and **Ricoled**. In 1935, she began teaching English at Aldrich High, where she was a charter member of the faculty. Miss Murray coached the school plays and had the lead in several faculty productions. She now is studying for her M.A. at Rhode Island College of Education.

Tracy Tracked

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the orchestra, "O. K. All the gorillas on stage!"

Immediately their friends across the aisle rose en masse and sauntered toward the voice. It was a bit disconcerting, being left alone. In time, however, as people began to walk dangerously close to their seats, the three learned how to make history notes look like an acceptable script for "The Rugged Path."

In case their little ruse didn't work, an elaborate system of escape was being planned, involving crawling to the nearest exit. Luckily such drastic measures were not needed, and gradually the reporters again began to enjoy the proceedings as the director, Garson Kanin, went to work.

Strangely enough, the gorillas were acting like human beings, even to reciting lines. Then, the dawn came—these people weren't gorillas. They were **guerillas!** That eased the reporters' minds considerably. Mr. Tracy was still not in evidence.

After other telephone calls, to the Biltmore, Mr. Brennan was contacted. From him they discovered that the man to see was Mr. Field. Mr. Field? Spencer Tracy's press agent, of course. Accordingly, a little weary now, they made their way to that same alley—to that stage door (which was now beginning to feel like home).

In single file they had just turned the corner, when Hollywood itself, in the person of Katherine Hepburn, stepped forth. La Hepburn, wearing a tan gabardine slack suit, which could be best described as "smooth," whose red-gold hair was piled in a Grecian knot on top of her head, whose face was simply covered with freckles, and who is really very pretty upon close inspection, was coming out of the alley. Katie smiled. Mary Jo glared. Katie smiled. Claire beamed. Katie smiled. Mary Lou raised an eyebrow. Katie, puzzled by this lack of enthusiasm, walked on. Ah, well—she was not the objective. The

Freshmen Receive Triple Welcome

September 10 marked the opening of the traditional Freshman Week at Rhode Island College of Education. After registration, Freshmen and Juniors met in the Reception Room. At this informal get-together, Mary Holton, President of the Junior Class, welcomed and introduced them to the junior sisters. After this day, the Freshman was identified by bib, bow and rattle.

On September 11, members of the International Relations Club acquainted newcomers with the purposes of this organization. Mrs. Harold Jenkins, Executive Secretary of the World Affairs Council, was guest speaker.

September 13, the Juniors wheeled their Baby Sisters into the auditorium where the "christening" took place. Here, the Freshmen were officially asperged. Severe punishment was administered to disobedient babies by junior members of the Bawling Board. The activities of the various clubs were then explained by the "Sisters." Being truly purified and oriented, the Freshmen proceeded to the Reception Room where refreshments were served.

The committee in charge of arrangements included Hope Williamson, Chairman, Claire Beirne, Audrey Livesey, Marion Lund, Alice Bigbee, and Mary Holton, ex-officio.

objective was ahead there, at the stage door—and alone! The quarry was cornered. They were within three steps of the "scoop" when Spencer was replaced by a burly, brawny character who stretched his arm across the door entrance. Who was this Man? Where was Spencer Tracy? The man—Mr. Brennan? Mr. Field? The three were given no time to find out. They were emphatically informed that **no** visitors, especially reporters, could go in.

Consequently, being very crafty, they went to the corner and waited. Then, out came the character with a man wrapped in an overcoat. It couldn't be Spencer Tracy! But it was. Disgustingly short, and stocky, extremely grey, with rimless glasses to which pale blue sun glasses were attached, he was anything but the "fine figger of a man" that somehow they expected. The wrinkles in his forehead were the only familiar mark; and his hat almost covered those.

Wearied, the three retreated to the drugstore across the street and to the telephone booth. There, for five cents worth of time, the three, despondent and angered, berated Mr. Field.

Mr. Field, on the other end of that line, "ho-hummed."

President's Reception

The Freshmen were given opportunity to become acquainted with the faculty at the President's Reception on Wednesday, September 19.

In the receiving line were President Lucius A. Whipple and Mrs. Whipple, Vice-President Fred J. Donovan and Mrs. Donovan, Dean Catherine M. Connor, Professor Mary M. Lee, Director of Training, and Dr. Mary T. Thorp, Principal of Henry Barnard School.

Dean Connor was chairman of the committee arranging the reception. Assisting were Miss Catherine L. Cuzner, Miss Lillian E. Swan, Miss Lucy M. Hanley, and Mr. C. Owen Ethier.

Soph-Frosh Party

Inaugurating a new custom at the College, the Sophomore Class held a welcoming party for Freshmen. Entertainment was furnished by sophomore singers, Eileen Geoghan, Joan Doyle, Mary Arbour, and Elizabeth Dowling, and by Dorothy Rossi, pianist. Mary Mulligan and Sylvia Whitehead, Freshmen, also took part in the program, which was followed by square dancing.

Virginia Bessette was chairman of the committee arranging the affair. She was assisted by Marilyn O'Connor, Mary V. Sullivan, Phyllis Bernardi, Elizabeth Faria, Eileen Torney, and Mary Smith, ex-officio.

Rice Flakes

Heads up, "ye gates."

And see who rates—.

Orchids in abundance to Velma Yo—oops! Mrs. Holt. . . . Gardennias to Marie Thorpe, Barbara Willis, Ilma Merikowski, and Kathleen Shannon for helping to illuminate the building with their sparklers. . . . We're tossing pretty poppies in the way of Agnes Finan, who is flying the colors of Delta Tau Delta, Ruth Pylka and Barbara Stamp, the White Stars of Sigma Nu, and Julie Malatt and Elena del Giudice, the "butting" weeds of Sigma Rho. . . . Last but not least, a bunch of daffodils go to Sarah Epstein for winning the door prize at the U.S.O.

Practical application of college subjects—Psychology as in Dr. Whipple's speech in Chapel following that stormy forum session—Shakespeare as in the case of the poor little Freshman who found a quotation from the play "Ibid"—Music as in Barbara McKnight's own rendition of "Baby Take a Bow"—Physical education as in the disabilities of Mary Holmes, ("chollie"-horse) Hope Williamson, (dislocated something-or-other) Marion Lund, (H₂O on the patella)—Biology as in the telling of fish stories and hunting the habitat of butterflies—Nature Study as in the dewdrop's purusit of Bob Collinge—

Dramatic League

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should be given the opportunity to participate, for all profit by taking part in these plays. Of the more than one hundred and twenty men now in the service, every single one has taken part in some production.

When a group of R. I. C. E. graduates meet, one of their favorite "remember when?" topics concerns wigs and eighteenth-century lights. During these years many hearts have jumped into many mouths because of fragile, wobbly scenery, a seeming tradition. Ah, yes, mishaps and lapses of memory have occurred, such as the time a telephone was forgotten and had to be passed in through a window while the play was in progress. Always, however, the Dramatic League emerged triumphant!

Perhaps the reason for the high interest shown by R. I. C. E. students in dramatics is the fact that rehearsals develop increased friendliness among the players. We are given an opportunity to better know the nature, tastes, and abilities of fellow performers.

On October 22, the League will present three one-act plays. "What Men Live By" is an adaptation by Virginia Church of Tolstoy's story. The following students are taking part: Theresa Tedeschi, Mary Norton, Grace O'Brien, Betty Doyle, Madeline Walsh, Marion Lund, James H. Cummings, Robert F. Collings, Richard Kells, and John Kenyon. "The Florist Shop," by Winifred Hawkwridge is a prize play written at Harvard in the Baker Workshop. Portraying the characters are Therese Marchand, Julia Malatt, John Kenyon, Robert F. Collinge, and Richard Kells. The faculty have selected "The Pot Boiler," a comedy by Alice Gerstenberg. On stage will be Miss Mary E. Loughrey, Miss Gertrude E. McGunigle, Miss Neva L. Langworthy, Mr. John G. Read, Mr. Clifford E. Pearce, Mr. Charles Underhill, and Mr. Gaetano Cavichia.

At its first meeting of the year, the Dramatic League elected its officers and appointed standing committees for property, lighting, make-up, publicity, scenery, and reading. The following officers were elected: President, Therese Marchand; First Vice-President, Dorothea Kelly; Second Vice-President, Glenna Duggan; Secretary, Elena Del Giudice; Treasurer, Patricia Donovan.

Faculty Tea

Continued from Page 3

ese robe was prominently displayed along with other tapestries.

Dean Connor was chairman of the committee which was composed of Miss Amy A. Thompson, Miss Neva L. Langworthy, Miss W. Christina Carlson, Miss Katherine L. Cuzner, Mrs. Edith C. Becker, Miss Lucy F. Hanley, and Miss Lillian E. Swan.