

THE ANCHOR



R. I. C. E.

---

*The*  
**VENETIAN  
ROOM.**

**S**UPPER dancing every week-day evening to marvelous music by Billy Lossez and his gay entertainers. Come and make merry with the smart young crowd that gathers here nightly.

PROVIDENCE  
**Biltmore**

---

Compliments of

**Paddock Paper Co.**

---

**Dine and Dance**

at the

**LOTUS**

A DISTINCTIVE RESTAURANT

162 WESTMINSTER ST.

Tel. Gaspee 1924

---

---

**Anton's**  
=makes you beautiful

---

**Arnold's**

**Lonsdale**

**Bakery  
Co.**

---

**Lucie Scott Shaw**

**Florist**

**Always the freshest flowers at  
moderate prices.**

A Telephone Call to Pl. 7243 Assures  
You Prompt and Efficient Service.

15 South Angell St.—Wayland Square

---

**DRESS UP**

Shop at - - -

**New York Lace Store**

28-30 BROAD ST.

Pawtucket, R. I.

Pawtucket's Leading Women's Misses,  
and Children's Wearing Apparel Store.

---

# The Anchor.

Vol. IV

No. 3

## THE EDITORS SUGGEST

### KINSPRITS' RENAISSANCE

A thing of beauty cannot die. It lives eternally like the influence of a good deed in a naughty world. Will it be the destiny of "the Kinsprits," the senior literary society of this college, to have an ephemeral existence of only three years? Since there has been no meeting for several months, there must be a revival of interest soon in order to perpetuate the existence of the association. Former members have been very enthusiastic, and it seems a pity that the "The Kinsprits" and the innumerable pleasures that are connected with the club should become mere memories.

Who does not enjoy sipping tea and devouring a literary discussion monthly! Reading of poetry, too, in the shadows of a flickering fire has always been a custom of "The Kinsprits." Then a unique final meeting for the year was usually held in the famous Wayside Inn, at Sudbury, Massachusetts, where, in a fitting literary environment, original contributions from the members were read. Shall these joys recede into oblivion? **Emphatically, no!** Then let a few eager spirits imbue "The Kinsprits" with new life.

*Louise G. Pelrine, '33.*

—A—

### UNITY

As you daily tread the steps on your way to and from the Henry Barnard School, do you realize that you are doing far more than merely "running over there" on errands? Each step you take is an unbreakable link helping to forge a chain which should keep as one these two parts of our College. Not alone do the steps of our students do this; the footprints of the children who eagerly clamber up the walk in search of information, or anxiously scan the corridors for a professor whose aid they desire, do much to preserve unity. Even stronger are those uniting ties made by the two faculties; the Faculty

## THE ANCHOR

---

of the College by their participation in the activities of the Henry Barnard School, and that of the Barnard School by the right of many to claim the College as their Alma Mater and by the attendance of many at extension courses in the College. It is on the perfect concord, the harmonious co-labor, of the experimental school and the College that the success of the institution depends.

Who can say one is superior to the other, or vice versa? They are dependent on each other: without the Barnard School the College would be lost; the College is the reason for the existence of the Barnard School.

The work we do in the College is the foundation for our life work. Here we gain the theoretical knowledge upon which we shall build our futures. Yet in the Henry Barnard School we obtain the practical experience which goes for toward giving a graduate of Rhode Island College of Education a professional reputation which he acquires with his diploma. Therefore, let us hold each part of the College in our hearts, for neither one alone, but both together, constitute our Alma Mater.

*Avis Marden, '33.*

—A—

### INEFFICIENCY

*(A green curtain soliloquizes:)*

Ah! woe is me! woe to me! I have only one friend in the world, a staunch and firm advocate of my blatant discrepancies. He reigns supreme over the "kindergarten room," and he says I serve my purpose and am no fit subject for complaint. Yet I have one keen-minded enemy and foe who says she utterly abhors me and that I am the one thing in this college for which she has absolutely no affection. Do you wonder that I say "Ah! woe is me!" The students laugh at me and pity me by turns. When I heroically struggle to assimilate my severed parts, after they have been cruelly torn in two by heavy jerks from opposite directions, I am given credit for trying; but I suffer excruciating moments of real torture while titters, roars, or giggles greet the scene I am designed to shutter in dramatic dignity. I am inefficient; I am decrepit! Ah! woe is me! I beg and appeal for your charity, your help. Let some among you answer my supplications! One who has a mechanical turn of mind or hand might design new wheels and pulleys for me! Better yet, is there not some philanthropic soul who will suffer me to end my despairs and agonies in peaceful oblivion by donating a bright, new, and efficient medium to supplant me!

You have heard my cry!

Act upon it!

**THE PLOTTERS NARRATE**

DOR DOON

George Walters, Jr., slouched down in his chair, crossed his legs, and with a scarcely audible sigh stared into space in an attitude of profound meditation with all the intensity of which a six years old, puzzled little boy is capable. He thought of many things, there in his nursery, and among them were the strange ways of the grown-up world. Things happened with such terrifying suddenness. His wide wistful gray eyes filled with tears, and a childish lower lip trembled when a door slammed downstairs, somewhere. That was Daddy, who before bedtime always used to throw him up in the air and make believe he would let him fall. My, that was fun! Daddy used to call him "Dor Doon" and chuckle over it. He said that George, Junior, certainly ought to know how to pronounce his own name! So "Dor Doon" he remained. But that was long ago, when just the three of them—he, Muv, and Daddy—lived in the little cottage, in which there was a cozy back yard to play with Wag, the roly-poly terrier. He still had a vague memory of eating supper in the gay little kitchen, at a table covered with a red-checkered tablecloth, and of the happy times they used to have together. But that was before Daddy came home one night, wild with enthusiasm, and spoke strange words about "stock that hit the top," and later, of being made president of the bank in which he worked. They soon left the cozy little cottage, of course, and went to the Walters Manor. A lump came into Dor Doon's throat as he thought of Wag. It seemed there was no room now for the lovable playmate, who always had slept on a mat near his bed, except in the garage.

Queer, how Muv—he must remember to say "Mother" now—and Daddy never laughed together any more, nor fooled with him as they used to. All that was changed now, and Dor Doon childishly wondered how Daddy could have been so happy that night, when he knew they were leaving the friendly little cottage and coming to this big lonely place over which people exclaimed delightedly. Muv, so very lovely in her pretty gowns, just occasionally came in to bend over him in bed and kiss him lightly. No more prayers at her knee—"and make Dor Doon a good boy, please God"—no more anything that used to be!

If he kept very, very still, he could hear the murmur of Florence's and Howies' voices in the room below. That helped, some. Florence was his governess; Howie, the chauffeur. Soon "Fa-Fa," as Dor Doon called her,

## THE ANCHOR

---

would come running up the stairs, laughing, excited about her "date with Howie." He often pretended she was Muv, when she hugged him and called him a "sweet kid."

"Isn't Master George in bed yet?" That was Muv's haughty tone. Fa-Fa came in soon afterward, looking angry and muttering something about "nouveau riche." Very wistfully Dor Doon asked her if she thought Muv would come in to him tonight and sing "just one little song, as she used to do?" Fa-Fa's eyes softened as she told Dor Doon that Mother had a very important dinner engagement tonight.

"And is Daddy going, too?"

It seemed not, Daddy was at his club.

Dor Doon, tucked in for the night, drew a long, sobbing breath and clutched his fists fiercely. Afraid of the long, slinking shadows that roamed across the walls and of the awful silence of the big empty house, he tried to sleep. If only Muv or Daddy would come and hold his hand for a while! A surge of fierce longing shook his small body, and the tears fell-hot, scalding tears, tears of hunger long suppressed—the tears of a "poor little rich boy"—an old story.

Suddenly Dor Doon sat up in bed at the sound of a man's voice directly below the nursery window. He recognized it instantly. It belonged to tall, handsome Mr. Jakober, with whom Mrs. Walters had been seen—quite a bit, lately—at various social functions. Rumors concerning them were beginning to become facts. The low persuasive voice was arguing:

"Peg, dear, why be so illogical? Surely you can trust me. Have we not known each other quite thoroughly for some time? You're miserable, and you know that! George is a good sort of fellow, but unfortunately not your Mr. Right. You've made a mistake, dear. We all do at some time or other. However, one doesn't need to go blindly on. You and I like the same things, enjoy the same pace of life."

"Bill, I'm so miserable, as you say, and yet I can't make up my mind. There'll be a great deal of talk, of course, and George—"

There followed a great deal more, something also about two passages booked on the *Mauretania*, and more about starting all over again in the South of France—London.

Dor Doon stiffened with fear, as he realized what it all meant—Muv was going away? Then Dor Doon rebelled, as he thought of all the bitter loneliness of the days and weeks ahead—the nights, with their loneliness, the dark fearful shadows. Sobbing, he jumped out of bed and sprang to the door. He listened a moment and heard Muv say something about "packing a few things—just a few minutes—wait." He opened the door and started

## THE ANCHOR

---

down the stairs, a sorry, tear-stained, bedraggled little figure. Muv had a week-end bag in one hand, the other reached for the light. As the door shut behind Dor Doon, she looked upwards. Surprised and chagrined, she said sharply:

"George, what's the meaning—" And then, somehow, it happened. Perhaps it was the dimly lighted stairway; perhaps it was Dor Doon's blinding tears; for his foot slipped, and with a long-drawn-out scream of terror he crashed down the stairs, landing an unconscious little heap, on the floor below.

The sickening smell of an anesthetic filled the small, white hospital room. A nurse in stiff uniform bent over the still, small form on the little white cot. She recorded results carefully: pulse very low, temperature higher than last hour, general condition of patient not changed since early morning.

Outside, a uniformed, impersonal physician was talking to Dor Doon's mother and father. His clipped, carefully chosen words were brief, accurate.

"Your little boy," he stated not unkindly, "has very little, if any, chance for recovery. The case, throughout, is very unusual. At a certain time, near death, a spectacular event may cause a patient to come out of the coma. Our only hope lies in that direction."

At the stricken, terrified look in the eyes of the wealthy young couple in front of him, he added that they might watch by the boy's side for a few minutes, if they chose.

Entering the little white room of suffering, Peg and George tiptoed softly. A slight movement of the small, bandaged figure brought the nurse to her feet, and smiling encouragingly she crossed to Dor Doon. A slight moan escaped his lips. George and Peg, on either side of him, clasped his feverish hands and looked across at each other. Peg whispered:

"George, dear I never realized, before this happened what you both mean to me. If Dor Doon should go—" George patted her hand and managed to smile wearily in spite of the lump that threatened to choke him.

"Muv, Muv—O Daddy—Shadows—" Dor Doon whispered.

"Delirium," the nurse said, "at least a trifle better than coma."

He babbled incoherently, broken bits about a red-checked tablecloth. Unknown to them both, he was talking about the days in the little cottage. Peg whispered softly:

"Dor Doon, dear, Mother is here beside you—and Daddy."

Far in the depths of his subconscious mind, Dor Doon heard the call, and wondered, vaguely, whether or not he was just dreaming again. Muv was away, of course, dinner engagement—Daddy at the Club—Night—afraid of the shadows—Dor Doon despaired. If only Wag were there—cold, clinging darkness, damp, too—so dark, dark—

## THE ANCHOR

---

"Dor Doon, son, (look what we're brought, it's Wag." Then sternly, anxiously, "Dor Doon!")

There was no mistaking that tone. Why it was Daddy, calling him. He must see him, go to him—Muv—Wag. It was hard to stop floating-like. Perhaps if he called, Daddy would help him. With a tremendous effort he called, "Daddy?"

And then—the light, again.

Opening his tired eyes, Dor Doon turned and saw—Daddy, Muv, Wag. A faint flush came to his cheeks as he recognized them. Why, Muv and Daddy were crying—over him! Then he, too, cried weakly, but with joy this time. Wag was jumping around, soiling the bedclothes, and nobody seemed to care! Yes, wagging all over his plump little body, licking their faces, splashing all their tears together.

Outside the little room George clasped Peg to him with a tired sigh, murmured tender things about the happy years ahead. Then with a new understanding, they walked out of the hospital into the darkness of early morning, and walking eastward, faced the dawn of another day—and of their lives.

*Kathleen F. Kelley, '34.*



### EASTER IN CRETE

Although my parents were both Roumanian, I was born in Athens, Greece. I visited the very picturesque little island of Crete when I was twelve years of age, and there I witnessed a colorful celebration—Easter.

With the approach of Easter, the holiest, oldest, and most joyful festival of the Christian year, I was aware, while I was visiting the historical island of Crete, of an atmosphere vibrant with expectancy. The yard-walls of native stones, freshened and washed by rain, yielded their full measure of bright colors, yellow, red, and light brown predominating. Windows were being polished, crude wooden doors scrubbed, and native faces lifted with joy and expectation to the coming of the Sunday of greatness. Easter for the natives of Crete, I discovered, is a time of exuberant joy.

One day, at noon, during the latter part of Lent, I found myself in the neighborhood of St. Minos, the most beautiful marble church of Crete, where through the open doors a stream of people was passing in to participate in the day's service. The invitation to abandon the throng and bustle of overloaded donkeys in the street could not be resisted. Entering, I discovered myself as one of a large congregation among whom were many men and numerous young women and old women of all ranks, from ladies richly attired to women whose dress and gloveless hands indicated them as toilers of



## THE ANCHOR

---

the soil. It was a pleasant experience to join this reverent throng; and as I left church, comforted and helped by the sermon, I determined to go again on Easter Eve and Easter morning.

On Easter Eve, I mingled with the native worshipers in the spacious yard of St. Minos. I listened to the thoughtfully-prepared sermon on the Resurrection. Beautiful Easter hymns were sung. At eleven o'clock, a small bier beautifully decorated with green boughs and bright flower buds, with an image of the crucified Christ in it, was brought outside by four priests. The holy men, made an external circuit of the church (three times.) At midnight the Bishop appeared, intoning the Easter hymn; and when the words were heard on the night air, the whole church, which had been almost in darkness, was illuminated, and where only a few moments before all was darkness there was now a little world of light. I looked around and observed that the men had on their best plaited colored skirts and goat-skin shoes, and that the majority of the women and girls were in bright, daring colors. Gradually the procession of the priests passed into the church, and everywhere rang out the greeting, "Christ is risen," with the response, "Truly, He hath risen."

The exchange of eggs during this time among the neighborly peasants is a symbol to them of unity with each other and with our Lord.

It was interesting to learn that the peasants abstain not only from meat during Lent, but also from eggs, cheese, butter, and green olives. I was not surprised, therefore, to notice that as soon as the midnight service was concluded the people hastened to their homes to break this long forty days' fast.

At six o'clock Easter morning hundreds of people, gaily attired in their newly purchased clothes, crowded into the church of St. Minos to hear again the announcement that the "Master has risen from the dead;" to listen to the Holy Mass; to enjoy the hymns of rejoicing. At eleven o'clock, they departed for their homes; Lent was over and Easter tide had begun!

The Peasantry, hospitable as I had always found them, and more so especially at this time of the year, cannot, of course, indulge in very excessive display for Easter, as can the wealthy, higher class; but they have observances of their own. Before they go to church on Easter Morning, they are careful to see that a huge fire has ben prepared in the yard of their home, to be used later for roasting a goat, lamb, or pig. The table is spread under the vineyards with all the delicacies and customary dishes of the season. One observes the truncated pyramids of colored eggs which decorate the center of the table. To omit doing these things is not only considered a means of bringing ill-luck upon the home, but also a way of showing *oneself* religiously

## THE ANCHOR

---

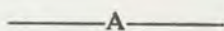
indifferent: in other words, to be a most objectionable kind of person in the neighborhood.

During Easter and the days following, hard-boiled eggs, painted in different colors, particularly in red, are the ordinary food of the peasantry. The young children collect as many eggs as possible for the "striking game." This sport consists in striking their eggs one against another, and the egg that first breaks is won by the person who has the egg that struck it. Immediately a second egg is pitted against the winning egg, till the last remaining egg wins all the others. The 'champion' egg frequently, however, proves to be made out of wood, so cunningly shaped and painted that you may lose all your eggs before you can discover this fact. I've noticed that the American-Greek still indulges in this sport.

It was a pleasant sight to see the gaily dressed peasants expose all the best plates they had in their homes in honor of Easter. The table continues in the same position, covered with a clean cloth, all through Easter week, and all those who come to visit during that time are invited to have a piece of cake or Easter bread and an Easter egg.

Both friends and enemies are welcomed when Easter comes in Crete; whatever their political or religious opinions may be, the table will be spread, the greeting "Christ is risen" will be exchanged, and the best dishes will be produced. It is an harmonious gathering, with enemies forgiven and forgotten. The Cretans believe that Easter proclaims that man shall overcome all his enemies, including death itself.

*Titica M. Jeremiah, '35.*



### JUSTIFIED WITHOUT A DOUBT—A SATIRE

"Really, Mabel, I'm frantic—Mortimer is so inconsiderate! I wonder sometimes if he ever thinks of my position and all that is connected with it. These men are certainly blind to the important things of society. Believe me, that man is lucky, and the exasperating fact is he thinks he has such a hard life. Why! all he has to do is sit at his office desk from morning until night, pushing buttons and giving orders to pretty secretaries—mind you, I'm not jealous; far be it from me to bother my already over-taxed brain about such a trivial problem. If he had to do all I have—of course, I shouldn't want you to think I'm ungrateful to all my friends for their confidence in electing me on their committees, oh, dear, no, but it is a worry! Now, that bridge—oh, dear!"

"What about the bridge, Myra? Can I help?"

"No, no, dear! But that isn't the reason I asked you over, Mabel! I feel I must tell someone, and you know Mabel, I'd rather tell you than anyone.

## THE ANCHOR

---

It's been a difficult decision and I think I'm doing the right thing. I've finally made up my mind—I'm going to get a divorce!"

"Why, Myra, how could you? Think of poor Mort—he has always given you everything you wanted. It was only last week he bought you the sable that you said you would die without."

"Why, Mabel, how can you compare a mere sable coat to my case. I simply cannot and will not stand it! I've thought it all over by myself and after all arguments, I realize I must sacrifice Mortimer for my social career. I think my duty in that respect is more important. Mortimer, of course, can get an apartment for himself because I'll need this house for my clubs and parties. He was always very liberal as far as money was concerned, I'll say that for him—but why shouldn't he be, I ask you—and he ought to give me good alimony. He can afford it, and I'll know he won't be spending that much on his secretary!"

"But, Myra—"

"No buts, Mabel—I've made up my mind. He's humiliated me enough—you know I must consider my social position!"

"Well, you seem to be very determined, but may I ask you what the grounds are?"

"Oh, dear! How can I tell you—it's terrible!"

"Is it alienation of affections?"

"Oh, no! Mortimer has always been faithful."

"Well, it can't be non-support or intolerable cruelty!"

"No, but sometimes I think it is almost cruelty. As I said before he's so inconsiderate. He is very selfish in some ways. No matter how much I try to impress the significance of my position upon him, he persists in wearing a *night cap* to bed. Think of my embarrassment, if our club should find that out!"

*Catherine Murray, '34.*

---

### A

#### WOOD-CUTS

March is a blustering pirate  
With cutlass sharp and bright;  
He flaunts it like a feather,  
Just to show his might.

April is a gypsy girl  
Who comes dancing into town,  
Before spring's merry caravan,  
With gaily colored gown.

*Mary C. O'Neill, '27.*

# THE STUDENTS PROCLAIM

In each issue of the *Anchor* will be forecast the subject for discussion for the next issue. Make that subject the topic of discussion when you get together with your friends. Demand to know their opinions on the subject; propound your own, and see what reaction they evoke. Conduct an actual debate with your friends; get so interested that before you are aware of it your study hour is over. We promise to provide worthwhile subjects for such discussions. The only favor we ask from you in return is that when you formulate your own opinions and expound upon them in an article for us to put on this page. Whether you believe negatively or affirmatively, we want your opinions! This is your discussion page!

For the next issue give us your opinions on this statement, with logical, substantial, forceful reasons related to our college life: "The fact that people today recognize us young teachers as human beings rather than as the cyclopedic examples of decorous propriety of former days has given us a false conception of our freedom upon which, alone, we are thoughtlessly and ruthlessly building our code of courtesy."

### A

#### WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS POINT OF VIEW?

Why should we have a blanket tax at Rhode Island College of Education? The answer is found in past experience with college organizations. Clubs and undertakings have been handicapped by lack of co-operation and financial support. If we are to succeed in improving our work and are to carry on activities of college grade, every undergraduate must realize his responsibility.

The situation at our college is unique. Most of the students live at home and have little inter-relation outside their own groups. Social functions and extra-curricular activities are the best means of bringing students together.

What is the difficulty at present? Those groups which have been working toward such an end are handicapped by lack of support. The Dramatic League has worked under almost impossible conditions, receiving only half-hearted support. The men were able to sell about seventy-five season tickets for their basketball games, and subscriptions for the *Anchor* have dwindled so that it is impossible to publish the type of paper we should like to have.

How would the blanket tax alter the circumstances? First, it would give the organizations a definite amount of money to use; and second, it would give every student a part in those activities supported by the tax. Students

## THE ANCHOR

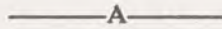
---

would feel more responsibility for those undertakings and could demand more in return. Perhaps, if they were not satisfied, they would use their own talents to improve the organizations.

What would the tax be? It would be the paying in advance for activities which are being carried on at present, with provision for such additional activities which seem desirable. In return for the payment the student would be entitled to admission to plays and games, and to receive any other benefits made possible under the blanket tax.

We have no money for additional collegiate or social activities. If we should wish to send delegates to the Model League of Nations which is to be held at Smith College next year, what funds have we? How can we finance additional social functions in an effort to bring the students into closer contact with each other.

These things which are impossible now would be practicable under a system which would make the resources available. The blanket tax seems to be the best solution to the problem.



### WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS POINT OF VIEW?

The paramount issue before our students right now is the blanket tax. Do we, or don't we, want to burden ourselves with this tax? **Many good arguments** have been stated in favor of the tax, but there are just as many, if not more, against it.

Let's consider first of all the ability of each student to pay \$3.00 each semester, or whatever the amount will be. Three dollars, you say is within the means of everyone, but are you considering the number of students who do not attend dances and games, who do not buy Ricoleds and Anchors, not because they have no desire to do so, but because they need the money for for more essential things?

Many students attend Rhode Island College of Education mainly because of its free education. If it were not free, many would not be receiving the benefits of a college education. Will not the inability to pay this tax be an obstacle which will hinder some from coming here?

Someone has suggested making an arrangement whereby those who are unable to pay the tax will be excused from paying. But who cares to be differentiated by admitting himself to be a pauper?

Also note the number who are so strongly in favor of the tax, who will be graduated by the time the tax is enforced. Is it not something like ordering a large dinner when one knows that he doesn't have to pay the check?

Another matter which isn't so important as it may seem, is the number of students who live at some distance from the college. Not a few will find it

## THE ANCHOR

---

impossible to attend some of the affairs for which the tax will be collected, because they must catch a train or bus at a certain time.

Again, is it the best thing to force attendance at the games and other affairs? Isn't the fact that students do not attend games, etc., proof enough that they're not interested? There are probably many who do not care for games and plays.

*It's the principle of the thing.* "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow." The willingness of the students, at this time, to tax themselves, may lead to a movement that, at some future time, will necessitate the paying of other burdensome fees.

Therefore, may I suggest to the person or persons who invented the idea of this blanket tax, that he think up something different, something that will be more suitable to a larger majority.

How do you feel about the matter?

Express your thoughts. We'll get nowhere in this matter so long as ninety per cent of our students remain inarticulate!

### —A—

#### FACULTY CHANGES IN THE HENRY BARNARD SCHOOL

An Assistant Director of Training, who will serve as Principal of the Henry Barnard School, has been appointed by the Trustees of Rhode Island College of Education. The Director of Training, Professor Clara E. Craig, has assumed, in full, the regular supervision and direction of pupil teachers and critics in the training centers distributed throughout the State. Professor Craig is now in a position to give adequate attention, not only to the direction of the Henry Barnard Demonstration School, but to the other training schools in the State as well.

The growth of the organization and the extension of the work of the Henry Barnard School demand the service of a full time principal. Mr. Roland H. Chatterton has been chosen to fill this position.

Mr. Chatterton has been recognized as an outstanding superintendent in Rhode Island. He is a graduate of Rhode Island State College, from which he received the degree, Bachelor of Science. He holds the degree, Master of Arts, from Boston University. After his appointment to the principalship of the Henry Barnard School, Mr. Chatterton resigned as Superintendent of Schools in the towns of Portsmouth and Middletown. He is at present enrolled in Teacher's College, Columbia University, where he is doing graduate work in advanced courses leading to a doctorate.

Miss Lina F. Bates has been temporarily withdrawn from classroom teaching and is acting as principal of the Henry Barnard Elementary School for the second half of the present school year. *Nora E. Lyons, '33.*

THE RESEARCHER INFORMS

WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL IN THE COLLEGE

In honor of the Washington Bicentennial Celebration which is being conducted extensively in schools throughout the United States this year, both the College and the Henry Barnard School are planning appropriate programs.

In the College, the idea will be carried out chiefly through auditorium programs. Already Miss Harriet Sherman has had charge of a most interesting program on Gilbert Stuart, the painter of three famous portraits of George Washington. There follows the tentative schedule of auditorium programs based on the Bicentennial idea:—

April 20—Readings of patriotic selections by girls in the College.

April 27—A one-act play, patriotic, under Prof. Patterson's direction.

May 4—Independence Day address, probably by Dr. Carroll on a topic relating to Washington.

May 18—Patriotic plays under the direction of Miss Patterson.

May 25—Patriotic plays under the direction of Miss Patterson.

Of course we must not forget the Junior Week program, in which the colonial idea is being used for the Thé Dansant. An elm tree will be planted on the campus by the Juniors on May sixth in commemoration of George Washington.

The program in the Henry Barnard School is very extensive, being distributed throughout the entire school in such a manner as to pervade every minute's work with some conception of colonial life in general, and George Washington's career in particular. The planning has been done by the following faculty committees, marshaled by Miss Mary A. McArdle as general chairman:

Auditorium Programs—Miss Mary A. McArdle, chairman.

Tableaux—Miss Winifred E. Gleason, chairman.

Dances—Miss Neva L. Langworthy, chairman.

Music—Professor Elmer S. Hosmer, chairman.

General Exhibit—Mr. John G. Read, chairman.

Commemorative Booklet—Miss Inez E. Jordan, chairman.

Art Exhibit—Miss Lillian E. Swan, chairman.

Costumes—Miss Hester M. Russell, chairman.

Blackboard Decorations—Professor Harriet L. Sherman, chairman.

Colonial Living room—Miss Majorie L. Bean, chairman.

Colonial Cookbook—Miss Marian A. MacMillan, chairman.

Colonial Garden—Miss Prudence D. Fish, chairman.

## THE ANCHOR

---

The class activities, progressing from day to day, consist of composition work, handicraft, maps, art, colonial music, colonial dancing, and collections of various sorts, such as colonial stamps.

Two booklets are being compiled by the children: one, a set of pamphlets, one in each grade beginning with the fourth, consisting of material the children have written themselves on the subject; the other, a commemorative booklet, of two separate parts, one the work of the Elementary School, the other representing the Junior High School.

During the semester, five auditorium programs will be given which will be attended by the entire school, and in which the children participating will share with the others in various ways the knowledge they have obtained from their work. The auditorium programs will be given as follows:

Week of April 25—Kindergarten, Grades 1 and 2.

Week of May 2—Grades 3 and 4.

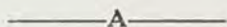
Week of May 9—Grades 5 and 6.

Week of May 16—Junior High School.

Week of May 23—Grade 9—Operetta.

The library will be fitted up as a colonial living room, where on Pageant Day, June 1, tea will be served to the guests. Every blackboard will be appropriately decorated before that date, at which time the exhibition will be ready. This will include art work, handicraft, collections, a colonial cookbook, a model colonial garden, maps, and the English compositions done by the children in their class activities. Special days, probably before and after Pageant Day, will be set aside for the Henry Barnard School and the College to visit the exhibition. The exhibition and pageant will be the culmination of the entire program. The pageant for the parents of the children and the guests of the faculty will consist of a procession, music, dancing, pantomimes and tableaux.

*A. G. Marden, '33.*



### THE DOOR OF HEAVEN

“The stars,” my mother told me, “are wee crevices  
In the walls of heaven, through which the angels peek.  
At night, when all the weary world has gone to sleep,  
God sends an angel to each crevice, to keep  
Guard over all his tired children.

“And the moon,” my mother said, “is heaven’s keyhole.”

“And the key,” I asked, “must there not be a key?”

“Ah, yes, my dear, and this is it: the love of God.

It must be a golden key, to fit the golden moon, machree,

To open the door of heaven.” *Kathleen F. Kelley, '34.*



## THE GOSSIPS BUZZ

The French Club held a social meeting Monday afternoon, February 29. It was in the form of a Washington party. The room was lighted by candles and the glow of a fire in the hearth. French songs were sung under the leadership of Miss Frances Kearns of the class of '34. A French dialogue was given by Miss Florence Kwasha and Miss Kathleen F. Kelley of the class of '34. Professor Robinson delighted the ensemble with his reminiscences of Paris. Games were played and refreshments served. The committee in charge consisted of the Misses Mary Rattigan, Dorothy Arseneault, and Alberta Gavigan, all of the class of '34.

The members of the Nature Club spent the weekend of February 12-14 at Camp Hoffman, the Girl Scout Camp in Kingston. The girls occupied the "New-Old House" at the camp, a house built in the time of the Revolutionary War and renovated for scouts' use through the generosity of Mrs. William H. Hoffman, one of the trustees of our college. All made merry under the chaperonage of the faculty adviser, Miss Christina W. Carlson.

Do you remember the splendid talks given to us in Assembly by Claire McKenna McMillan and Fred Hutchins after their inspiring participation in the New York Conference last spring? The meeting of the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers will be held in New York again this year. Miss Esther Carroll and Mr. Thomas Giblin will ably represent us, we are sure. We wish them both a grand time, and we shall be expecting a host of new ideas when they return.

Miss Mary Moran of the Junior A Class was presented with a gold service stripe by the officer of the Girl Scouts, at a district meeting held in the auditorium of the Henry Barnard School, recently. The stripe was donated to her for a ten-year membership in that international organization.

Il Circolo Manzoni held a social Monday afternoon, March 7. Dancing was enjoyed and refreshments were served. Miss Hope Benoit, '34, entertained with musical selections. The social committee, with Miss Mary Carmone, '33, in charge, presided at the affair.

—A—

### SHADOWS

*"Coming events cast their shadow before."*—Shakespeare

The Sophomore Class will conduct an informal dance in the college gymnasium, on April first. Sophomores are promising a good time to all who attend.

## THE ANCHOR

---

Everyone is beginning to talk about Junior Week, and well we may, for the days of May 4-6 are going to hold the following attractions:

Senior B May Breakfast—Tuesday morning, May 3.

Thé Dansant—Wednesday evening, May 4.

Glee Club Concert—Wednesday evening, May 4.

This will include Professor Hosmer's cantata, "The Man without a Country," with participation by both the Glee Club and the College Orchestra. There will also be visiting artists.

Art Club Tea—Thursday afternoon, May 5.

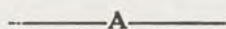
An exhibition of student work is on this program.

Play—"The School for Scandal"—Thursday evening, May 5.

Planting of a commemorative tree by the Juniors—Friday morning, May 6.

Junior Prom—Friday night, May 6.

Doesn't this sound like a real Junior Week? Don't stop to say "yes," but just put in your application for tickets now.



### ALUMNI NEWS

Miss Annie S. Peck, a graduate of R. I. C. E. in 1872, was nominated as one of the world's twelve greatest women. She first won fame when she reached the top of the Swiss Matterhorn. She is the world's most famous Alpinist. Miss Peck, formerly professor of Latin at Smith College, has won no little fame as an archaeologist and linguist of unusual ability.

Miss Peck, has recently returned from another of her famous trips and intends to write a book on her experiences.

William Loughery, a member of the graduating class of 1930, is teaching in the George J. West Junior High School.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McMillan recently. Mrs. McMillan formerly was Miss Clair McKenna, president of the Student Council last year. Congratulations, Claire.

Mr. Vincent Leahy, who was a special student here, is teaching in the Reynolds School, Bristol. Mr. Leahy was an active participant in sports and a member of the basketball team.

Miss Ann E. Cunningham of the Class of 1929 is teaching in the Providence Trade School, and also the evening classes conducted at Commercial High School. For three years Miss Cunningham taught English in the Calef Junior High School of Johnston.

Professors Harriet L. Sherman and Robert M. Brown were guests of the class of 1930 at its second reunion banquet. The banquet was held at the Elmcroft Inn, Hillsgrove, on February 3rd.

THE REVIEWER RECOMMENDS

We often wonder just how many of our contemporary writers will survive and become permanent in literature, years from now. At the moment we are quite sure that masters like Willa Cather, John Galsworthy, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Joseph Hergesheimer, Eugene O'Neill, Theodore Dreiser, Romain Rolland, and many others from all parts of the world have already penned work that time can never erase.

There is one name, however, not mentioned with the above that we feel should not be forgotten. Many pages could be devoted to Mr. Lytton Strachey and what he has accomplished in the world of literature, but the mere mention of his name is enough to remind us of what he has done. He was one of the masters of the modern type of biography. His recent death filled the literary world and his millions of readers with deep regret and sorrow.

He was a splendid figure of society; an historian, essayist, biographer, speaker, and gentleman of manners. His writing breathed with the life of his characters and took on the aspect of conversation and confidence. You'll never appreciate biography until you have read *Queen Victoria*. If Mr. Strachey had never written another volume, this would have been sufficient to make his name endure as long as literature itself depicts realism, for that is the essence he has used to make human beings out of stiff and puppet-like historical personages.

\* \* \* \*

It is a pleasing surprise to read a story that is about old people, for so often we find ourselves failing to give very much thought to the generation that paved the way for us. In V. Sackville West's book, *All Passion Spent*—(Knopt), we are put in the midst of a group of people mourning the death of their proud father. Not one of the group is under sixty years of age (the grandchildren and great-grandchildren had not been allowed to attend the funeral) and all are quite definite characters. Lady Slane, the widow of the deceased, is the aged lady whose character you'll remember for a long time, for she is such a lovable, beautiful, and charming old person, and very, very independent. The story continues more or less in the form of reminiscences, but each part is linked so closely and written so strongly and intelligently that you are left with the feeling that you have studied a huge portrait, carefully painted in heavy and unchanging colors. You remember that just a short while ago Mr. Sackville-West presented us with *The Edwardians*, and was immediately brought to the attention of the reading public throughout the world.

## THE ANCHOR

---

About once a year, we hear from an author who has pictured American pioneer life with great swerve and courage, and sincere and asagacious understanding. Alas, we shall hear from him no more. He has joined the innumerable caravan of the dead. O. Roolvag was a Norwegian by birth and wrote in his native language. In *Their Father's God*, (Scribner's) Mr. Roolvag has again depicted those great people who settled our western lands; but we feel that no matter how much he has tried he has never surpassed his previous work which brought him instant recognition, his never-to-be-forgotten, *Giants in the Earth*. He spent a great deal of his time in research before attempting his novels, and his writings reflected this in splendid detail. You should read him, marvel at his power of expression, and regret his passing.

Next time our column will include some brief reviews of a few classic novels. Watch for them and see how many you have read. By that time too, the new spring books will be here, and there will be more to tell you.

Fred B. Hutchins, '33.

—A—

### RHODE ISLAND—THREE CENTURIES OF DEMOCRACY

By Charles Carroll A.B., LL.B., A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., published by the Lewis Historical Publishing Co., Inc., New York, 1932 (4 vols.)

RHODE ISLAND—THREE CENTURIES OF DEMOCRACY, by Dr. Charles Carroll, is a comprehensive history of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. It is an epic of the life of the State and of the people who have helped to make our State famous. A single reading of this interesting tale will lead one to understand and appreciate Rhode Island better. It will prove to be enjoyable reading for the layman as it is never dull and uninteresting.

The first two volumes cover the complete history of Rhode Island. Volumes three and four are primarily biographical sketches of outstanding Rhode Island citizens. This virtual "Who's Who" of Rhode Islanders adds local color for all sections of the state, and is bound to interest its readers.

The spirit of the book is one of a writer imbued with a keen interest in his subject. This is felt by the reader from the dedication page throughout the entire four volumes. It is a comprehensive study and is excellent for reference. It will be especially valuable to students because of its historical accuracy.

A word should be said for style. The author has made a sincere appeal to the general reader. The vocabulary is clear and direct. The table of contents and index are thoroughly adequate, and add to the value of the work. The chapter titles and their treatment show that the author's appeal is to the general reader. All in all, it is a publication which should enjoy a well-deserved popularity.

C. Owen Ethier, '27, Instructor in History.

# THE ANCHOR

## THE ANCHOR LINE

### JUNIOR WEEK PREDICTIONS

*At the The' Dansant:*

Miss B (who has been taught to say, "May I introduce — — at an informal dance): Professor—, may I produce Mr.—?

*At the Junior Prom:*

Chairman of Social Committee to member of same: Now from 8:30 to 10:30 your duty will be to stand at the door and call the guests' names as they arrive."

Uninitiated member: I'll do my best. I suppose just the first name that comes into my head will do?

—A—

### OUR SUBTLE STUDENTS

First student, during study hour: What'll we do?

Second student: Oh, let's flip a coin. If it's heads we'll go downtown; tails we'll dance in the gym; and if it stands on edge, we'll study.

Favorite Professor: I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to waken the other classes.

Professor Sinclair: What is Sociology?

Obliging Student: I have a book here that tells you all about it.

—A—

### BONNET CRAZE

The cakes are flat,  
The toast is burned,  
Good cooking ideas  
Are simply spurned;  
The meat is raw,  
We're not well fed,  
Since the "bonnet craze"  
Got in Mirandy's head.  
Around the kitchen,  
She'll slowly poke,  
While the breakfast toast  
Goes up in smoke;

And when she's done  
(In a half-hearted way)  
The morning's tasks,  
You'll hear her say,  
"Now, dey's a sale  
At such and such,"  
And off she'll go  
In the biggest rush.  
So, when Easter's gone  
And the hat's bought, too,  
Mirandy may cook  
The way we once knew.

*Mary Giblin, '35.*

---

# THE ANCHOR

---

## General Staff

### EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief.....	<i>Avis G. Marden</i> , '33
Assistant Editor.....	<i>Louise Pebrine</i> , '33
Secretary-Treasurer.....	<i>Elizabeth Laurence</i> , '34
General Business Manager.....	<i>Frances Kearns</i> , '34

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Literary.....	<i>Margaret Joseph</i> , '34
Art.....	<i>Evelyn Frey</i> , '33
Book Review.....	<i>Fred B. Hutchins</i> , '33
News.....	<i>Frances Graham</i> , '32
Alumni.....	<i>Kathleen Kelley</i> , '34

### ASSISTANTS

Literary.....	<i>M. Louise Byers</i> , '32 <i>Nora E. Lyons</i> , '33 <i>Florence Kwasha</i> , '34
Art.....	<i>Ruth Everett</i> , '33
Advertising.....	<i>Freshman Scuts</i>
Circulation and Subscriptions.....	<i>Anna Shea</i> , '34

### FACULTY COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION

Professor T. H. Robinson	Miss A. A. Thompson
Professor F. E. Waite	Professor H. L. Sherman
Professor M. L. Stevenson	

---

### A PASSING THOUGHT

When, with a man-made instrument, we can "tune in" and receive from out the din and strife of the world the masterpieces of the years, can we doubt God's power to hear and answer a soul's impassioned prayer that rises to Him from out the conflict of the world?

*Mary Ellen Makepeace.*

---

## **"PIERRE'S"**

At the Wayland Manor

AN IDEAL PLACE FOR:—

**Class Banquets**

**Tea Dances**

**Bridge Teas**

Telephone: Pl. 9132-0660

---

**A. BROUTH**

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

256 Westminster St.

"Special Rates to Students"

---

**A. Slocum & Sons**

**THEATRICAL COSTUMES**

37 Weybosset St., Prov., R. I.

---

SEE OUR 1932 LINE OF

## **Girls' Sports Equipment**

Golf Clubs, Balls, Bags, and  
Shoes, Sweaters, Leather  
Coats, Leather Jackets and  
Vests, Raincoats, Archery  
Supplies, Bathing Suits and  
Bathing Supplies.

## **Hope Rubber Co.**

136 WESTMINSTER ST.

---

**McCarthy Caterers**

690 No. Main Street

DExter 2969

**Caterers for all occasions  
Dances and Parties a specialty**

---

Compliments of the

## **Ricoled**

---

---

## Compliments of Freshman Class

MARGARET McLAUGHLIN, *President*

JENNIE JOHNSON, *Vice President*

MARY COLTON, *Secretary*

DANIEL O'GRADY, *Treasurer*

---



**100% Efficient—**

to the last spoonful it is the  
100% leavener.

**MAKES BAKING DAY A SUCCESS**

L-92

