



GOING PLACES with those who do things

Helen French, Emily Thomas, and Virginia Cunningham attended the Model League of Nations Convention at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, on Sunday, January 13.

Marion Wellington, Irene Massover, and Helene Wynne spent the Christmas holidays in New York.

Elizabeth Readio played a major role in a Christmas play given by the Church of the Transfiguration, Edgewood.

Edith Armstrong spent the Christmas vacation with her parents in Maine.

Sydney Long played the part of the Baron in *Marshall* presented in the Jewish Community Center on Sunday, January 13.

Mary Fitzpatrick, Mary Fox, and Frances Fennessey will appear in a play called *The Full House* to be presented in February by St. Agnes' Church.

Fanny Bernstein spent the vacation in Washington, D. C.

Dr. Bird was the introductory speaker to lead *Discussion on Reading* at the annual New England Conference of Elementary Teachers at Boston University on Friday, January 18. On the following day, Miss Mary T. Thorp gave a demonstration lesson on *Initiating a Study Skill*.

The engagements of Mary Margaret Rattigan '34 to William Samuel Ellis, Helen Marion Hickey '34 to Lincoln Spencer Beaumont, and Emma Frances Durkin '32 to Arthur Wilbur Haskins have been announced.

Louise Langlois acted as co-chairman of the committee in charge of the Bridge-Whist given recently by the Catholic Institute Association of Valley Falls.

Mary Beane, Jeanne Mulligan, Marion Sullivan, Eileen Stott, Dorothea Lowrey, Margaret McLoughlin, Anne McCarthy and Kathryn Orme, members of the Senior Class, were candy vendors at the Alumni Bridge on January 16.

Helen Sullivan of East Providence was chairman of the ticket committee for the dance held by the Manning Club at the Central Junior High School, East Providence, on Friday, January 18.

Dr. Stevenson, Virginia Cunningham, Adelaide Keating, Rose Wolosiewicz, and Marguerite Vermette attended a tea given by the Pembroke College International Relations Club last Friday in honor of Mr. T. Z. Koo of China.

MANY ELECTIVES OFFERED ON NEXT TERM'S PROGRAM

Several New Courses Added

In order to meet the needs of many students desiring to round out their work in the various departments of the College, over fifty electives will be offered during the next semester. These include several new ones, a number that have not been given for some time, and those that have been found of such general interest and value that they are repeated each semester.

The History Department is planning two new courses. Dr. Stevenson will teach *Tudor and Stuart England*, a subject that affords a knowledge of the political and economic background of modern England. Mr. Ethier will conduct a study of *Early Rhode Island Leaders*. In this the personalities of great leaders and the influence which they have exercised upon the history of the state will be brought out. This approach from the biographical point of view should be very interesting.

Mr. Raymond W. Perry, Director of Industrial Education in the state, will give *Block Printing* for a limited number of students. As some one was heard to remark after Prof. Robinson's last Wednesday assembly talk, "Here is a course that not only should have practical value, but which might aid one in developing one of those very desirable hobbies."

(Continued on Page 4)

JUNIORS SPONSOR MOST SUCCESSFUL PROMENADE

Annual Dance at the Biltmore

Even the favorable prophecy prompted by the advance sale of cards did not indicate the great social success the Junior Promenade was to be. Only those two hundred and fifty guests, ladies in flowing gowns and their escorts in formal attire, who danced to the entertaining rhythm of Pietro D'Alfonso's orchestra in the Crystal Ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel on January 11, can tell of the real delight of the occasion. All who were there, including the patrons and patronesses, have asserted that they spent a most enjoyable evening.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the committee which expended such prodigious efforts to make this affair what it was. They were rewarded in no slight measure by the generous co-operation which they received from all students of the College. Much credit is due Frances Cook and her co-workers, Mary Cuddy, Mary Cary, Katherine Deery, Margaret McManus, Rita McHugh, Rita Dawson, Betty Roy, Annette Lawrence, Elizabeth Maguire, and Sydney Long.

Guests of the Juniors who were in the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. John Lincoln Alger, Dr. Clara E. Craig, Prof. and Mrs. Robert M. Brown, Prof. and Mrs. Thomas H. Robinson, Prof. and Mrs. Benjamin Sinclair, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, Miss Margaret E. Waldron, and Miss Helen M. Triggs.

MR. LUNT APPOINTED

PROFESSOR OF SCIENCE

New Courses to Be Given at College of Education

Much interest is evinced in the recent appointment of Joseph Richard Lunt of Boston as Professor of Science at the College of Education. During the next semester Prof. Lunt will offer three courses of especial importance to those wishing to teach General Science in the elementary or junior high schools. These

R. I. C. E. TO REPRESENT ROUMANIA AT LEAGUE

On Sunday, January 13, the executive committee of the Model League of Nations held its second preliminary meeting at Radcliffe College. The agenda were drawn up for this year's Model League sessions, which are to be held at Mt. Holyoke College early in March, and countries were assigned to the various colleges. It was agreed to hold a model session of the executive committee of the International Labor Organization and if possible, to broadcast this meeting.

Rhode Island College of Education is to represent Roumania, having been given a choice between that country and Colombia. The six official delegates have not yet been chosen.

PRESS CLUB CELEBRATES AT NOVEL DUCK DINNER

Professor Robinson Aids as Chef

The Press Club, the organization which handles undergraduate news throughout the state, met with its guests in the faculty dining room on Wednesday evening, January ninth. A delicious duck supper was served. This gathering marked the first social affair sponsored by this year's Press Club, which has been carrying on its valuable work since September.

Mr. Frederick Wilmot, Religious Editor of the *Providence Journal*, as guest of the Club, delivered an interesting and enlightening address on "The Fourth Estate—the Press." Other guests for the evening were Miss Doris Aldrich, Miss Mary Loughrey, Dr. Marion Weston, Mr. Roland Chatterton, and Mr. Charles Owen Ethier, who comprise, with Professor Robinson as chairman, the Faculty Committee on News and Co-operation with the Press; also, Jane Maguire and John Lake, Campus Correspondents for the *Providence Journal* and *Evening Bulletin*, and the *News-Tribune*, respectively.

It would be difficult to judge who derived more pleasure from the supper, the guests who ate the finished product, or the cooks who did the finishing. The instigator and head chef for the affair was Professor Robinson who, literally, rolled up his sleeves, donned an apron, and enthusiastically proceeded to help prepare the appetizing meal. Assisting this culinary expert was the social committee of

are chemistry, physics, and a laboratory course in the technique of handling apparatus.

Since his graduation from Dartmouth College in 1908, Prof. Lunt has won wide recognition as a science teacher. He is a member of the National Research Council for the Teaching of Science and was formerly Professor of Science at Boston Teachers' College. For the past few years he has been director of science teaching at the summer school connected with Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Because of his great interest in the presentation of the subject, Prof. Lunt has been largely responsible for raising the standard of science teaching in Boston through his work in the Teachers' College there.

In addition to Prof. Lunt's teaching experience, he has written text-books, notably, *Science of Common Things* and *Everyday Electricity*. He is also known for his patents on apparatus for science teaching and for his lectures and broadcasting.

There has long been felt a need at the College for the particular phase of science teaching that will be done by Prof. Lunt, and it is with a great deal of satisfaction that his appointment has been received.

COMING EVENTS

January 23. The Faculty Dames duly observe their fifth birthday. And invite the faculties of the College and of Henry Barnard School to help them celebrate.

January 25. An impressive chapel period as a farewell for those going training. Best of luck—and remember that professional attitude.

January 25-30. Mid-term vacation—and a few days of much needed rest and recreation.

February 12. Grand Army Flag Day and the birthday of the *Great Emancipator*, Abraham Lincoln, is commemorated in an appropriate assembly program.

February 14. Our gentlemen students wear sheepish grins and roses in their cheeks. My, oh, my—it's St. Valentine's Day.

February 21. A red letter day for the Sophomores and an evening we've all been waiting for—the Soph Hop. Co-operation is a synonym for success—upper and lower classmen and Sophs as well!

February 22. Another long week-end—so let's give a few serious thoughts, along with that vote of thanks, to George Washington.

the Press Club, composed of Frances Elkey, chairman, Helene Wynne, Helen King, Elizabeth Cary, and Elizabeth Maguire.

R. I. C. E. ANCHOR

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EDITORIALS

A criticism of the latest presentation of the Dramatic League will be found on another page of the Anchor. The favorable comments made concerning Miss Lulu Bett are undoubtedly deserved as the production was one of the best recently given by the League. If the write-up seems incomplete because no reference is made to some weak points in the presentation such as uncertainty with the lines, it is because so many members of the Dramatic League have objected to previous criticism. The Anchor Staff in no way has been attempting, as has been declared, to belittle the work of the Dramatic League. It has written sincere criticisms of plays from the student point of view, mentioning outstanding good as well as weak points in the production.

The Anchor itself welcomes criticism especially from students. Only by it, is its worth to the group whose medium of expression it is, to be judged. The Forum is freely open to students for such criticism or for letters from members of any group that feels itself unfairly or unintelligently criticized in the columns of this paper.

After this statement, it should be possible to continue the Anchor's usual policy of sincere and complete comments upon student activities.

Midyears are upon us. For some, it means cramming and exams; for all of us, the changing of programs and the making out of new schedules. All these require time and thought, but the making of a satisfactory course of study is the most difficult.

Even after three years of making out programs we find it difficult and discouraging. Why? Electives! All the subjects one wants to take come at the same time or at a time when one has a required course. When a student is allowed six hours for electives (which means he may take three two-hour subjects), he naturally wants to study in the field which interests him most. But this is what happens. A student looking over the list of electives offered finds two that he really wants. Good, indeed. But—there is always a but—when he starts to fill out his schedule he finds both these courses at the same time twice a week. Only one desired subject can be taken. The other must be discarded. Another subject is chosen and, of course, this conflicts with something else on the program.

So, in a fit of desperation, a student selects courses because they fit his program and not because they are his choice. Thus, we have not one, but hundreds of students taking subjects just to have the required number of hours. What a waste of time and energy when one might be

WORTH MENTIONING

FOLLOWING Walter Hampden by one month minus a day, Eva Le Gallienne came to the Carlton one week ago yesterday, January 14. The play was Edmond Rostand's L'Aiglon, dealing with the unfulfilled ambition of Napoleon's son to regain his father's throne. Le Gallienne in Rostand and Hampden our previous visitor! Need we point out the coincidence? . . . And why doesn't some thespian produce The Last Night of Don Juan by the same Rostand? It would be worth looking at, as it is worth reading.

The violin prodigy, Grisha Goluboff, will be soloist with the Providence Symphony Orchestra at its next concert, January 29. He will probably play Lalo's Symphonie Espagnol. The overture to Der Freischutz and Mozart's G Minor Symphony will also be played.

Nelson Eddy, baritone, after a sojourn in motion pictures, returns to Providence on February 22 for a concert in Memorial Hall. (Eddy, by the way, is a Rhode Islander.) He has been very successful in opera and oratorio in Philadelphia and New York.

Jerome Kern's tuneful Show Boat is to be made again into a motion picture. Irene Dunne and John Boles are cast for the leads. It is being deliberated whether or not new music should be written—the reason being that Show Boat was made into a picture once before, in the early stages of talkies, as you may recall. But even after listening to many "Mandalay baritone," we still could hear Paul Robeson's singing of Old Man River.

Among our current minor irritations

may be listed one that has to do with the Saturday afternoon Metropolitan Opera broadcast. Precisely, it is Geraldine Farrar. We think we appreciate her position as "interpreter," but we dislike having our opera clothed with tinsel glamour. Straightforward opera without any coatings of "stars", "good old days", "beautiful gowns", etc., is just as enjoyable, and even more interesting, than opera with the coatings. Please, Miss Farrar, less enthusiasm and more facts.

The motion picture of David Copperfield should be worthwhile if only for W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber.

Arturo Toscanini returns to the podium of the New York Philharmonic this coming Thursday. As far as we are directly concerned, he will conduct next Sunday in the weekly broadcast. Although the New York orchestra is "his orchestra" and he unfailingly conducts to a packed auditorium, these will be his first appearances this season. Five other conductors have preceded him.

The third volume of Vardis Fisher's tetralogy has been published, and is called We Are Betrayed. The previous volumes were In Tragic Life and Passions Spin the Plot. The central character according to the publishers is another Jean Christophe, but one doesn't have to read far to doubt such a statement.

Archibald MacLeish will read from his own poetry at Alumnae Hall on February 10. We hope that Ars Poetica and Memorial Rain will be among the selections. B. J. M.

Questions . . . Opera . . . et al.

- 1. Who are the Three B's in music?
2. In what opera does Mephistopheles rejuvenate an old scholar?
3. What Polish composer was called the Poet of the Piano?
4. Can you recall a famous sextette from an Italian opera?
5. Who wrote the Hungarian Rhapsodies?
6. What are the two most famous wedding marches?
7. Who is often referred to as the Founder of the Impressionistic School in music?
8. Who wrote the Rhapsody in Blue?
9. Who sang the leading role in the opera, Emperor Jones?
10. What is the Choral Symphony?

putting effort into something of more intrinsic interest! There must be some solution to this problem, which is indeed a serious one.

Almost everyone pokes fun at New Year resolutions—and makes some just the same. Perhaps in these last few years when so much has been happening, there has been less interest in this famous pastime than there used to be. In spite of all this, most of us have some fun, and perhaps get a little good, out of planning to give up some of our bad habits as the old year dies.

Mark Twain once was asked if he planned to make any New Year resolutions. "No," he drawled, "I'm mighty tired of making 'em and breaking 'em. I'm going to quit it. This year I'm going

to resolve to make no more New Year resolutions." "But," someone asked, "won't that be a New Year resolution just the same?" Mark looked a little surprised, then laughed. "You see," he said, "you can't quit. Seems as though all of us Americans have the habit so fixed that we can't break it."

Most of us realize our own shortcomings. The end of one year and the beginning of another provide a convenient season for stock-taking, a good chance to determine to do a little better for ourselves and for others during the next twelve months. Perhaps most New Year resolutions are forgotten almost as soon as they are made. If a few are kept for only a short time, however, they are worth while. A brief improvement is better than none at all.

The Forum

A 1934 Graduate Comments

Why do advanced study? I can assure you that it is interesting and absorbing. The type of studying differs from undergraduate work in many respects. Foremost is the responsibility for getting things done. Classes are not compulsory, but the demand for punctuality in all work, besides the initial interest one has in the material, assures perfect attendance throughout. There is abundant opportunity for individual effort since laboratory work is done independently, equipment being obtained and prepared by oneself. Research is the most prevalent method of study and one can revel in a well equipped library such as the Hygiene and Physical Education Department at Wellesley has.

Our days are busy ones, but we live in a world of beauty. The campus with its spacious grounds, stately buildings, and tree-bounded lake, lends itself to restful recreation in all seasons of the school year. Most of the graduates live off-campus, although the foreign students are housed with the undergraduates to afford them richer opportunities to learn the American ways of living. Incidentally the contacts of varied personalities one meets in advanced study are not to be slighted. The students come not only from all over our country, but from several European and Asiatic countries as well. The whole is overwhelmingly stimulating and one finds himself yearning less for the mere attainment of a degree than for the opportunity to delve into facts and theories and to discover and accomplish things worthwhile.

ARVILLA E. NOLAN

Miss Nolan is attending Wellesley College Graduate School of Physical Education.

DRAMATIC LEAGUE PRODUCES PULITZER PLAY

Before a small but appreciative audience, Zona Gale's play, Miss Lulu Bett, was given by the Dramatic League at the College, on Friday, January 4. The presentation of this well-known piece, which received the Pulitzer Prize in 1919-1920, was one of the best recent productions of the League.

As a modern Cinderella, Mary Fitzpatrick aptly conveyed to her audience all the pathos of poor, lonely, harassed Miss Lulu. Virginia Cunningham excellently portrayed Mother Bett, an elderly woman living largely in her memories and yet able to make the most pointed commentaries upon life in her daughter's family, with whom, like Lulu, she had been doomed to spend her days. The characterization by Ida O'Halloran of the very much spoiled little girl, Monona Deacon, was so natural that the audience eagerly awaited her reappearance on the stage. The part of the villain, Dwight Deacon, was enthusiastically taken by Sydney Long. The above members of the cast were ably supported by Nina McKeown as Dwight's wife, Maurice Loontjens as Bobby Larkin, Geraldine O'Donnell as Diana Deacon, and Charles McCanna as Nenion Deacon, who proved to be the saviour of Miss Lulu.

The College Orchestra graciously rounded out the enjoyable evening with several selections, the trombone solo by Elizabeth Hill being especially well received.

ON BEING ONE OF MANY

A large family invites the benediction of the god of war. Although two people disagree peacefully, when four or five part the ways of opinion there is a major catastrophe. And has there ever been a family quarrel in which everyone did not feel obliged to take part whether or not he knew anything about the subject at hand? The first raised voice is a signal for a free-for-all, conducted on the principle that he is victor who talks longest and most loudly. Any irrelevant matter may be introduced if brought in so strongly that it seems sound.

Silences are punctuation marks of all such tiffs. They afford the breathing spaces wherein combatants may reinforce their ammunition. Or they may be the result of exasperation, shock, disgust, or sympathy. Whatever their cause, the periods of silence are short in duration.

The earliest hours of the day are particularly timely for squabbles. Someone greets the morning with bad spirits, as malignant as an itch. If attended to at once, all is well; but if ignored, the distemper assumes herculean proportions, until all within range are thoroughly affected. Rare is the day in which each and every family member does not have at least one touch of temperament.

Throughout the day, too, something is forever awry, particularly if one is in especial need of quiet for study. The radio blares everlastingly; the telephone rings at five-minute intervals; older sisters shout commands to younger ones, who respond in bellowing rebellion; one lesser member considers herself a Bernhardt, a Pons, a bird-caller, a ragman, or a cheer leader, with agonizing gusto. Bedlam has the silence of the tombs compared to such domestic moments, and aspirins by the dozen have been known to constitute a remedy.

The large family is a mass of conflicting personalities—particularly in the evening. All wish to go out for the evening's amusement, but someone must play watch dog to the youngest. When two tickets are available for the symphony, four insist on going. Although the street car or legs should do perfectly for most, all try to tear the car to pieces by making it go in every direction at once. The mere suspicion of anyone's intention will make something identical the crowning ambition of the discoverer's life.

Many embryonic lawyers are found in any large family. They manifest their latent talents in inventing fantastic reasons for their being exempt from doing housework. Not that it is especially unpleasant or tiring, but because it is more fun to assert authority by foisting work on someone else.

Being part of a large family is like swimming in the ocean. You plunge headlong into monstrous waves, are enveloped temporarily, but bob up jerkily, enjoying the buffeting and cold which first came as a shock. You swim out beyond conflicting currents, and float lazily along in the softly rolling water. What member of a large family has ever sincerely wished he were the "one and only idol" of his parents' hearts?

DORA KREVOLIN

Towards Parnassus

PROMISE FORGOTTEN

She said: "Someday—
I shall take you
To where the sea,
Intensely blue and beautiful,
Stretches out endlessly.
We shall walk the ocean's edge
At sundown,
Your hand in my hand,
And watch the moon rise,
And gather bayberry,
Fragrant and sweet as incense,
And feel the sticky warmth
Of the sand,
And taste the salty sweetness
Of the spray."

She said: "It will be so beautiful!
Just you and me,
In that great expanse
Of blueness—far away."
The year is long since old,

The unforgotten phrases
Now live only in memory—
But, perhaps—
There still is waiting
Beyond some lonely shore-line,
Beauty we dreamed of:
The beach to tread,
The sand to touch,
The spray to taste.
Perhaps—
There still is waiting
Beyond some far horizon,
And the ocean's edge at sundown,
The world, so lovely, that we planned
that day.

She said: "It will be so beautiful!
Just you and me
In that great expanse
Of blueness—far away."

M. E. L.

ILLUSIONS

SHE rested her chin in the cupped palm of her hand and stared out across the brown, stubble-filled field. In the center of her vision like a lone sentinel, stood a stalk of corn, motionless, yet in the midst of turmoil as the setting sun sent lance-like shadows dancing and flickering over the furrowed surface about it. The air was still, with a muted murmur that almost seemed to come from her imagination.

Two long purple shadows cut across her face as the sun blazed into momentary brilliance and silhouetted the cruel steel bars in front of her. She leaned forward and touched one of them lightly with a caressing motion. It was cold to her finger and the hard rough pitted surface grated against her finger-nail.

The horizon grew grey, with a thin band of orange that imperceptibly turned red, then purple, then merged into the dusk of the ever narrowing horizon. Only the slightly bent stalk remained visible and in the treacherous light seemed an old man hobbling across the field.

She stared at the corn stalk. A last ray of sunshine flicked across her eyes and made their hard greyness glow with a cold light that seemed to come from vast illimitable space. She turned and fumbled for the light above her bed.

Someone knocked on the door and a moment later entered. "Hello, doctor," she said, without turning. "When are you going to let me out?"

He coughed. "Well . . ."

"I know, I know," she interrupted fiercely. She swung her feet to the floor and leaped before him. "You've got another excuse all ready on the tip of your tongue. You don't dare tell me I've got to stay! You don't dare! You haven't the nerve because you're afraid I'll get violent again and scratch at those brown eyes of yours." She reached forward with one curved claw-like hand.

"Calm down," he whispered. "Calm down. We're not going to keep you one minute more than we have to." His voice changed into suave, professional tones. "How do you feel?" She relaxed and sat on the edge of the bed. Her eyelids were

half closed and she watched him through the narrow slits.

"I'm all right," she said listlessly.

"How are those, er . . . noises?"

"All right. Haven't had them today . . . yet." She snapped the last word out. He bent over her with a small light.

"Open your eyes." She stared up to him and he looked into their cold depths. With a few deft motions he completed his examination and turned to go. Suddenly he felt her on his arm. He whirled and tried to throw her off. Her face was inches from his and now he could see fear trembling in her eyes, stark nameless fear.

"I've got to get out of here . . . tonight," she whispered passionately. "I've simply got to. Please let me out. Please!" He flung her arm away, and ran for the door without a word. Her knees shook with a quivering that rattled her teeth. She sank to the bed. And then the noises began.

There was a rising tumult of sound that faded and grew louder and faded again. She held her breath. It seemed to be a roomful of people talking in low tones somewhere within her, and she strained to hear what they were saying. But she could not make out a word. Gradually the noises grew louder and louder until they seemed to fill the room with a bustle of conversation, yet with an indistinctness of an off-focus picture. "I've got to get out," she mumbled. "I've got to."

An idea flashed through the mist of noises. She ran to the closed window and with a wide swing sent her fist crashing through it. Glass tinkled to her feet in a glittering, iridescent shower. The door flung open and the doctor and a nurse rushed in. "It's all right, doctor. I fell against the window." Her voice was calm and tranquil and the already red arm that she held out to them was as steady as the steel bars on her windows. "Please put plenty of bandages on it, will you, doctor?" she asked in a low voice. "I don't like the color of blood, and I hate to get it over the bedclothes." The nurse looked

(Continued on Page 4)

BOOKS

WIND IN THE CHIMNEY. By Cornelia Meigs. 1934. 144 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

IT was with real satisfaction that readers of Cornelia Meigs learned of her winning the Newbery Medal for 1934, for her timely and altogether delightful book, *The Invincible Louisa*. Recently she has given us an eventful tale, calculated to interest ten or twelve year olds, with the beautifully suggestive title of *Wind in the Chimney*.

Wind in the Chimney carries us from the whirl of life today back to the time of George Washington. It was then that Mrs. Moreland, a widow from England, and her three children—Richard, tall for fourteen, middle-sized Ann, and smaller Deborah, who was just eight—traversed the sparsely settled area of Pennsylvania in search of a home. The solution of this problem came when they finally found an empty farmhouse, outstanding because of its large chimney. The rest of the story concerns the ups and downs of the small family: Richard's travelling across the states on a packtrain; and Debby's trips to Philadelphia where she sells eggs, takes part in a wedding, sees George and Martha Washington and, most important of all, finds the pattern for the Wheel of Fortune Quilt.

What an understanding of childhood Cornelia Meigs has! Action and adventure are here a-plenty—and that skillful use of detail that feeds the childish imagination and makes the reader able to identify himself with the characters in whom he is most interested. There is no sense of "writing down" for the child's sake. Having chosen her material with care, the author has wrought it into an artistic form.

Nor has Cornelia Meigs alone made *Wind in the Chimney* successful. Designed in a pleasing format, and illustrated simply but beautifully by Louise Mansfield, it is a good book to own, or better still, to give to some small friend.

EDITH ARMSTRONG

LIGHTING THE TORCH. By Eloise Lowmsbery. 1934. 335 pages. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.00.

LIGHTING the Torch, like French's *The Lance of Kanana*, is a story of courage—a challenge to youth. Stephen Le Roue, a boy of fifteen, living in the year 1525, finds himself faced both with the opportunities and problems of his age. Driven from his home in Coucy sur Meuse by the exigencies of border warfare, Stephen becomes separated from his mother and sister and enters upon a series of exciting adventures which leads to his association with the scholar Erasmus.

Herein lies the most important part of the book. Through his apprenticeship at the printing house of Johann Froben and his friendship with Erasmus, Stephen learns of the right of the peasants to free themselves from the power of the church and of state and to gain for themselves an education. When the vision had once come to Stephen as to what the widespread use of books would mean to the development of thought in his country, nothing could prevent him from the mastery of the art of printing. A lad with characteristics other than Stephen's would not have profited by the great counterforces at work in France in the sixteenth

century. But Stephen's courageous code of living made him decide about religious dissensions, the peasant's revolt, and all men's right to knowledge.

It is no small art on the part of Eloise Lownsbery that makes a distant country and time as real as the here and now. Skillfully, too, has she woven all the diverse experiences of her main character into a plot that has suspense, climax, and that happy ending so dear to the hearts of children. All unwittingly, the reader is absorbing history, the customs of strange places, and knowledge of the way in which ideas were disseminated when printing first began.

MARILLA TABOR

ANSWERS: . . . ET AL.

1. Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.
2. In *Faust*.
3. Chopin.
4. The sextette from *Lucia di Lammermoor*.
5. Liszt.
6. Mendelssohn's and the Bridal Chorus from *Lohengrin* by Wagner.
7. Claude Debussy.
8. George Gershwin.
9. Lawrence Tibbett.
10. Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, in which human voices are used in the last movement.

Rice Flakes

NEW YEAR'S greetings to everyone. And have you who indulge in resolutions any left? Personally, we toyed with the idea of resolving to break one of those ten-year old records in a certain course for reading something not expressly required, but finally rejected it as too radical. Anyway another year's at the spring and here we are older and wiser than twelve months ago. It must be increasing age that makes the ball roll so much faster.

MOVEMENT seems to be afoot—or aneck, if you will—to revive the bow tie. To arms and let us crush it! (Anatomy and mixed metaphors have about exhausted us, though.)

POPULARLY speaking, "Are the Saars out tonight?" We wish the punners would make a New Year's resolution. Or maybe it's a contest for the worst one. Just the other day, in a serious discussion about this curse of modern life it was recalled how in our younger years we blissfully disbelieved the dogma that punning is the lowest form of humor. But ah, what college has done for us! And an appeal for action against the offenders has merely elicited the suggestion that puns be socially banned unless served with coffee.

BUT perhaps even worse than the above, are those pointless jokes that work one up to a state of suspense and then just end. It's getting so that for really good humor the *Statesman's Yearbook* cannot be equaled except possibly by the *Decline of the West*.

THANK goodness for the end of the foggy weather. Those remarks about London were becoming rather wearing until one bright youth aptly varied the banality of the situation by noting that if the fog continued much longer we should all find ourselves speaking with English accents.

F. G. M.

FROM THE FIELD

Adventures in Understanding through Social Studies.

Now that more than half of my training is over, I have been asked to write of some of the experiences and problems met in teaching Social Science. As my title indicates, the purpose of Social Science is to establish an understanding of peoples through an acquisition of facts. Facts are used by us in much the same manner as a carpenter uses his tools in building a house.

In our Junior High School we have interesting groups with which to deal. They are by no means superior in intelligence and therefore cannot use facts in the abstract. How armies could move up in trenches and take enemy territory was much too difficult for them to see. Everyone knew how to play checkers; so a checkerboard hastily sketched upon the blackboard cleared up the difficulty. Likewise it was much easier for them to see the territorial changes made by the World War by chalk-marking one map rather than using two.

Russian history proved so interesting to us that we were all loath to leave it. Perhaps this was because we approached it through the story book method to which Russian history so aptly lends itself. We were provided with local color through posters, postcards, stories, and toys.

Russian art was taught by the careful examination of a lacquered Russian tea canister, from which we discovered the Russian's love for the soil depicted in his vegetable designs, his use of bright, warm colors because of the intense cold, and the Oriental influence as manifested by the circular lines that the Russians still use.

We studied Russian peasant life and dress from a real Russian doll. The doll proved to be quite as educational as the tea canister and provided much more fun. The class inspected her thoroughly from her hand-woven bark shoes to the brightly colored handkerchief which covered her straw-colored Russian hair. The knowledge which they gathered was amazing. They declared, however, that she was an old woman because of her gray hair, and steadfastly stuck to the point although I stated she was a *platinum blonde*.

With great glee they learned the Russian expression, "Nichevo," meaning, "It doesn't matter," without which one could never understand the Russian frame of mind. Perhaps it was the action connected with Russia's story, or maybe there is something elemental about it that appeals to them; for they still talk glibly of Russia's struggle for a seaport, the "Willy-Nicky correspondence", and the Nevsky Prospect. They followed the Russian story with an unparalleled interest, even taking check-ups as games to prove how much they remembered so the "story" might go on. Now they are studying China, but we have been gravely informed that although they may like China, they won't like it so much as they did Russia.

The American press was studied by another group. Although the pupils were very much interested in it, their attitudes have not changed enough to keep them from reading yellow journals, as is evidenced from the collection of clippings which gathers on my desk each day. Then, too, I was asked why they should

read the newspapers when all the news came over the radio.

Current events have much interest for them. Many queer facts come out of these. Mandates are diplomats, according to one young man, and a plebiscite is a place where geese are kept.

We have a mixture of races with which to deal, a veritable League of Nations. Quite logically, however, one youngster evolved for all our benefits that there are no differences in European races, since his father came from Italy; Frank lived there; George was Scotch; Josephine was a Pole; and Sophie a Lithuanian. He concluded by saying, "We're all Americans and all alike." So if the prime purpose of Social Science is to establish understanding then the teacher, as well, as the pupils, has been learning Social Science for the past twelve weeks.

HELEN FRENCH.

ILLUSIONS

(Continued from Page 3)

at her questioning while the doctor wound layer after layer of bandage around her arm with a steady hand. "Thanks!" she called after them.

She crept to the door and pressed her ear to it. Their footsteps vanished down the corridor. Running back to the capacious closet by her bed, she opened the door and pulled on the light. Her eyes followed the long brass chain that held the light, up to the ceiling, link by burnished link. The light cast glaring grotesque shadows on the narrow walls. She shivered and reached for the chain and pulled herself up until her eyes, wide and unblinking, looked directly into the light. The chain did not quiver under her slight weight. "Good," she whispered, "Very good."

With feverish haste she unwound the bandage from her arm, until it coiled like a red-spotted white serpent at her feet. She ran her fingers through it and slowly wound it into long rope-like strips. "I'm going to find out," she was whispering. "I must find out. I must." The noises were deafening and she put her hands up to her ears and pressed hard against them. It made not the slightest difference. "I'll find out what they are saying. I'll find out." She turned to the door. "And I'm going out tonight, doctor." Her hand went to her throat. She smiled and turned back into the closet.

IRVING GOMBERG

ASSOCIATED ALUMNI HOLD ANNUAL BRIDGE

Committee Chairmen Chosen

Over one hundred tables were in play at the annual bridge held in the gymnasium last Wednesday evening by the Associated Alumni of Rhode Island College of Education. The first of a number of activities which have been planned by the Association, this affair gave promise of a most successful program for the year. Among the events to come are a lecture in February by Miss Margaret Maguire, Director of the McCall Vocational School in Philadelphia, the Alumni play, and later in the season, a supper dance.

The following committee chairmen were announced at a meeting held on December the eighth: membership, Miss Grace Carroll; program, Miss Mary McKeane; hospitality, Mrs. Justin P. McCarthy; legislative, Mrs. William H. Laurel; publicity, Miss Anna C. McMahon.

MANY ELECTIVES OFFERED ON NEXT TERM'S PROGRAM

(Continued from Page 1)

The courses to be offered by Prof. Lunt, newly appointed in the Science Department, will be elective for the coming semester. They include *Chemistry*, *Physics*, and the *Technique of Handling Apparatus for the Teaching of Science*. Several students wishing to teach *General Science* have wished for the opportunity to pursue these subjects at the College.

Integral Calculus, for those who have had *Differential Calculus*, will be offered by Miss Waldron. Prof. Tuttle, in response to a request for more electives in Education, has included a course on *How to Study*. This has been given before, but only in summer school or for extension classes.

In addition to the new courses, several that have not been offered recently will be included in next semester's program. Among those are *Advanced Grammar*, given by Prof. Robinson and *Inorganic Nature*, taught by Prof. Brown.

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