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A LITERARY DISTINCTION

The Anchor Board wishes to make an announcement that will interest all contributors to The Anchor. At the end of this year, the editors of this magazine will confer a distinction upon those contributors who have submitted the best literary material to The Anchor for the year. There will be a winner selected from the various types of self-expression, namely, essay, poem, play, short story.

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tists. We hope to be in a position soon to display our art throughout the pages of The Anchor; then, we shall be justified in including artistic expression in the contest. The judges for this competition will comprise the members of The Anchor Board and the English Department of the College.

From the second of February to the seventeenth, there will be a contest for the naming of this prize or distinction. The student-body is urged to join this contest and submit any appropriate title. The name of each contestant should appear on the same paper with the title for this Anchor award. This offers a golden opportunity for those individuals who possess inventive skill. To enjoy a new word or phrase is appreciation, but to coin one is creation!

BENJAMIN JOWETT: AN APPRECIATION (Continued)

JOHN B. McINNES, '33

(In the last issue, we followed the career of Jowett through approximately the first thirty years of his life, tracing his religious orientation and describing his earlier efforts at University Reform. It is from this point that we proceed.)

During this period, moreover, Jowett was also engaged in teaching. His activity in behalf of University Reform never usurped his chief interest: his pupils. His contacts at this time with influential figures might have been turned to his own advantage and been used to promote his rise in Church and State, had he been minded to work for his own interests instead of for those of the University. But such selfishness would have been highly uncharacteristic of Jowett; with him the chief thing was the responsibility entailed in his tutorship and his best efforts were directed towards ennobling and enriching its significance for his pupils. Usually his own pupils were the most promising of each new group of undergraduates; and those not fortunate enough to be assigned to him as pupils were always welcome to bring work to him for suggestions if they chose, aside from what they did for their regular tutors. These were treated just as if they were his regular pupils and the work done for him was oftentimes entered into with greater eagerness and delight than the ordinary college exercises. One pupil writes:

"It was not that he spent more pains in looking over such attempts than other Tutors did; his remarks were brief, and he seldom rewrote a sentence, but, somehow, his merely saying of a copy of iambics, 'That is not so Greek as the last you did,' had the effect of sending one off upon a quest of higher excellence, the craving for which was not to be satisfied at once. He seized upon what was best in one's attempts, and showed a way in which the whole might have been better.

"He managed always to direct the study of language so as to promote literary culture. The pieces set by him for composition were choice specimens of classical English, which prompted higher efforts, and led to a closer intimacy with great writers, than such passages as used often to be prescribed. And he impressed upon his pupils an idea which was new to most of them: that in translating Greek or Latin classics into English, as much of time and labour might be usefully spent as in turning an English passage into Latin or Greek.

"His criticism in those days stimulated without discouraging. In setting before the mind a lofty ideal, he implied a belief in powers hereafter to be developed, and the belief seemed to create the thing believed in. But the intellectual stimulus was not all. He seemed to divine one's spiritual needs, and by mere contact and the brightness of his presence, to supply them. If he was ready
to repress conceit, he was no less ready to bestow encouragement on the diffident, and sympathy upon the depressed; not without timely warning, when he saw that danger or temptation was at hand. His intimate knowledge of his former pupils' lives was applied to heal the errors of their successors, and his own experience of early struggle also had its effect. He ignored trifles, but never let pass any critical point.”

Such practice as this was in keeping with his own ideal of education. All teaching that is worthy of the name appeared to Jowett to involve close dealing with individual minds. Even after his appointment to the Regius Professorship of Greek he still would not draw the customary distinction between Professorial and Tutorial teaching. Not only were his lectures free, but he invited all who attended them to send in exercises to be looked over personally by himself. He would, however, waste no time with stupid or with insolent pupils. The story is told that once a Scholar brought him a set of Greek verses. He glanced over them and, looking up rather blankly, said: “Have you any taste for mathematics?”

On promising pupils he lavished his time and energy. Oftentimes, according to the custom, he would take a group of two or three pupils, and spend a vacation with them, reading and walking—a reading tour, it was called. His suggestions given to these more promising pupils had far-reaching results. He encouraged the ablest of them, for example, in the study of Hegel, and in the case of T. H. Green, at least, whom Jowett introduced to the German’s work, the advice had a profound effect: for, of all the English philosophers, Green did more than any other to effect the infusion of Hegelianism into modern English thought.

Among the philosophers, however, Jowett rated Plato much higher than Hegel, valuing him especially for his marvelous originality and suggestiveness. “Germs of all ideas are to be found in Plato,” he once exclaimed; and in recommending the study of him he used to say, “Aristotle is dead, but Plato is alive.” Writing in 1865, he said:

“Plato has been a great labour. Yet I like being in such good company always. There is nothing better in style and manners, not even in the first circles. I more and more wonder at the things which he saw and prophesied. Hardly anything important about law or natural religion which has ever been said may not be found in Plato.” In the third edition of his translation of the Dialogues he says:

“More than two thousand two hundred years have passed away since Plato returned to the place of Apollo and the Muses. Yet the echo of his words continues to be heard among men because of all philosophers he has the most melodious voice. He is the inspired prophet or teacher who can never die, the only one in whom the outward form adequately represents the fair soul within; in whom the thoughts of all who went before him are reflected, and of all who come after him are partly anticipated. Other teachers of philosophy are dried up and withered. After a few centuries they have become dust; but he is fresh and blooming, and is always begetting new ideas in the minds of men. They are one-sided and abstract, but he has many sides of wisdom. Nor is he always consistent with himself, because he is always moving onwards, and knows that there are many more things in philosophy than can be expressed with words, and that truth is greater than consistency.”

This fine sense of appreciation he tried to impart to his pupils all the years he taught Greek. Undoubtedly he despaired at times and felt that his efforts were fruitless. One of his pupils, J. A. Symonds, writes in 1866:

“The allusions to the unpaid and perse-
cuted labours of Socrates made me think of Jowett himself. He always seems to me to find a consolation for his own troubles in the thought of great teachers—Socrates and Christ.”

Balliol was indeed no ivory tower for Jowett. Once he remarked, “Education is the grave of a great mind”; and in 1855 he writes fretfully to Stanley:

“... What a bad school for character a College is! So narrow and artificial, such a soil for maggots and crotchets of all sorts, fostering a sort of weak cleverness, but greatly tending to impair manliness, straightforwardness, and other qualities which are met with in the great world. . . .

Somewhat more calmly, he writes to Sir Alexander Grant five years later:

“. . . We students and pedagogues lose influence often by not doing our part sufficiently in the world and in society.”

Yet his own persistent effort in education would seem to guarantee that in spite of occasional chafing against irritating limitations, he derived altogether some satisfying assurance that his work was not without some permanent significance. Thus in 1865 he writes to F. T. Palgrave:

“... To teach men how they may learn to grow independently and for themselves is perhaps the greatest service that one man can do for another, and how to grow, if possible, in after life. . . .”

Again, in 1893, a few months before his death, he says:

“The calling of a teacher is full of varied interests: he has the greatest of all fields in which to work, and the most curious subject for thought and inquiry—human nature. To have formed the mind of a single person, to have elevated, directed, purified it, is no inconsiderable result of a life.”

(To be continued)
of the child’s practical needs. Is Latin, or any other subject, to be set aside for not fulfilling such non-rational ends? Shall cooking take its place inasmuch as cooking is practical? Shall the child who is interested in wood-working be isolated from classics because the former constitutes practical action? I think otherwise.

Education is a process of development of one’s physical, moral, and intellectual capacities. Inasmuch as physical and moral characteristics are governed primarily by the intellect, the intellectual faculty is all important. It is this species—rationality—that makes man pre-eminent among animals. Thus, to subordinate logical thinking to the ends of practical life is to subordinate that which raises man out of the realm of mere animalism to an approach to the level of the same.

Education ought to be a growing capacity to appreciate not only the comparatively dull practical ends of life, but also the finer things of life, such as the beautiful and the truthful. If the pragmatist so permeates our education, cultural appreciation will be unattainable. The intellect will not have been trained in the development of that species of ideal beauty which serves as an exemplar for judgment concerning the aesthetic. Moreover, education will be deprived of its quality of progression if the satisfaction of practical needs and the practical consequences of subject matter are to be criteria of this field of endeavor. Certainly it must be conceded that many of history’s greatest contributors to the present-day cultural level did not place the ends of practical life before logical thinking. We remember ancient Greece and Rome largely because of their philosophers. Medieval times are characterized by the rise of the university—an institution promoting intellectual interests far above the requisites of practical life. Even present-day culture strives for ideals of the higher order. Such evidence is sufficient indication that pragmatism alone is unworthy in that it is detrimental to rational action.

Far be it from my intention to imply that education should be purged completely of pragmatism. My contention is that pragmatism is not sufficient; it is wrong because it fails to go far enough, and consequently is not an authentic test of a situation. Education is to be tested not merely by practical results, but by a rational outlook which will include the practical within its scope. Let it be remembered, therefore, that when we are integral parts of the educational scheme, the function of education is ordained not only to the too utilitarian point of view of satisfaction of practical needs, but also to the more remote, the more significant, the more fruitful, and the more progressive end of logical thinking or rational action.

EDWARD J. FLANAGAN
Post Graduate

A PROPOSAL

It has been suggested that a decided improvement would be effected in THE ANCHOR if its format were to be changed from the present booklet arrangement to a four-page, single-sheet, newspaper set-up. The improvement, it is felt, would be specifically as follows:

1. The price might be materially reduced from 15c per copy to 5c or 10c per copy. That would depend on the number of subscriptions.

2. The number of issues per year would be increased from four per year to ten or fifteen per year.

3. There would be, due to more frequent publication—which is to say, a shorter interval between issues—articles of more timely appeal and of greater variety than at present.

There would be, thus, greater opportunity than at present for contributions to be pub-
lished and for the student body of the college to express themselves.

This proposal has been considered previously more than once, but The Anchor Board is uncertain as to the reception that such a changed edition would receive from the student body, both in submitting copy to be considered for publication and in supporting the paper by subscriptions. The Anchor Board is eager to hear your reaction to the proposal.

CONGRATULATIONS, STUDENTS

Within the last week there has been a display of work of the Health Department in the General Library representing many hours of study, research work, and organization. In every available place in the Library, attractive and scholarly-looking books represented work accomplished in the Sophomore course in Health Education, under the guidance of Mrs. Andrews.

CURRENT COMMENT

A NOVEL PLAN

Many of us have often wished that we might be placed in charge of various classes for a day, but the possibility has seemed so remote that we seldom, if ever, have even discussed the matter. Yet why should we dismiss the thought so peremptorily as that? Is the fulfillment of such a desire unattainable? We now have occasional student-controlled assemblies; therefore, why should we not have student-controlled classes once a year? Our suggestion is that one day will be set aside when the teaching corps will be composed entirely of students, who will have complete control of the various classes for that day.

There are several reasons why we believe such an event will not be calamitous but, indeed, productive of much-to-be-desired results. In the first place, it will arouse the enthusiasm of the whole student body, an enthusiasm that will increase the interest their classes hold for them. Secondly, the faculty and students will be drawn into closer coöperation. This is particularly true of those who will be in charge, for they will have to consult with their teachers in order to secure whatever help they need. Also, students will become more familiar with some of the problems that face their superiors. You ask how this will bring about closer coöperation and greater sympathy between the faculty and the whole student-body? If one member of a class is to be in authority, is it not logical to suppose that her fellow students will appreciate her problems better than they would the problems of the faculty? Thirdly, an opportunity will be provided to experiment with some innovations that we as students believe will be very efficacious. Sometimes we think that certain teaching devices have not been so effective with us as teachers have believed them to be. As a result, classes naturally try to devise new methods or slight changes that would secure the desired results. We should like a chance to see how effective they really are.

APPRECIATION

Are you the type of person who laughs during the most impressive part of a dramatic production? Do you steadily converse with your neighbor during a musical rendi-
tion? If so, you may assure yourself that you are missing a certain important phase of education.

Educational training is not necessarily an apprenticeship for a future wage-earning position. One of its most important factors is culture or the ability to appreciate. It is the intellectual sympathy which receives things in the way in which they are presented.

We laugh rudely at sincere dramatic productions and musical selections—not because we wish to be malicious, but because we cannot comprehend. Our guffaws and uncomplimentary remarks indicate a sense of inferiority. They advertise the fact that we cannot see beyond a certain point—that we lack human sympathy and appreciation regarding our fellowman.

If someone stood up and made a direct appeal to us, we would certainly give courteous attention. Therefore, why should we do otherwise when appealed to indirectly through the medium of drama or music?

The Glee Club, the Orchestra or the Dramatic Society endeavor to interpret, as faithfully as possible, the idea or emotion intended to be expressed by the author, composer, or originator of that particular piece of work. It would be unfair to do otherwise. However, the laughter and conversation during the performances given for our entertainment and benefit serve not as a rebuff to the presentation itself, but distract the players and prejudice members of the audience against us. Therefore, as a matter of personal pride in our ability to understand, let us receive the efforts of the Glee Club, Orchestra, and Dramatic Club in the spirit in which they are presented to us.

ELIZABETH T. MAGUIRE, '36

THE FACULTY NARRATES

Through the medium of THE ANCHOR, the students extend sincere sympathy to Dr. Weston and her sister on the death of their father.

PANORAMIC CONTRASTS

I never realized before going to Europe how many different things one could see or what a variety of experiences could be packed into nine short weeks. Even the ocean itself was different from what I expected. Of course, I knew it might be stormy or that the gods might smile and favor us with a pleasant trip, but I wasn’t prepared for the reality.

Since we crossed by the southern route, my idea of cooling ocean breezes was shattered. We languished in the Gulf Stream which at times became much too warm. Returning the northern way, one strode briskly around the deck, if able; otherwise, several blankets did not suffice to keep out the chilling blasts. So with the whole trip my mind seems to run to contrasts.

There was Naples, for instance, where I could sit on my balcony above a garden with its waving palm trees and masses of brilliant flowers and look out over the blue bay to see Vesuvius smoking in the distance, while from below there floated up to me music which was enchanting, even though it proved to be only someone peddling his wares. Then I think of Interlaken nestled among the towering Alps, and the glow of the setting sun on the snow-clad Jungfrau, where, instead of orange and olive trees on terraced hillsides, the moun-
tain slopes were covered with stately spruce and graceful larch.

Perhaps I think of two grottoes. One, near the island of Capri, the blue of which seems alight with a thousand fires. There we entered in a small rowboat with heads bent low so as not to touch the rocks which guard the entrance so well. The other, also blue, but oh, how different. This is a grotto of ice hewn out of the famous Rhone glacier, perhaps the most visited in Switzerland!

My thoughts turn again to places and people. Sunny, tropical Nice with its spacious promenade, magnificent hotels, and pajama-clad throng, with here and there a suggestion of the gaiety which it has during the winter season. Then I like to let my thoughts fly to quaint Zermatt, hidden away among the mountains from the outside world. The Matterhorn, rising superbly, dominates the life of the people as well as the scenery. There is no hustle and bustle, but a calm quiet, tempered by sadness at the thought of those who sleep at its base after a vain attempt to reach the lofty summit. No roaring motor cars are there. The streets, or street I should say, are perfectly safe for the small boy and his herd of goats or the pig, who for some reason or other, leaves his pen and after causing much merriment, is finally caught and carried squealing back to where he belongs.

Thus, I might go on trying to paint you word pictures, but they are infinitely more satisfying when seen in the glow of the fire with memories for companions.

Wendela C. Carlson
Nature and Penmanship Department


Professor Brown also attended the Association of American Geographers in Washington, December 28-30.

Miss Swan announces that the opening of her exhibition will occur at the Providence Art Club, February 8, 1933.

Professor Robinson has been appointed a member of the Commission on Religious Education of the First Province of the Episcopal Church in this country.

THE STUDENTS' SYMPOSIUM

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

It was a dreary day in March, 1920, when my adventure in the Land of Cherry Trees began. We had sailed on an angry sea, but as we drew near the shores of the empire-island, old Neptune's wrath subsided. We landed amid the cries of vendors, rickshaw men, and coolies who did their best to make themselves understood by the foreigners. A pathetic sight, indeed, it is to see an Englishman trying in vain to make clear to a coolie his destination.

Mr. Sugawa, a friend of my father, met us at the dock, and because the hotels were crowded in Yokohama, he accompanied us to a hotel in Kamakura, a quaint village, twenty miles away. The trip on the train afforded many new sensations, because the Japanese locomotive, which is half the size of our American locomotive, pulls narrow cars that are divided into first, second, and third classes. The panorama from the compartment window was beautiful, rice fields appearing on either side and quaint peasants' cottages with thatched roofs affording a vivid contrast to the dwellings of the people
of the West. Midway between Yokohama and Kamakura, the Sacred Mount Fugi rose in its majestic beauty.

The hotel was a pretty two-storied building, surrounded by large lawns artistically laid out with flowers of all descriptions and bordered with shrubbery. From this flower-hotel, where we spent six months, we enjoyed many excursions to the different historic sites. The guests at the hotel enjoyed dancing, teas, and swimming in the ocean. It did not take long for me to explore the neighborhood. Words cannot express the beauty of the countryside. Japanese gardens are exquisite. Trees and shrubbery are trained to grow a certain way, to a certain height and in a certain form, the clever gardener bringing out perfectly the effect he wishes to create.

Eager to know all I could of the people, I did not have to be coaxed by my amah to visit some of her friends with her one afternoon. The streets were lined with small huts looking all alike to me. When we came to the house, my amah took off her shoes, and I was told to do likewise. There was already a number of shoes at the doorstep, and I thought of Whitehall and wondered what some of my friends would think if we had to take off our shoes here. The reason for this custom is that Japanese floors are not made of wood but of woven straw mats. My attention was drawn to my amah and her friends who were bowing to one another and murmuring. When we left, they went through the same performance; it occurred to me that if one were to catch a train, he would have to begin saying au revoir a half hour before his departure.

There I learned the manner of living of the Japanese people. They have no beds, but sleep on thick mats spread on the floor before retiring. The next morning, the mats are rolled up and put away in a cupboard. Their pillows are of wood with padded tops to fit the neck. This is so because the head-dress of the Japanese lady, being difficult and requiring the care of a hairdresser, is not likely to be spoiled at night and need not be arranged so often. After all this was explained to me, tea was served in tiny cups, on a tiny table about one foot from the floor. There were rice cakes and other dainties which I enjoyed immensely. The tea, which was served without cream or sugar, had a queer taste. When I returned to the hotel that night, reviewing the whole day in my mind, I thought of the many different things I had seen and done, and compared them with things I see and do here.

Later, when we lived in Yokohama, my amah took me to the park. I never spent such delightful afternoons as then. The cherry trees were in bloom and formed an arch all the way down the street. Many souvenir shops were on either side of the street, at which one could buy the usual trinkets, cards, shells, toys, candy, and other tokens. At the shops, one could also get ice-cream, which really is shaved ice with any kind of flavored liquid you wish. It was not unpleasant to eat, but I prefer the real ice-cream, which may be purchased at some candy shops in Japan. The park was beautiful. It was the masterpiece of a Japanese gardener. Miniature lakes, crossed by tiny bridges, at the foot of small mountains, are laid out in an artistic manner throughout the park. Temples surrounded by plants, flowers, and well-trained trees are situated on the mountains. It is a very pretty sight, indeed, one which gives credit to that famous Japanese gardener.

The Japanese still retain their peculiarities, such as reading up and down instead of from left to right. Their books begin where ours end, and they keep to the left on the highways. To them fire is all-powerful, and if one is sick, he is burned on the leg or arm so that the sickness will leave him.
A Japanese man is the lord of his family, with his wife as chief servant; she is very obedient to her master's wishes. Very much like American women! One of the European ideals the Japanese resent is the equality of men and women. Japanese women until recently had no rights. She could not hold property in her name; and her husband divorced her, but she could not divorce him. In the Japanese family, there is an absence of romantic love and gallantry.

It has not been an uncommon occurrence for a wife to be sent home, because her husband was too fond of her. Too much affection for a wife is considered a weakness and a hindrance to the husband's duty. When a girl marries, she must give up the worship of her ancestors and accept those of her lord. Furthermore, she must honor her mother-in-law and her father-in-law. The "in-laws" are taken very seriously in Japan. The Japanese have great respect for their dead. Food is often put at the tombstone so that the spirits of the dead may eat. There are many ceremonies in their honor. The Japanese worship the most hideous gods imaginable. I went to a temple one day and watched them pray. Some were beating drums, others were prostrated and bowing and praying aloud. They seemed to be repeating the same thing over and over again, making me think of mechanical toys wound for all day. Each family has a special god and keeps a shrine in the home. On feast days, they place rice-cakes and fruit before their gods.

Having heard me mention "the Land of the Rising Sun," perhaps you have wondered how Japan came to be called by that name. The Chinese gave it that epithet. At Futamigaura there are two rocks jutting into the sea, and between them the sun rises in all its splendor. Legend has it that this is the birthplace of the sun. Japan has as its national emblem a red disk on a white background to denote a rising sun. It is as such that it is known to the rest of the world.

Since 1854 Japan has made great progress, greater in fact than any other country since that time with the exception of our own. In that year, Commodore Perry opened Japan to Occidental influence. He returned to the United States with the first treaty ever signed between a Japanese government and an Occidental power. Before Perry's visit, the attitude of the Japanese Shoguns, High Princes, toward the western nations had been maintained for centuries in accordance with the following typical Shogun's proclamation: "So long as the sun warms the earth let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan. Let them think no more of us, just as if we were no longer in the World." Japan's attitude has changed; the country itself is conforming to ideas and manners of the Occident. The World War has played a great part in placing Japan among the five great nations of the world.

Constance E. Morin, '33

LIFE UNCOVERED

Thoughts, emotions, sensibilities — all molded in a cylindrical frame of china. Hold it, and one can sense the warmth being fused with the frigidity of its exterior. Hot chocolate — life! Life — people! What a peculiar similarity, but in its delicious beauty so true.

Many individuals have characteristics like unto a cup of hot chocolate. Before knowing them intimately, one paints them as cool and indifferent people. Their main distinction lies in their own seclusion. Once there is an occasion to test their genuine contents and plunge far below the surface, what a delicious discovery! The very whole of these creatures has been examined. Their exterior of coolness has a volume of friendship, of sincerity, of understanding, and of love in it. The discoverer finds that he has
sipped their qualities with as much satisfaction as a cold mouth absorbs hot chocolate.

Intricate grains of human mechanisms—waiting to be searched, to be drunk—are hidden and sometimes deceptive under a covering. Hot chocolate—life; life—people—each with gratifying elements available for discovery!

LOUISE G. PELRINE, '33

STORMY INTERLUDE

The sea raged and beat hard and endlessly against the rocks. The sky was patterned blue and white. The sun burned hot on the faded beach sands. Today was quiet—peaceful—beautiful; yesterday, there had been a storm.

A girl moved slightly on the stony surface of the cliffs. A paper in her hand crackled, and she looked down. Long blonde hair she had, knotted in a loose roll. It reminded one of fine-spun silk threads, and at her movement it untied in a great shower of reflected gold as it fell over her shoulders. She smoothed the crumpled paper on the unyielding rocks, with long nervous fingers, and read aloud.

"Marcia dear: You are the first one to know—. At last, Marcia, I've met her—the one girl—she's anxious to meet you. I've told her about the good times we've had together."

"The good times we've had together!" Marcia repeated the words aloud. Wonderful times. Days of swimming, and picnicking, and laughing, and then nights of sitting on the beach, talking. Talking quite impersonally. No, David had never given her the least encouragement and yet she had hoped—hoped that probably sometime—but now it was over. All the swimming, picnicking, dancing, all over. Somehow it didn't make sense. It didn't seem possible that David could hurt her. But then, he didn't realize. He had never guessed that she cared. Marcia wondered what would happen if she were to tell him. A picture of David's face flashed before her—his chiseled lips twisted in an unbelieving, disapproving grin; his dark eyes burning with scorn—and before that picture, Marcia was helpless. She would grow old, white-haired, bent, and David would never know, never guess. Always he would be like the big brother, kind, playful, condescending.

Marcia gazed wild-eyed at the sea. The water looked calm—smoothing—in inviting. The girl rose dazed, unaware that she had moved. Overhead sea-gulls cried in happy abandonment. The girl did not hear them. A crisp wind blew roughly through her hair, but she did not feel it as she walked slowly forward toward the strangely quiet water...

A moment passed. The ocean, as if over-anxious to secure its victim, rushed in and dashed with expectant glee on the stony wall. Frightened, the girl sprang back from the edge of the cliff.

Marcia sank down weakly. Dry, racking sobs burst from her parched throat. Chill ran up and down her back. Then quite suddenly, she became still. Her body grew warm again. She looked up and saw the sun just appearing from behind some clouds. She must go into the house and write to David, immediately. "Congratulations, David. Bring her down soon. I'm so happy for you, and her (for, David, you really are quite nice)." Yes, she must write casually. David must never know; she could not have him despise her.

The girl rose quickly and ran into the house. She was singing.

The sea raged and beat hard and endlessly against the rocks. The sky was patterned blue and white. The sun burned hot on the faded beach sands. Today was quiet—peaceful—beautiful; yesterday, there had been a storm.

M. G. FITZPATRICK, '35
THE SENIOR A CAP AND GOWN DAY

Friday, December 9, 1932, the Senior A Class held its Cap and Gown Day Exercises, a traditional function in college history.

As the nine o’clock bell in the Assembly Hall sounded, the faculty made their appearance, attired in academic robes. The Senior A’s, also in gowns, but carrying their caps, entered from the rear. Miss Regina F. Stanley, president of the Class, opened the exercises with a reading from Scripture. Miss Hancock led the singing of the hymn. Dr. Alger introduced the speaker of the day, Dr. Alonzo F. Myers, Professor of Education at New York University, and President of the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers.

REGINA F. STANLEY, ’33
"GUNG HAI FAR TOY"—HAPPY NEW YEAR

Crack, crackety, pop, bang! Yes, it is our Chinese New Year in the twenty-second year of the Chinese Republic.

Chinese New Year’s Day, which occurs sometime in January or February of the American Calendar, really begins long before midnight on New Year’s Eve. The preparations of debt-settling, house-cleaning, making of new clothes, preparation of food, and the buying of New Year’s decorations occupy many days and demand much thought and effort on the part of Chinese people. Just as one “feels Christmas” in the air many days before Santa Claus actually arrives, so a walk through a Chinese section or a visit in a Chinese home the last week of the old year, stirs up all sorts of pleasant New Year feelings.

Men hurry back and forth, in and out, lugging their household furniture or treasures for scrubbing and scouring or a rearrangement. At least once annually, every Chinese home looks beautifully clean. Women, too, are busy in the household—sewing away on light silken materials, perhaps a new bonnet or jacket for baby or babies, more often the latter.

Along the street, attached to buildings, doors, or street stands, are seen shining, crimson paper panels upon which are written black Chinese ideographs. These panels, which are about three feet long by seven inches wide and duly inscribed with good luck mottoes, are sold by the pair or found displayed for decorations of goodwill. What do we read? “May happiness and official position enter”; or “A hundred sons, a thousand grandsons”; or “Happiness is from above”; or “Spring flowers bring happiness”; or “When the door opens, may riches enter”. Thus the celestial dwelling is decorated.

A smell of New Year’s also scents the air. Savory stews tantalize the nose, for everyone, whether or not he can afford it, feasts merrily at New Year’s time. Chickens lose their lives, and hogs are slaughtered to be roasted crisp brown and spicy. Pastries of various sorts are concocted days ahead. The greatest favorites are the round, dark brown, steamed cakes made chiefly of rice flour and sugar, decorated and flavored with tiny sesame seeds. Other delicious rolls are stuffed with minced ingredients of meat and nuts. Ah, yes, I must dwell for a second or two on the New Year feast or banquet given in the homes of the well-to-do. On this momentous occasion, women and children appear in new garments of brilliant hue. Bracelets in pairs, made from Chinese gold or consisting, each, of a number of gold coins, adorn the arms of these happy, festive people. Lustrous jade and opal rings and lockets of unique beauty and richness are brought forth on this great day.

As to food, there is plenty of it. For an appetizer, one nibbles daintily on bits of fresh fruits and other sweets. At this point the popular, as well as expensive, birds’ nest soup with chicken makes its appearance. Another exquisite dish is the boiled duck flavored with dried orange peel and decorated with mushrooms and water chestnuts. There are boiled chicken and duck, roast chicken and duck, fried chicken and duck in combinations with numerous other indescribable good things which would take an age to enumerate. You have probably heard of the shark-fin soup which is truly a tasty delicacy, and not really as dangerous as it sounds. This is one other of the luxurious dishes of the ten-, twelve-, or fifteen-course dinner. Finally, the feast is finished with pots of “daisy-flower” tea or another similar essence, accompanied with lovely, little almond cakes.

One usually hears “Gung Hai Far Toy” —Happy New Year, with its additional “Ho
Si Guy”—Long Life, Happiness, and Prosperity to You, as older and younger folks alike greet each other.

Less festive looking than the women and children, but busy, are the merchants, artisans, farmers, and laundry men, who hurry about collecting and paying their debts. The last day of the year is the final day of grace for the settlement of accounts. Anyone who neglects to straighten out his affairs before the end of the year certainly is humiliated and humbled. His credit as well as his honesty both fall under suspicion.

When dusk descends on the eve of the New Year, the feast over, worries and cares are set aside and firecrackers are set off. All through the night on festive occasions, thousands of firecrackers pop and bang; no one but the little children go to bed. In the noble, illustrious families, members are occupied all night long with a multitude of worshipful ceremonies, many of which are punctuated by the festive cracker.

Years and years ago, it was customary to wear silk robes, don satin slippers, and go visiting in carriages. Firecrackers popped, and gongs blared forth from old Joss houses. Neighbors visited with red calling papers, kowtowed, drank delicious tea in petal-like tea cups, ate bits of crystallized ginger and sugared sweets, and gave the smiling, rosy-tinted youngsters money wrapped in red paper as tokens of good luck when greeted by “Gung Hai Far Toy”. But now in this modern day, the old robes are discarded. Dressed in American clothes, the Chinese shake hands and say, “Happy New Year!” They greet friends by telephone, children light firecrackers not with punks or joss-sticks, but with cigarette lighters. Instead of drinking tea from dainty cups, appointments are made to meet at restaurants or hotels for a course dinner and to observe the New Year by drinking coffee. However, only the ultra moderns carry forth the latter ideas, for the major-

ity of the Chinese, even in the United States today, still hold to many of their ancient and sacred traditions.

Chinese New Year’s Day is more or less elastic. It extends, at least the festival does, for many times the length of a day. Feasting for the men and visiting with the interchange of gifts are in order. Later in the month, the feasting for the women and plenty of leisure prolong the Chinese holiday season over several weeks. In the olden days, all business stopped for several weeks, but now, though the shops re-open after four or five days, the holiday spirit still lingers on through the first month. It is the greatest festival of the year, and everyone makes the most of it.

This is but a sketch to introduce you to our New Year as it is celebrated by the people of China; and now, I say, “Gung Hai Far Toy—Ho Si Guy” to all of you, my friends!

EVELYN HARRIET WONG KING, '33

AN APPRECIATION OF “CYRANO DE BERGERAC”

When you stop to consider that so many people continually keep in touch with New York either by journeying to it or reading of it, it seems extremely surprising that they fail utterly to take advantage of a “slice of New York” (if I may be permitted to use the term) when it comes to Providence! This is particularly true of the students at our institution. How many would thoroughly enjoy an occasional trip to the Metropolis just to spend some time witnessing current dramatic productions! Yet, how is it that so few of us ever appear at these plays when they are brought to the city? The money we spend on the talking pictures, which in many instances are far less broadening and intellectual, could be used to greater advantage by being held in reserve
for the better occasions — the legitimate stage offerings that appear too infrequently. We students do not realize what we are forfeiting! Thus far this season the prominent dramas presented have been "Mourning Becomes Electra," "The Green Pastures," and "Cyrano de Bergerac." There is a great deal to relate about all three, but perhaps you will be far more interested in "Cyrano de Bergerac," which is brought to your attention in our book column of this issue.

It is by no means a facile task to write a critical appreciation of Walter Hampden's impersonation of the beloved rogue, "Cyrano": for down through the years, critics have done nothing but shower superlatives of laudation upon Mr. Hampden who has made Cyrano an imperishable character. Therefore, no attempt will be made to criticize such art, but rather we shall place before you a bit of history together with a few impressions received at the performance given at the Carlton Theatre, on December 12, 1932.

Edmond Rostand's famous play was first produced in Paris at the Théâtre Porte St-Martin on December 28, 1897, with the famous Constant Coquelin in the title role. (Incidentally, we may remark in passing, Hampden is at the present time in New York, where the thirty-fifth anniversary of the play was recently celebrated.)

The piece was brought out during the days when international copyright was unheard of, and it was a simple matter to bring "Cyrano" to America. Richard Mansfield saw it in Paris and secured a translation of it for the New York stage. He was the first American actor to play the rôle in the English version which was prepared by Howard Thayer Kingbury. The play had gigantic possibilities and was an immediate success in this country. But a curious incident occurred!

One Augustin Daly presented a version of his own, outside New York, and failed to send Rostand the royalty fees. But as Mansfield's success in the rôle increased, Daly feared to present it in the metropolis and in due time gave it up.

Mansfield played "Cyrano" for almost two years, but was suddenly forced to stop performances as a result of an accusation of plagiarism, made by a Mr. Gross of Chicago. Mr. Gross had written a play entitled "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," and insisted that there were obvious similarities between his product and that of Rostand. Mansfield, disgusted with the affair, abandoned the play, stating that he preferred to pay a royalty to Rostand rather than this contumelious accuser.

Years later, after Gross's death, Walter Hampden revived the drama and since that time has taken a place in the hearts of his audiences as the immortal Cyrano. His portrayal is one of perfection, well-tempered with a human spirit and profound emotional depth.

The stage effects are a constant delight and wonder. The opening scene in the old French Theatre of 1640, when the stage is filled with extras all performing simultaneously, is colorful and untiring. The scene in the bakeshop might easily have been a painting torn from a child's book of illustrated nursery rhymes, with its quaint and tempting atmosphere. But the famous balcony scene is the most lovely and fine, for it is during this that the lyric beauty of the lines is given full play in the speeches. It is there, too, that Cyrano (under cover of darkness) prompts Christian in his lovemaking, for the latter lacks all the necessary pretty phrases which Roxane longs to hear. The beloved rogue himself has consented to this with an aching heart, for he has always been deeply in love with her; but because of his extreme sensitivity about his enormously grotesque nose, and because Roxane has
confessed to him her love for Christian, he believes that he will let well enough alone.

It is only after years have elapsed, following Christian’s death on the field of battle, that Cyrano, who has been mortally wounded and is dying in the garden of a nunery (where he has come to pay his weekly visit to Roxane), lapses into a semi-stupor and reveals to her that it was he, instead of Christian, who had been confessing his love. She realizes, too, that unknowingly she has loved him all the while when she says: “I have never loved but one . . . and twice I lose him!”

This last scene is the most touching and pathetic of all. The stage is suffused in soft glows and deepening shadows; the leaves fall one by one from the trees, a symbol that the life of Cyrano is ebbing fast. The convent bell tolls hollowly and with ghastly peals, while far away can be heard the chords of a chant played on an organ, as the nuns slowly move in the dim background toward the chapel. It is there that Mr. Hampden performs his unforgettable and agitating death scene. As the curtain slowly descends, a sigh of regret escapes you, and you leave the theatre as you would turn away from the deathbed of a dear friend.

Anyone who missed the performance of “Cyrano de Bergerac,” a few weeks ago, forfeited a splendid creation of art in acting, playwriting, and stagecraft. If you didn’t see the play, by all means read it—at least once!

Fred B. Hutchins, ’33

COLLEGE DIGEST

SPRING CONFERENCE OF THE EASTERN-STATES ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS FOR TEACHERS

“A life will be successful or not according as the power of accommodation is equal to or unequal to the strain of fusing and adjusting internal and external changes.” This pithy excerpt from Samuel Butler conveys perfectly the true essence and functional objective of education. And when the overwhelming significance of this passage is fully grasped, one can’t help feeling a sense of tremendous responsibility at the realization, that in these days of economic and social stress, the principal agency for effecting the “power of accommodation” and the adjustment of “internal and external changes” rests almost completely in the power of public education.

The writer has no intention of going into the discussion which in truth eventually led to this article, namely—the so-called Model League of Nations. The advocates of such a cause have yet to prove what we of a professional institution would gain through membership in such an organization. The case is one of directing all efforts upon that which is nearest our purpose—the teaching profession. So, let us turn to our chief and main concern, at this season of the year, the Eastern States Conference. But before continuing any further, let us examine Section 4 of “The Purpose” of the Conference, which reads as follows:

“To stabilize, to professionalize and progressively to upgrade the services of each such institution or agency to the end that it may be co-operative in form and democratic in spirit, that its scholastic and professional standards may be dynamic and inspiring—in a word that its policies and practices may be in harmony with and may as fully as possible embody and exemplify
the best of our modern philosophy of education and professional training."

Of our own institution and its part in the conference little need be said. The highly progressive and modern methods in education of the college are such that we stand foremost in the ranks of professional schools in the country.

With these thoughts in mind, let us look into the student participation in the conference; that is, our meager representation. If we consider the situation which our representatives are placed in, we can more fully appreciate their efforts and their great need for aid. In the first place, it is utterly impossible for them to attend even a portion of the many valuable and important meetings. And whereas they see other colleges with large representations covering all meetings, making themselves known, establishing valuable contacts, our small contingent of two students has to restrict itself to a few meetings. If we'll just think for a moment that our representation of two members really means one representative to every three hundred students, we shall realize how very inadequate a representation it is.

If you rebel at the idea, make it your aim to work in behalf of securing a delegation to the Conference more numerically adequate to the size of our student body and more in keeping with our status as a teachers' college.

Members of the Press Club, in an effort to stimulate enthusiasm among students in regard to sending student representatives to the Eastern States Conference, interviewed members of the faculty who have been present at these Conferences, and students who have been delegates. The following quotations are a result of the interviews:

"The meetings of the Eastern States Conference do a great deal toward the unification of colleges in the East. In past years it has accomplished a great deal and will accomplish more in the future. I think we should be identified with it."—Dr. Alger

"We should encourage delegates from our college to bring back to us some real problems to be discussed and possibly to be experimented."—Prof. Brown

"The student participation as a part of the conference seems particularly beneficial to both college representatives and the student bodies represented by the various delegates. Often it is by frank discussion in open meetings that uncertain and unfamiliar policies are clarified for the welfare of all."—Mr. Roland Chatterton

Professor Waite has attended and been a speaker at the Eastern-States Conference of Professional Schools for Teachers. He says, "I believe that the colleges should encourage participation in the Conference, and would urge that those selected for the honor of representing Rhode Island College of Education be members of the student-body, who exemplify the highest level in scholarship, decorum and personality."

"I feel very strongly that we should participate in the Eastern States Conference. The exchange of ideas with students from other teacher training institutions will help us in solving many of our problems. I wish we might be able to send more delegates to the conference."—Dr. Weston

"The student participation is valuable in that it brings closer relationship among the teaching colleges in the section. Social and governmental difficulties among student organizations are discussed and possible remedies and aids are proposed by the various members of other colleges. They strive to get a closer relation between the faculty and student body through the faculty-student conferences."—Thomas Giblin

"Two years ago, I was like Maiden Ruth traveling to the large Metropolis.—New
York—to attend the Eastern States’ Conference.

Almost all of the members were booked in the register of the Pennsylvania Hotel. To make it convenient for the students at the Conference, all meetings, both large and small, were held in appropriate rooms in the Hotel.

The young men and women were from normal schools and colleges throughout the eastern part of the United States. It was interesting to hear and see so many different types of people. Some were so studious-looking. Others were collegiate personified. It was astounding—the number of varying accents. I’m not trying to infer that it was similar to the League of Nations, by any means.

Meetings were conducted solely by students. Professors and faculty members contributed when the opportunity arose where their opinions might be solicited.

Many of the speeches were concerned with school governments. Criticisms and suggestions were plentiful. After making comparisons, I came to the conclusion that our R. I. C. E. system was one of the best offered.

Let that be a word of encouragement to future representatives of Alma Mater, and also to all the students of its Association.

A happy and prosperous future to you all, Dr. Alger, members of the faculty, and future teachers.”—Claire McKenna McMillan

AN OUTSTANDING ALUMNA

The following letter was received by the president of the Press Club in reply to a letter sent to Professor Boas of Horace Mann School. Several letters were mailed to some of our famous alumni, in which they were asked to give us “a paragraph of inspiration or advice” and to tell us about their careers.

Horace Mann School
Teachers’ College
New York

“My dear Miss Kelley:

“My memories of the R. I. Normal School are exceedingly pleasant ones, owing perhaps to the fact that, being a small group, we were unusually favored, as well as being decidedly fortunate in a staff of rare ability and personality.

“When I left the Normal School I taught for a few years at the Point St. and Peace St. Schools, teaching and drilling and disciplining, staying until four-thirty and later daily, correcting home work at night. The maximum salary at that time was $750. I am glad for you all that times have changed.

“My heart being set on art as a profession, I came to New York to study under Arthur Dow at Teachers’ College, and have remained here ever since, first as an assistant at Horace Mann School, later as head of the art department, and then as Assistant Professor at the College.

“You see how quiet and uneventful it has all been. But life has been exceedingly busy, and usually interesting with endless opportunities for study and growth. Education has become too a profession of greater dignity in the community, and not just a stop gap towards something better.

“With best of good wishes,

Most sincerely,

Belle Boas”

There are to be three committees this year. The Disarmament Committee, headed by Miss Ruth Lawson of Mount Holyoke, will discuss its problem from the angle of the manufacture and sale of arms. The Political Committee on the Bolivia-Paraguay dispute, under the leadership of E. A. Thompson of Tufts, will talk on the basis
of what the League of Nations can do to stop war. The Economic Committee will discuss the gold standard and tariff; Miss Edna Bresault of Wellesley and Mr. Salant of Harvard will act as its chairmen.

Another feature of this year's Model League is the Committee of Nineteen which will consider the Sino-Japanese dispute.

The following students will represent the Republic of Panama: Mr. John McInnes, '33; Miss Avis Marden, '33; Miss Catherine Cauley, '33; Miss Elizabeth Laurence, '34; Mr. Joseph MacAndrews, '34; Miss Helen French, '35.

**Tentative Agenda**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Meeting</th>
<th>Activities</th>
<th>Membership</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
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<td>Discussion, Reports to Council through Secretary-General.</td>
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<td>Council</td>
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<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>Plenary Session—Assembly.</td>
<td>Assembly Agenda.</td>
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<td>2:00 p.m.</td>
<td>Assembly Committees, II, III, Comm. of 19.</td>
<td>Debate and report.</td>
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<td>Sat.</td>
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**Mounting Pegasus**

**A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER**

This is my prayer for you,
The morning the year's new:

May the battles which you fight be hard,
That your triumph and peace be more;
May the service that you render unto God
Return to you a million score.

May the fineness and the frankness that is you,
Remain unchanged throughout this year;
And may every blessing that is old and new,
In your life each day appear.

**M. Evelyn PELRINE, ’30**

**GOD**

I saw You, God.
The other day
In the blue eyes
Of a child at play.
I heard you laugh
And saw You smile,
Making mudpies
All the while.
You called me
To come and play;
And, kneeling, God,
I learned to pray.

**Kathleen F. Kelley, ’34**
IL CIRCOLO MANZONI

Il Circolo Manzoni, the Italian Club of the College, was organized under the supervision of Professor Gaetano Cavicchia. The purpose of this organization is to provide additional opportunities to students of Italian to acquaint themselves with the language, culture, and civilization of Italy, both past and present.

The officers of the club are president, Miss Mary E. Carmone, '34; vice-president, Miss Ruth Davis, '33; secretary, Miss Celia Maglioli, '36; treasurer, Miss Laura Bye, '35; social committee chairman, Miss Dorothy Beaudreau, '35.

The first social meeting of the current season was held on Hallowe’en, an event enjoyed by the vast gathering of students and guests.

This organization held a very delightful Christmas party on December 19. Members of the club presented a one-act play, “The Boy on the Meadow,” by Van Der Veer. Mr. Di Petrillo and his sister, Lena, a graduate of Rhode Island College of Education, entertained by dancing the tango. Mr. Di Petrillo also performed a dance which interprets the bull fights in Spain. Professor Cavicchia talked to the club on “Christmas in Italy.” Grabs were exchanged.

MARY CARMONE, '34

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le Cercle Français, or the French Club, has the largest membership it has ever had since its beginning two years ago. It now numbers over sixty. Two large socials have been given this year.

The first was a masquerade or “Bal Masque” held in October in Dr. Carroll’s room. Dr. and Mrs. Alger and the Faculty were guests. A crackling fire, French entertainment, colorful costumes, and an appropriate setting gave the desired atmosphere for a very enjoyable time.

The second social was a gala Christmas party held in the Girls’ Recreation Room on the afternoon of December nineteenth. We had a very realistic Santa Claus in the person of Frances Kearns. Gifts were distributed to all, games played, and refreshments served. Professor Cavicchia was guest of the Club.

The social committee in charge of these two events were Miss Mary Rattigan, chairman, Miss Estelle Roberts, Miss Helen French, and Mr. Rudolph LaVault.

In December, a Victor Hugo program was given. The students of the Advanced Class in Literature conducted the work.

Future plans include a supper in January and a play some time in March, in addition to the regular social events of the year.

The officers of the club are Miss Elizabeth C. Laurence, president; Miss Lucienne Lavalle, vice-president; Miss Alice McKenna, secretary; Miss Alice Laugevin, treasurer.

Membership in the French Club is open to upperclassmen who have taken French.

ELIZABETH C. LAURENCE, '34

MATHEMATICS CLUB

A Mathematics Club has been formed during the past semester. The purpose of this club is to bring out the cultural side
of mathematics. The following are officers: Miss Carmen Fowler, '34, president; MissGrace Tenant, '34, vice-president; Miss May McGee, '33, secretary; and Miss Helen Boyle, '33, treasurer. The Program Committee, which comprises the following: Miss Gertrude S. Sullivan, '34, Miss Corella Tinkham, and Miss Hope Benoit, '34, is planning a series of talks which are to be presented at the monthly meetings. The committee is also planning to send reports of club activities to the training students who are members of it.

Professor Weber and Miss Waldron are the faculty advisers of this new organization.

NATURE CLUB ACTIVITY

We understand that the Nature Club had a Christmas party not long ago. Twenty-five members went by automobile to Camp Lowry on Cranberry Hill in Foster. What a time they had! When they arrived, they found that Santa Claus had already been there, for red candles welcomed them with nodding flames, and a prettily decorated Christmas tree stood in the window. The table was set with orange and black plates, green napkins, and red candles burning in the true Christmas spirit. The favors were candy candles—green base, red stick, and white handle—and red and green bells gaily announced the program. The fire was burning merrily in the fireplace, providing cheer and warmth to the arriving guests. While the cooking squad was preparing the meal, the other members participated in a Treasure Hunt. We understand that Miss Marion Fones captured the Bag of Gold. Games were played, and then supper was eaten in the most Christmasy fashion — by candle-light and fire-light. After a supper of squaw corn, rolls, cabbage and apple salad, "sunsets" for dessert, and coffee, a round of merry happenings began. The table was cleared and immediately set up for Ping Pong. Music was produced, as if by magic, and couples danced; four or five made for the cellar capturing a bob-sled which, as you can imagine, was pretty popular for the remainder of the evening; a few others went off on a tramp through the snow and discovered — bear tracks — those of the bear which has been lost in South County. What excitement! Others went to investigate and discovered that they were not bear tracks but deer tracks—but then it was a thrilling discovery after all.

The Club was accompanied by two of the faculty members, Miss Carlson as Club Adviser and Miss Thompson as guest. We heard that if more blankets could have been produced, twenty-five people would not have appeared home that evening and the telephone wires would have buzzed with the announcement, "See you after school tomorrow." At about ten-thirty, cars were warmed up and a crowd of merry, happy, light-hearted Nature Club members started the twenty-six mile journey back to the city, closing their happy evening with carol singing.

Frances Lynch, '33

ATHLETIC NOTES

With basketball material decidedly superior to that of recent seasons, Rhode Island College of Education looks forward this year to an active season of fourteen games. The following teams are listed on this year’s schedule: R. I. State Freshmen, Durfee Textile, New Bedford Textile, Alumni, East Providence High School Faculty, Farmington Normal, Gorham Normal, Bryant and Stratton, and East Greenwich Academy. All the games are on a home-and-home basis except those with R. I. State Freshmen, Farmington Normal, Gorham Normal and the Alumni. The college establishes relations with two teachers’ colleges this year when it travels to Maine to play Gorham Normal and Farmington Normal.
GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarville of New York City announce the birth of a son, Bartley Joseph McCarville, born December 4. Mrs. McCarville was the former Miss Vivian Maynard of the Class of '30.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Warner of Bristol announce the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Warner was formerly Miss Ruth Sanchez of the Class of '33.

Miss Bertha F. Soule, a former member of the Class of June, 1933, was married by her father, the Rev. Arthur M. Soule, to Mr. Hugh Gilmore of Kinsfield, Me., at the parsonage in Harrisville, on November 20. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore will live in Maine.

THE ANCHOR LINE

SURETY
Prof.: “In which of his battles was King Adolphus of Sweden killed?”
Dorothy S.: “I’m pretty sure it was the last one.”

MISUNDERSTOOD
Professor: “Do you like Chopin?”
Mary B.: “No, I get tired walking from store to store.”

STUDENT BONERS
“Pax in bello”—freedom from indigestion.
The wife of Columbus was Columbine.
The people of India are divided into casts and outcasts.
Shakespeare wrote tragedies, comedies, and errors.
Lord Macaulay suffered from gout and wrote all his poems in iambic feet.
A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.
A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

WITH AN APOLOGY
The window-panes were trimmed with snow,
While all the hearths stirred forth a glow.
—Frost

Yes, Nora was a faithful cook,
For every morn at eight
The frying pan would sing its song,
And fill a hungry plate.
—Bacon

Poor Tony and his six-foot-four
Cast a huge shadow on the floor.
—Longfellow

The modern schoolhouse sees no more
Of Mary and her pet.
Such tales of fleecy animals
Came from a small hamlet.
—Lamb

Fire! fire! screamed the man,
And to the fire-box
He swiftly ran.
—Burns
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