R. I. C. E. ANCHOR
FRESHMAN EDITION
A JOURNAL OF NEWS AND LETTERS
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RIDGE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1934.
FIVE CENTS.

Freshman Findings

Margherita Iacca played the only female role in 寔the Tragedy 寛of Timon", which was presented at the St. Ann’s Dramatic Club quarters on May 9.

Anne Bemis is to play the part of a college freshman in the production 寔of a la Tribune" to be presented by the Junior Catholic Daughters of America at Cathedral Hall on May 25, 1933. Miss Bemis will make culinary errors aplenty.

Madeline Vanasse was chairman of a debate between the West Warwick Alumni and the Varsity teams, held at West Warwick High School on May 9, 1934. Miss Vanasse will also take part in "The Potty to be given by the St. Peter and Paul Dramatic Club on May 24, 1934.

Ruth M. Doll has been appointed a counselor for the summer at Camp Taos in Bemidji, Minn.

Jessie Nelson, Florence Meiners, Eleanor McLaughlin, Alice Molzer, Arthur Lee, Brendan Murphy, Madonna Loefler, and Charles McLaughlin—all freshmen—went on an Arbor Day picnic to Spring Lake.

Rita Cunningham, Rita Cooper, Mary Ambride, Marguerite Brant, Louise Coffey, Barbara Cooper, and Anne Bemis spent a weekend recently at Point Judith as guests of Mary E. Luce.

Elvira went tripping merrily the bers and their families, provided, of Vasseur, punch; Brendan Murphy, Raymond Beiler, Helen Dorney, Gertrude Sarkinich, and Helen Ketra. The Press, Art, International Relations, and Sociology also are planning offerings: the nature of which they have not disclosed.

Vocal and instrumental music for the occasion will be provided by the students at the College.

COMING EVENTS
May 31: Plan Day. All will be participating in the Campus Carnival. Whose, my dear! Leave the bundles behind you!
June 2: The Kinsports do go places! This time it’s the bowling and badminton! Come on!
June 6: The trials of labor are sweet. Here’s hoping the anxious one on June 5th, the Seniors! The Faculty will have the last laugh.

Saturday, June 9, the Seniors will receive the last photograph and printed memories of their happy college years.
June 10: Evening. All-College night will complete the eventful day. She must keep theดน a secret till then.
June 11: What is Mr. Yancey wanted? These Sophomores do have a leaning towards suspicious speeches. Their next bit of gozamorizing will be executed at a feast called the Sophomore Banquet. Log commitments of delete events will have their palates tickled that night.
June 12: Tally-ho! On to ye old Sudbury and Cambridge the Seniors go! Picturesque Wayside Inn will be visited by the dignified colleagues.
June 13: Family Picnic. Our worthy teachers will cast aside their academic duties for a day and jaunt through the mossy woods of Lincoln Woods. Here’s hoping the anemic one on June 5th doesn’t decide to garnish his sandwiches.

VARIOUS STUDENT GROUPS PLAN ALL-COLLEGE FESTIVITY

Dramatic League to Offer "The Lost Elevator."

Wednesday, June 6, has been set as the date for the final undergraduates' presentation of the current school year. All the student organizations of the College will join in presenting the "MCUFA Night entertainment" named "The Lost Elevator," which is being prepared under the direction of Professor Adrian Patterson and Miss Alice Thorpe with the aid of the Drama Club editorial board. The presentation promises to be as successful as in all previous years, last year's effort, which met with much hearty approval from the students and faculty alike.

ANCHOR RIDGE HELD IN GYMNASIUM MAY 15

The Annual Banquet was held Friday, May 18, in the college gymnasium. The gym was gaily decorated with lights and garlands. The students, however, had an attractive centerpiece of yellow roses and a large Marigold table filled with lilacs. A radio in the balcony supplied music. Games were played and puzzles solved in a corner so that the noise would not disturb the concentration of the bridge players. Candy and punch were served by Freshman veterans and panel was served by the Vassar twins.

The committee in charge comprised Helen French, general chairman; Catherine Murray, tables; Elizabeth Krikstein, decorations; Charles B. Wilford, tickets; Phyllis Adams, cousins; and Arthur E. Vassar, punch; Brendan Murphy, publicity; and Carmen Froller, Rose Wolfe, service, Rosalee Keenan, and Irving Conember.

INSTITUTE ON WORLD PROBLEMS TO BE HELD

The annual New England Institute of International Relations will be held at Wellesley College, June 25—July 1. This institute is conducted by people interested in promoting world peace.

Experts in the fields of Education, Economics, History, International Relations, and Sociology will present the problems of peace and war in regular class work. The courses will be arranged in such a way that each participant may attend all the classes. The recreational facilities of the College will be available for the students. A series of public crossing lectures will be held in the assembly room of the Institute.

The Three Anchor Bridge was held Friday, May 18, in the gymnasium. The committee in charge comprised Helen French, general chairman; Catherine Murray, tables; Elizabeth Krikstein, decorations; Charles B. Wilford, tickets; Phyllis Adams, cousins; And All-College Night will be held on Friday night. The institute will be held as a medium through which the real international issues at stake can be determined and interpreted.

It is hoped that some of the students from R. I. C. E, who are interested in this work will be able to attend.

The student groups are planning various novel offerings. The romance language clubs under the direction of Libbie Langen and Alice Lappas are preparing short selections from the folk music and dance of France and Italy. The Children's Literature Club takes its cue from the movies and is developing a hieratical version of "The Little Prince" with music and dialogue. The Men's Club has joined with the Dramatic League to produce Verlaine’s "The Lost Elevator." The cast comprises Louise Boland, Ruth Craig, John Lake, Benjamin Peterson, John Lynch, J. Weston Rogers, Brendan Murphy, Raymond Beiler, Helen Dorney, Gertrude Sarkinich, and Helen Ketra. The Press, Press, Art, and International Relations, and Sociology also are planning offerings: the nature of which they have not disclosed.

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Disraeli Portrayed
Before Large Audience

One of the outstanding dramatic presenta-
tions of the winter season at the Bermuda Theatre was the portrayal of Disraeli. Miss Margaret Joseph, one of the foremost actresses of the American stage, has the honor of having impersonated Disraeli. The performance was executed with a great deal of drama and moody dramatic presentation, which is characteristic of Miss Joseph's playing. Miss Joseph has the distinction of being the first woman to head the entire cast of a play at the Bermuda Theatre. In her portrayal of Disraeli, Miss Joseph did not fail to impress the audience with her ability to bring out the character's personality and to make him come alive on the stage.

The play is a historical drama, dealing with the life and times of Disraeli, the British statesman and prime minister. The play is based on the life of Disraeli, who was a great statesman and a leader in British politics. Miss Joseph's portrayal of Disraeli was well-received by the audience, who were impressed with her ability to bring out the character's personality and to make him come alive on the stage. The performance was a great success and was enjoyed by all who attended.

Although the contents of the Revolted (Continued on Page 4)
A MAN AND HIS BOOK

Few forms of literature can leave me more exhilarated than a first reading of the autobiographical novel. I know of no other type, not even the informal essay, which is so revealing of the man behind the words. But it is even more true in this case, for the name of a character, the writer may do with what he will himself; he may indulge in self-praise, put, or hate; or he may play a rôle of his own. Indeed, he may be accepted as a truism that the prime function of the writer is to write about himself. The autobiographical novel is, therefore, objective writing, being recognized as next to impossible.

As Emerson once wrote: "I loved amusing, but if your verse has any real value, it is as a philosophy, basis, though under whatever guise poetic.

So Margaret, W. Somerset Maugham wrote of that in which he was most interested—himself. He may write as a great book among, but he will not write a more personal one. Mr. Maugham has only one life to live, and the story of that life he has disclosed in the person of Philip Carey, the hero in On Her Majesty’s Service.

The path by which Philip develops into a man and Maugham into an artist was an erratic one. The author’s personal conformation to the enthusiasms and sorrows of his associates had preceded Philip from ever attaining the lofty place to which he aspired; until so much good in every human being that he hesitated to make any step that might be interpreted as a admission. He wanted to become successful but he did not know exactly what success meant. Vague, for many years, from one creed to another, and quite without what, Philip is ever betrayed by a human bondage from becoming anything like that of which he had dreamed in his youth.

"Always his course had been swayed by what he thought he should do or remedies for what he wanted him and sold to do.

"The character Philip reveals to us the man Maugham. Both experienced a period of uncertainty, and naturally, ultimately adopt a philosophy influenced by Rosseyn. In his youth, Philip had been a hopeless student and was growing to a great bond that at the close of the book, he is married and settled into what he would have earlier considered mediocrity.

"The story of Philip’s career is just Maugham’s personal philosophy, as well. He thinks the most obvious and beautiful thing to be that in which a man is born, grows manhood, happiness, children, to his bread, and dies.

"Of Human Bondage is a wholesome book written by a strong and healthy man. His experience is wide enough and of the kind to make him cynical, and he is too much of an artist to represent the world in three dimensions; but this is so with us—a spectacle. Once, at times, his views from this cynicism into a pathetic optimism but never into sentimentalism. However, this is the only time he is ever satirical. In his most recent book, A King, we find him putting into the mouth of a character their words: "

"We do not need Christianity and not to reject it when it’s unpalatable, and to take human nature as you find it, smile and laugh, and agree, without exception when it’s pitiful, is to be cynical, then I suppose I’m a cynic. Mostly human nature is both absurd and sublime; and to do both you need tolerance you find it in more to smile at than to weep."

WEeping WOMAN

SHE tried mightily to control them, but the miniature cannibal in the ash trays crossed her smooth cheek, plowing tiny paths through her powder. Fortunately she swept them away with the back of her hand, for the mincing fingers rolled down her sleeves to take their places. Above her head, like the pounding of a million tiny drums, the rain beat in waves of monotonous sound. She was in a shivering curtain that vanished into the gray, muddy slush at her feet.

A taxi splashed past and she hailed her hand before she thought. With remembrance she lowered her arm slightly, and for the third time powered through the muceous contents of her pocketbook and for the third time found nothing. Every cent had disappeared, there, where she didn’t know. She hesitated to make any step that might be interpreted as a rejection. She brushed off the tears that followed another one in a single line down her cheek.

"Stop this, Helen. Stop it this minute!" She stamped her foot. "Where’s your well-known sense of humor? Laugh, drink, and be merry for tomorrow you will have your five back!" Maugham said. "Laugh, laugh, and think of the romantic possibilities of this. Think of the Dream Man who will gallantly come to your rescue in the villainous ogre by the over-riding Elizabeth’s wishes by claim.

"I’ve got a newspaper," volunteered one. "The story of that life is more personal one. For Maugham, of course, the meager contents of her place by an irregular beat that strummed her, as the play opens, a languid invalid who will not illy to control them, but he did not know exactly what success meant. Vague, for many years, from one creed to another, and quite without what, Philip is ever betrayed by a human bondage from becoming anything like that of which he had dreamed in his youth.

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Laughter

In spontaneous as the wave Dashing against the shore;

Laughter

A blend of Life—

Seasoned with Love and Sorrow.

Mary Hecton

Maugham is honest and no more may be said of any writer.

Brendan Murphy

From under his coat he pulled a soggy newspaper that once has been a news paper. He tried to open it. Suddenly with a shiny sound it fell in skrits at her feet. She laughed as she watched him try to pull himself together. The rain did not seem so horridly gray and dismal. The loss of her money did not appear so irresistible. Her sense of humor had returned. Her eyes twinkled. "That’s all right. It wouldn’t have done much good in this story. Beth Barret," she cocked her knowing eye upward, "I think the rain’s doing some.

There was a subtle change in the sound of his footsteps. The deep booming was replaced by an irregular beat that seemed broken rhythm and then became a soft tapping, only to cease a moment later. The indescribable sheet before them vanished into a hundred drooping rivulets. The grayness of dry snow and wet snow seemed suddenly to sparkle with new life and color.

"See," she cried, "the moon’s not it’s beautiful!" He stopped forward and examined his fine back pocket for money, a pocketful, which thereby disintegrated and reassembled itself in a small river that ran down her stocking.

"Tm sorry. See. I can’t look at the moon without some damage. I think I can navigate through the puddles now. Thanks for the newspaper even if I didn’t use it. Goodbye."

And the fair young maiden was rescued from the villainous ogre by the over-riding Elizabeth’s wishes by claim.

"I’m sorry again," he muttered as he fished it from the deepest part of the dirty water. "I wonder if I’ll ever do anything right! Look and see if you lost anything. Your pocketbook was opened.

"Tm sorry," he whispered. "I’ve got a piece of newspaper—we can—we can’t do anything.

"But I don’t think it will be finished in a grand burst of breath.

He looked like a bearded snow man. His breath wrinkled check, plowing paper. He tried to open it. Suddenly stellar roll, brings us to the review of a

The Barretts of Wimpole Street. By Randolph B knew. Goodbye, now, and be careful you don’t spill any telephone poles down on you.

"I know," he nodded. "I never do anything right."

In her small, dark room, she disconsolately threw her pocketbook and her hat upon the bed. The pocketbook flew open.

Conten (Continued on Page 4)

Towards Parnassus

LAUGHTER

Laughed

In spontaneous as the wave Dashing against the shore;

Laughed

A blend of Life—

Seasoned with Love and Sorrow.

Mary Hecton

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Brendan Murphy

Dawn

I love to see the sun begin to rise

And strew with gold and red the pale

And be careful you don’t spill any telephone poles down on you.

I love to see the beauty of the night

She retreated.

I love to see the sun begin to rise

And strew with gold and red the pale

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WEeping woman (Continued from Page 3)

and a flat, little roll of green hills traced out. Amazed, she closed her eyes for a moment before she ran to it. "Where... What... Why!" she stammered, and picked it up. "Good day, young lady." she finished counting and heared back. With her fingers tips to her lips she smiled. "No," she murmured, "you don't ever do anything right, do you!"

He manipulated a tiny book at the store door. The lock clicked. "Well, game over, easy guy," he said and vanished into the darkness.

Compliments from

AMY BAIIEY LEADS 103
IN AEROE DAY EXERCISES

The Freshman Class, under the able leadership of Amy Bailey, provided the program which commemorated Arbor Day, Friday, May 13. With greetings by Commissioner Walter E. Ranger and Dr. John L. Alger, readings and songs were rendered by members of the Class. At the close of the exercises in the College Auditorium, a Blooded Japanese Maple was planted on the front campus. Among those taking part in the program were Arthur Lee, Marion Walton, Jesse Nelson, Mary Reilly, Margaretta Finney, Barbara Cooper, E. M. McGirt, Bruce Money, and Kathleen Wheddon.

RICOLED TO APPEAR
AT ASMILBY JUNE 6
(Continued from Page 2)

are more or less secret. Here are a few choice tidbits of the five main divisions of the first day with the College in general giving interesting faculty data and campus scenes from new photographic angles. The second is devoted to Seniors, the third shows interesting midnights on all classes and the fourth brings our campus life to the fore. Five and Less in the mysterious heading of the last great division. The artistic motif is strikingly carried out in black and white. Members of the Blended board are: Margaret Joseph, Catherine Murray, Elizabeth Laurence, Carolyn Fowler, Frances Kearny, Elizabeth Simmons, and Charlotte Arnold.

Compliments of the

FAMILY

Compliments of

D. O'B.

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PALACE THEATRE

JAMESTOWN, R. I.

A Day in R. I. C. E.

WE freshmen came to College—and learned to jay-walk crossing through the rotunda. Take for a theme: "Perils of Politeness," or "Can You Beat the World's Record for the Standing Broad Jump?" The disadvantage is all on our side, if they miss the first time, they have a second chance as they come out the other end. Hounds at bay, that's what they are, streaming at the leash.

The meanest man in the world (and it happens to be a girl) came to College early and tuned the dial of everyone's portfolio around so that he had to work the whole combination. Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Did she have it! More people paid!

The opinion of youth—that pertinacious peril of the bulletin board. Why does the unlocking of the case outside the office door reminded us of stars coming to earth?

Chapel... study in faces

A bit of thrilling description in Mr. Fisher's class—the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill. Quotation from one who reads Murray: "One column was going up the right and another up the left, and Roosevelt was in the middle."

Lunch on the front steps. You can't even get an exit from there. One might get poetic if it weren't for the rush crawling into one's sandwich. By the way, if anyone likes lamb sandwiches, we can furnish the names of several people who would willingly exchange theirs for almost anything else.

Those students who have spent so many valuable minutes standing in front of the College debating whether the pillars are Ionic or Corinthian or both or neither, might like to know that one of our own freshmen has expressed her opinion in favor of Iambic Pentameter. However, another school of thought, also founded by one of us, is holding out for Pythagorean.

A tear for John Skeffington in the health room. Poor thing standing there in his bones and having his ribs or vertebral column pointed at by the common hurt. No wonder he has such a sad face... We can't get a bit sentimental, though, about the mass of muscle in the corner... he squeals too much.

Suggestion for improvement of the girl's dressing room—kneewarm water. And maybe soup that doesn't get into one's ring. Also bigger and better mirrors. The one in the 'free' room certainly wrecks the last shred of one's self-assurance. Possible use for it—a cure for a superiority-complex.

The locker room at three... A not unusual tragedy trying to consume a bit of left over lunch.

And so, as the usher at the President's piano planted after the final page, here we are one step nearer the grave.

F. G. M.

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SINIOENS ELEClT WILLARD
AS CLASS DAY ORATOR

One of the most picturesque and interesting traditional days of Commencement is Class Day, which this year comes on June 22. Charles B. Willard will be the third orator of the day and will give the usual inspiring Class Day oration. Other features of the afternoon will be the traditional reading of the打了 on 1934, "The Morning Ranger, Wildcat, etc., by Catherine Murray, class historian; the Senior Ode by Kathleen F. Kethley; and the awarding of degree pins to the Seniors by various faculty members.

The exercises open with a procession from the college building to the hidden grove at the end of the campus. The Seniors in their caps and gowns are preceded by white-gowned class marshals, the Sophomore Chain, and the faculty in their academic robes. Immediately follow the exercises the Seniors and their guests will be entertained by theJunior Class at an informal campus tea.

FACULTY ENTERTAINED
AT FORMAL TEA MAY 18

The customary tea and reception given by the Seniors of Rhode Island College for the graduate and faculty of the College was held on May 18, 1934, in the reception room of the College. Mary Higgins gave a reading of "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes, and June Murray read "Where Future Lies" by Howard Gilding. Vocal selection by Helen Doering and a piano solo by Lucile Larenzio provided the musical part of the program.

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