New Hampshire Teacher Succeeds Dr. Archer

Miss Gertrude McGunigle, successor to Dr. Archer in the music department, came to Rhode Island College of Education from State Teachers College in Plymouth, New Hampshire, where she taught for nine years. She received her B.A. from Mr. Holyoke where she later substituted as voice teacher and choir director, and her M.A. from Columbia University. She gained other experience by acting a state teachers college in New York and at a school for girls in Indiana.

While at Columbia, Miss McGunigle was voted into the national honorary music fraternity, Sigma Alpha Iota. She has studied singing for many years, and has been a soloist in churches and before women's clubs and other organizations.

Not only does Miss McGunigle teach music and voice, but she also writes music. She is the composer of several children's songs which have been published in the Instructor, the Cradle Teacher, and Child.

(Continued on Page 4)

I. R. C. TEA GIVEN FOR FRESHMEN

Activities Outlined

On Tuesday, September 14, the International Relations Club sponsored a tea for the incoming Freshman Class. Gay Beausoleil and Rae O'Neill were in charge of arrangements for the first major social affair of the newly inaugurated Freshman Week.

The purpose of the gathering was to interest Freshmen in the International Relations Club as well as to orient them to college life. It is important for everyone to be awake to the rapid happenings in inter-

(Continued on Page 4)

Extension Courses Given by Former R. I. C. E. Professor

Mr. John B. Archer, former head of the music department of Rhode Island College of Education, is giving a course for teachers entitled "Nationalistic Music" at West Senior High School. The course will begin Monday, October 11, at 4:00 o'clock.

Dr. Archer will begin an extension course at Brown University entitled Great Composers. "It is the purpose of this course to trace the meanderings of the Concerto from its beginnings in the early 1600's through the Baroque, the Classic, and the Romantic periods to our own perplexing Moderns with whom the form seems to be a prime favorite. As nearly every one of the great composers has had a go at it, and as the work of each contributor mirrors, in a sense, the life of his time, this flexible chronological t r e a t m e n t should provide a varied and highly colorful canvas."
**Service Alumni**

Jack Fallon is a squadron leader in the V-12 at Brown. Ben Read is now a 2/c seaman in Uncle Sam's Navy. Francis Searle and Arthur Nelson are also at Brown, serving as Squadron Commanders. Raymond Monahan is now at the City College of New York. Fred Johnson, at last reports, was training with the Army Air Corps in Louisiana. Joseph Young has graduated from Columbia and is now an Ensign in U.S.N.R.

**Back the Attack**

Just

"Le Baron" Kwansicki

Somehow in the South Pacific

Where the sun is never seen.

Where the sky is usually cloudy and the grass is very green.

Where the Geaney birds toss nightly, rubbing their blest sleep.

Where there isn't any whiskey, and two cans of beer a week.

Somehow in the South Pacific where the sunshine bakes the green.

Where ice-water's nonexistent and this skin is slightly clean.

Where you get so tired and lonesome for the folks you left behind.

And then you write a letter telling them that you are fine.

Somehow in the South Pacific where the mail is always late.

Where Christmas cards in April are considered silly.

Where we always sign the payroll but we never get a cent.

Though we never miss the money, there is no place where it's spent.

Somehow in the South Pacific where they say the trade winds blow.

Where your thoughts are drifting, to the one you used to know.

Where the moon shines so brightly, where stars twinkle in the sky.

Where eyes well up so quickly, full of tears, yet you never cry.

Somehow in the South Pacific where a battle has been won.

Where the Stars and Stripes forever will be flying in the sun.

Where you talk about the future, planning things that you will do.

And then you stop and wonder—when will those dreams come true?

Somehow in the South Pacific where the sea-birds moan and cry.

And the lumbering deep sea turtle leaves his home on the beach to dry.

Oh, take me back to the U. S. A., the place I love so well.

For this South Sea Island Paradise is awfully close to HELL.

**THE ANCHOR**

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**THIS YEAR AT THE COLLEGE**

We have not been long back from our summer experiences in which we did literally hundreds of intriguing, fascinating things, and yet it is greatly in evidence that we have brought back with us a more cheerful, more invigorating spirit. It is in evidence, not alone through the bustling air of activity which pervades the College as students initiate Freshmen into college life, plan teas, dances, and socials, and elect new officers to guide the Freshmen, but in the rapid, sober settling down of the student crowd in the libraries, and the quick, sober settling down of the entire College to the year's work.

There is a better spirit among the students of R. I. C. E. this year because every single individual who has returned to college after a summer of work, who has cast aside the travesty glory of high wages and patriotic jobs, is ready and most willing to do good work in college. All the doubts assailing young people—doubts of whether teaching is their strength—doubts of whether they are strong enough to preserve this great place for their country. You may think it's your skin is slightly clean.

I have been waiting for this week, to roll around in order that I could write you about these past summer months. I say "past" because from the feel of the air, summer is over, in about 12 months. Despite the early rising, things have certainly been wonderful. The Navy officers, the college professors, and of the rest of the fellows in the unit are all grand. This program is a break that most of us realize is a lucky one, and I for one am not going to throw it away.

The studies are tough. I have been juggling it out with the books since my first class, and only now am I gaining a little ground. I am taking Engineering, Drawing, Physics, Chemistry, and advanced Calculus. I sleep and eat anything that has to do with math, the courses are so concentrated. If you drop a problem and are foolish enough to pick it up, you miss about two weeks' work at the ordinary pace. Nevertheless, I am getting a really wonderful education and am thankful for it. I went out for the football team and stand a pretty good chance of making the squad. I have also been pledged into one of the fraternities, the Delta Upsilon. I never thought much about the latter until I came up here, but I do think it will do me a lot of good. I never knew how much assistance you can get from your friends, so it is good to have plenty around.

I felt a bit sad Monday when I knew College was opening. I would have liked to have been there, because I thought a lot of my classmates and the faculty. This turn of events has not shatterted my desire to be a teacher. If anything, it has strengthened the desire, since I may have a better chance now to become an instructor of some sort.

---

John Fallon

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**They gave their merry youth away for country and for God.**—Spenser of Oxford

LEONARD MAILLOUX, Class of '41

Captain in the Marine Air Corps

Killed in the Pacific Area

JOHN HETHERMAN, Class of '40

Lieutenant Navy Air Corps

Killed in action in Australia

"For whoever will save his life shall lose it; but whoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."—Luke 9:24

ALSTON SUGDEN, Class of '42

is missing in action in the South Pacific area.
ONE OVER
By H. L. Phillips
Reprinted from Evening Bulletin
("Three American airmen, Edward Malloy, Vogel, Tennessean Iszie Goldberg, the Bronx, N. Y., and Edwin J. Sigwalt, Waynesboro, III., killed in a take-off in San Juan, Porto Rico, were buried side by side with a Protestant chaplain, a Roman Catholic priest and a rabbi officiating. The flag which they fought so long to win was flown over them.")

I
A Chaplain, a priest, and a rabbi-Protestant, Catholic, Jew.
Three faiths in a single casket.

II
A lad from the Bronx: another.
One-O-Two changed to Reception Room.

The national power, the story might begin.

III
This is the nation's power,
Treasurer ;
Chairman of Social Committee and treasurer of the French Club: and treasurer of the French Club in her sophomore year.

Miss Muriel Benson, a graduate of the School of Medicine from July fifth through the fourteenth. The subject of the discussion was "Witnessing Peace". Miss Elizabeth Schaefer who attended the conference with them, said that the Hay had it that the class of 43, describes its activity while there. "We awakened each morning by the clanging of our dormitory's first floor, we hurried to breakfeast, attended a short Quaker meeting, and proceeded to the morning lectures. We lasted until noon-time, when we were free to swim, play tennis or softball, or shop at the Center.

At quarter of five every afternoon, we returned to the Institute. There, each lecturer gathered in an informal group about him for discussion and argument. After supper came another lecture and an enjoyable social hour before retirement. During the course of the lectures and discussions many important questions received attention. These included such subjects as India, the social problem, the re-education and feeding of Europe, and our own relations with South America. My favorite speaker was Mr. Remba, a Presbyterian, who did not hesitate to tell us the true feeling of the South American towards us. He believes we need more en-"
TWO GONE
FIFTY-EIGHT
HOPEFULS LEFT

A double shower, held in the Col-
lege Reception Room, for Miss Mary
Dunn and Miss Sophia Marszalek,
highlighted the junior program on
September 28. After a humorous
poem recited by our gifted trage-
dienne, Miss Carolyn Hershon, each
Bakerian was presented with a
Chatham blanket. Music was pro-
vided by verdad Miss Rae K.
(Nortz) and followed by light refres-
ishments. Miss Dorothy Horne
was encore for the affair.

Miss Dunn will become Mrs.
James Dougherty on October 2 and
Mrs. Marszalek will become Mrs.
Martin O'Neill on October 9.

FROM OTHER PUBLICATIONS

Brown Herald-Record
Brown University

So this is the Army—from the
Out of The Side of Our Face Depart-
ment. Each editorial committee
huddled on the steps of Alumnae,
eying the weather and muttering weird
charms and incan-
sations. They had already consulted
the Weather Bureau, the
Journal, and assorted rhyming words—and
received nothing in truth but a
couple of censored’s from the
government and one from Hays’ Office.

Then they laughted and laughed.
Here was the campus just filthy
with Meteorologists—and they were
wondering about the weather. Bouncing
up to the first prophet, they posed
their question—Well, he said, “It’s
clear in the Fast, and that’s what
counts.” It’s interesting to note that
with or without Meteorologists, we
still worry about weather on Prom
nights.

Western Washington Collegian
Western Washington College of
Education

Four different types of Chinese food
are in addition to rice, tea, and
fortune cakes were on the menu
Tuesday night at the Chinese Cafe.
The dinner was attended by
18 WWC students.

Chopsticks were used by everyone
to keep an eye on the
various fortunes made predictions reg-
going money, love, and success in business.
The Chinese dinner was a feature
of the summer recreation program
under Miss Ruth Weisman.

ODE TO DIETERS

Miss McGunagle
Continued from Page 1

By R. K. O’Neill

To diet isn’t so much fun—
Oh, how I wish I had that bun!
You eat and watch the others eat
While you, poor you, must pass the
bread.

You pick the berries for the pie,
But sorrowfully you pass it by—
You take your broth without the—

Potatoes cause your heart to flutter.
You shall not unwarrant be
For such a fierce tenacity,
For all your pounds shall pass away
To come again some other day.

INQUIRE YOUR HOME
AGAINST HITLER!

Miss McGunagle
Continued from Page 1

dren’s Activities. Her latest song
“Little Eleven,” is to be published in
the forthcoming edition of the
World-Telegram Music Hour
Series for the Second Grade.

Although a native of Boston, Miss
McGunagle admits with a twinkle
in her eye that Rhode Island is “a
rather quaint place.” She plans to
continue the A Cappella Choir and
is very eager for the formation
of an all-college orchestra. She would
like anyone who plays a musical in-
sstrument, or who would like to play,
to see her as soon as possible in order
that a definite start may be made.

Following the custom, the A Cap-
ella Choir will give a performance
at Christmas time and again in the
spring. There it also the possibility
that a choir group will be formed to
lead hymn singing at chapel.

I. R. C. Tea

Continued from Page 1

national affairs, and the Interna-
tional Relations Club is the means
by which the students at Rhode
Island College of Education are of-
fered the opportunity to hear promi-
inent speakers and to present prob-
lem situations to students from
other colleges throughout the
country.

RICE FLAKES

The scholastic year opened with
Seniors, Sophomores, Juniors, Fresh-
men, a few lovely ones, and much
leg make-up very much in evidence.

The Freshmen weren’t the only
bewildered students during opening
week. The A Cappella Choir continued
to read all the Freshmen no-	ices, while many Juniors headed for
Barnard Practice, accustomed them-
selfs to that last-minute change from
afternoon socks to rayons.

Last year’s social life problems
seem to have been solved for
past or otherwise and from where
the men? Also connected with the
women’s movement by the Student
Council President the other A.
M. of a definite goal in the sale of
war bonds and bonds. How about buy-
ing a jeep and naming it Rice?

WARM SAVINGS STAMPS

Rafael 4696

AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS
TO BUY

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Compliments of

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Providence, R. I.