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Three Ph.D.'s Join College-Barnard Faculty Group

Dramatic League Observes 20th Year; Professor Patterson Directs Group

Student-Faculty Program to Open Season Oct. 22 With One-Act Plays

Council Leader Chosen

Anchor and Ricolde Editors Selected For Coming Terms

Professor Mary M. Lee

To Preside at 100th Institute Sessions
In Scholarly Pursuit

Our first forum should establish a precedent for the intelligent handling of all petty irritants to come. Here, with a few tactful phrases, our thinkers subdued the Anchor controversy. Because they presented facts rather than emotional appeals, the widespread discussion which followed brought light and agreement. Deny, if you can, that college

Homo Sapiens

Roughly Speaking

The leaders in extracurricular activities bemoan the fact that they have no one to lead. Enthusiasm of club members wanes early in the college year. First meetings are blessed with a number of avid members, who register, perhaps pay dues, and then disappear until such time as club pictures are to be taken. A few carry on stoically to the end. Two, three, or four active participants may effectively engage in tete-a-tete, but the main object—intense interest on the part of those who join—is seldom fulfilled.

Flagged enthusiasm is not wholly the student's fault. This is not a campus college. The student's every waking moment cannot be concentrated here. Home life, with all that it entails, claims him part time. The business world makes its encroachments, too. On Thursday evenings, especially, lucrative enterprises are irresistible. All these leaders seldom consider. Now is the time to think about this problem and, along with it, the fact that we must stop attempting to ape the "dorm" college. Time is the dominant factor in determining what we can give of ourselves to a club.

But, despite the fact that some students are pressed for time, there are many who are free until supper. Some in this group are so confused

To the Editor

Dear Editor:

We, the men of the Freshman Class, would like to be heard. We think that the girls of Rhode Island College of Education, for the most part, are well trained and charming people. But like all, they are not perfect. There are, at present, five glaring faults which we would like to help overcome:

(1) Cheating gum—Remedy: look into a mirror, and be frightened.

(2) Making noise—Remedy: try hard but, "girls will be girls!"

(3) Failing to keep Sigma Rhino clean—Remedy: apply theory of domesticity.

After all, we hope that some of you will marry in the future. What sort of home will you have if you don't keep it clean? How will you hold your man?

On the other hand, we thank you for the friendliness and aid you rendered us from the very beginning. Our special gratitude goes to those students who helped us secure books and other needed equipment. We thought this a good opportunity to thank you for your interest in us, and, in turn, help you by our suggestions.

The Men

ALL THIS I KNOW

The land was free, but far away. The people were weary, but eager. Freedom, bought or rented only for a time, had always demanded dearly of them. Brevity meant fidelity, strength, perseverance, courage—sometimes despair. All there they had. And so they came. "Give" was their motto. Give all you have to this unfriendly liberty, whether it be mental ingenuity or love of justice, or tolerance for all, or just sweat and tears—all can be used. All were used. They lived by the fields; they drank of the streams; they grew.

Then there was a new sound in the world—the steady, sure beat of a new heart, of this nation, sending out the breath of spirit, and animal, and man, and freedom. They found a land. They left it a nation.

Now all this and more are ours. Still the land is free. Yet the people of the world are weary. Now they do not come "here"; "here" goes out to them, still giving of ingenuity, justice, tolerance, and life. America's strength radiates, warming an earth made cold by wealth, by unbridled ambition, and by too much freedom. America's might answers all scornful "too soft" with a defiant self-confidence in the right. Never will she sink into oblivion; never will she yield to any tyrant; never will she be second to any nation.

All this I know.

With mission in mind, as crusader for right; with goal in sight, complete and unbinding freedom for all men; America again opens up a world of promises. What Franklin Roosevelt was to America in the depression years, America is peace-seeking years. Claire Reine

Untouched by war. Some places are Japanese settlements, cleaner and prettier than the Okinawan natives, and the fellows who have seen them believe that it would be better to "forgive and forget" rather than continue the non-fraternization plan. I have found Okinawa a pleasant and beautiful island. Every American would rather be back in the old U.S.A., but if one must serve outside of the continental limits, Okinawa is as fine a place as any could be.

A former R. I. C. E. Student,

Bill McIntyre
(1315 points)
Spencer Tracy Tracked

This is the tale of three would-be reporters who invaded the sanctum of the Theatre in quest of an interview. The whole episode began in the browsing corner of the library, where they planned the search for Spencer Tracy—and drafted the letter which was to be their opening.

The stage door was open. The performance schedule was posted. That looked good. The sound of hammerings and men’s voices echoed from the stage. That sounded good. Then a huge man walked by, carrying a case of cocktail shakers. Definitely, he should be followed.

"He ain’t here. Nobody’s here." "But we’re reporters!"

"Oh... (a bit incredulously) "Hey, Bill!" Out came the stage manager, a short, sandy-haired man with a Cyrano de Bergerac nose and an ingratiating manner. No. It wasn’t wise to leave our letter there.

Before they could catch their breath, the three were quite unceremoniously hustled toward the box office. There, they deposited the letter, and, like three recently apprehended thieves, sneaked out. All they could do now was wait for an answer. Or try to discover whether Spencer Tracy was at the

Faculty Welcomes New Members

New members of the Rhode Island College of Education and Henry Barnard School faculty and staff were honored at a tea held Wednesday, October 10, in the College Reception Room. The guests of honor included the following:

Henry Barnard School faculty and staff included:

- Miss Blanche Beirne of Warwick
- Miss Mary E. Brennan
- Miss Catherine T. Murray of Henry Barnard School

Baltimore, the Narragansett, or the Labrador!

No answer came. Perhaps no one had received the letter. So, to the telephone. A call to the theatre produced one result. During the conversation, which on the reporter end was a series of "Yes’ve in ringing inflections, it was learned that the man to see was Mr. Brennan. Mr. Brennan? Spencer Tracy’s manager, of course. Now the heads were beginning to appear.

Another theatre visit seemed the solution.

Again, the three peeked in the stage door. Stale cigarette smoke and the odor of paint were chasing each other round and round the entrance way. Someone’s deserted sandwich (it could be his!) lay on a step. In the theatre, moreover, were people—sitting watching the play. This wasSilhouetted, a momentary performance of some kind. Authoritatively, the three walked down the aisle, vainly trying to hide the piles of books which somehow lent a hollowness atmosphere to the whole thing.

It was extremely interesting watching the stage revolve, as final touches were put on the scenery. First a rather gloomy setting faced them, done in subdued greens, grays and browns, and complete with a stage hand reposing in an easy chair. Then with a few heaves and a great many grunts, they were presented with a grass-covered hill and a few palm trees. Suddenly, at that moment, the theatre lights dimmed, and the stage was darkened, except for a brilliant blue light which formed the background of tropical sky. As branches and jungle foliage next came down gently from the ropes above the curtain.

The effect was breathtakingly lovely. Now the girls sat and talked. Evidently, a voice came booming from the theatre.

Bounded Without Shackles

It was a lovely autumn morning in the bright-washed sunlight when all the world sparkled and bubbled with a happiness that she, too, shared. It was strange, somehow, to be once more a part of this world—the world that had so touched her. It was strange, too, to realize how much she had missed of the lovely autumn which now surrounded her. The briskness of the wind, the rustle of the leaves, the smell—ah, the smell of the air, heavy with apples and the smoke from burning leaves!

Yes, it was strange that she should be here, braving herself against the wind, and drinking in the beauty of October. It was unbelievable that she could be so aware of fall, when her mind was so full of Danny. Yet, somehow, Danny and October were one in her mind.

Maybe this was the natural reaction of a girl who learns her husband is alive. Yes—that was it. She was just beginning to live again, he herself! All these months, she had been a shell—a sort of automat with senses dead. And now—now, she must live for Danny, too! Strange—what a telegram in October can do.

It was a chilly night, but from somewhere, a comfortable warmth had crept under the covers of his hospital cot. It was half-and-half and soft; morphine droolinwhich brushed aside the nightmare of the past months, he could see her again, and feel her closeness. It would be October, and she would be standing on a hill with her hands behind her back, and her face lifted toward the wind. How like a child she seemed; in her love of riotous color! And the brilliant blue of the October sky would always be his backdrop—Nora, October and Nora—both so full of life and life—inescapable. October—capturing two hearts a thousand miles apart and welding them together in common delight.

Mary Jo Trayner
New Faculty  
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Miss Catherine Murray, Henry Barnard teacher, graduated from our college in 1924. While in college, she was the editor of the Anchor and Ricepol. In 1935, she began teaching English at Aldrich High, where she was a charter member of the faculty. Miss Murray coached the school plays and was a member of several faculty productions. She now is studying for her M.A. at Rhode Island College of Education.

Tracy Tracked  
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the orchestra, "O. K. All the gorillas on stage!"

Immediately their friends across the aisle rose en masse and sauntered toward the voice. It was a bit disconcerting, being left alone. In time, however, as people began to walk dangerously close to their seats, the three learned how to make history notes look like an acceptable script for "The Rugged Path."

In case their little ruse didn't work, an elaborate system of escape was being planned, involving crawling to the nearest exit. Luckily such drastic measures were not needed, and gradually the reporters again began to enjoy the proceedings as the director, Garson Kanin, made his remarks.

Tri Dea.

Rice Flakes

Heads up, "ye gates."

And see who rates--

Orchids in abundance to Velma Young and Mildred Holt. Gar­
dens to Marion Whipple. Daisies to Charles P. Willis, Ilma Merkowitz, and Kath­
leen Shannon for helping to illum­
ite the building with their spark­
eries. We're tossing pretty pop­pies in the way of Mr. and Mrs. Al­
who is flying the colors of Delta Tau Delta, Ruth Pyka and Bar­
bara Stump, the White Stars of Sigma Nu, and Julie Malatt and Elena del Guinide, the "bat­ting" weeds of Sigma Rho. Last but not least, a bunch of daffodils go to Sarah Epstein for winning the door prize at the U.S.O.

Practical application of college study, psycho­
y as in Dr. Whipple's speeches in Chapel; the stormy forum session--Shakespeare as in the case of the poor little Freshman who found a quotation from the play "I'd"--as in Barbara Rickert's own rendition of "Baby Take a Bow!"--Physical education as in the disabilities of Mary Holmes, ("cholello") Hope Williamson, (routed something or other) Marion Lund, (H20 O)l--Biology as in the telling of fish stories and hunting the habitat of butterflies--Nature Study as in the deadrump's of Bob Collinge--

Freshmen Receive Triple Welcome

September 10 marked the opening of the traditional Freshman Week, "Governess and Education." After registration, Freshmen and Juniors met in the Reception Room. At this informal get-together, Mary Holton, President of the Junior Class, welcomed and intro­duced the Freshmen and Juniors from the junior-senior. After this day, the Freshmen were identified by bib, bow and rattle.

On September 11, members of the International Relations Club ac­quainted newcomers with the pur­pose of this organization. Harold Jenkins, Executive Secretary of the World Affairs Council, was guest speaker.

On September 13, the Juniors wheeled their Baby Sisters into the auditorium where the "christening" took place. Here, the Freshmen were given a special assignment. Punish­ment was administered to disobed­i­ent babies by junior members of the Bowling Board. The activities of the various clubs were then explained by the "sisters". Banded, Miss Mulligan and Sylvia Whitehead, Freshmen, also took part in the program, which was followed by square dancing.

Virginia Bossette was chairman of the committee arranging the af­

For the League, a group of R.

Dramatic League  
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On October 22, the League will present three one-act plays, "What Men Live By," an adaptation by Virginia Church of Tolstoy's story. The following students are taking part: Theresa Tebesch, MaryNor­tion, Grace O'Brien, Betty Doyle, Madeleine Walsh, Marion Lund, James H. Cummings, Robert F. Collings, Richard Kells, and John Kenyon. The "Florist Shop" by Winifred Hawkridge is a prize play written at Harvard in the Baker Workshop. Portraying the characters are Therese Marchand, Julia Malatt, John Kenyon, Robert F. Collings, and Mrs. Kells. The faculty have selected "The Pot Boiler," a comedy by Alice Gersten­berg. On stage will be Miss Mary E. Loughrey, Miss Gertrude E. Mulligan, Miss Neva L. Lang­worthy, Mr. John G. Read, Mr. Clifford E. Pearce, Mr. Charles Underhill, and Mr. Gaetano Cavicchia.

At its first meeting of the year, the Dramatic League elected its of­icers and appointed standing commit­tees for property, lighting, make­up, publicity, scenity, and reading. The following officers were elected: President, Therese Marchand; First Vice-President, Mrs. Kelly; Second Vice-President, Genna Duggan; Secretary, Elena Del Guinide; Treasurer, Patricia Dono­van.

Faculty Tea  
Continued from Page 5

eye bugs are prominently displayed along with other specialties.

Dean Connor was chairman of the committee which was composed of Miss Amy A. Thompson, Miss Neva L. Langworthy, Miss W. Christine Carlson, Miss Katherine L. Cuzner, Mrs. Edith C. Becker, Miss Lucy F. Hanley, and Miss Lillian E. Swan.