Editor Announces “Ricolo” Progress

Miss Julia Malatt, newly-elected editor-in-chief of the Ricolo, reports that work on the yearbook is progressing smoothly and rapidly.

Unconsciously, Miss Malatt “divulged” that the general theme of the book will be in keeping with the cosmic peace. With war-time restrictions lifted, the 1946 issue promises to have more pages and more pictures.

Other members of the Ricolo staff include Associate Editor, Patricia Rochford; Literary Editor, Beth Cashman; Photography Editor, Ruth Bevington; and Art Editor, Margaret Priestsly. Dr. Hughes is acting as Art Advisor; Professor Becker, as Art Advisor; Professor Underhill, as Financial Advisor; and Professor Read, as Photography Advisor.

Snaps contributed by students will enhance the artistic worth of the Ricolo.

Soccerites Splurge At Oriental Supper

Over 100 Attend

The annual supper held on November 14 in the College cafeteria marked a grand finale to the soccer season. Gay hostesses, robed in ornate Chinese gowns, colorful oriental decorations, and that sumptuous Chinese dish, Ha Cha Hot Chow, transported students to the Far East. The Freshmen were granted the traditional privilege of doing K. P.

Frances Gannon, chairman, was assisted by the following: Eleanor Crook, Alice Finan, Louise Germani, Rita Kenny, Roberta Higgins, Phyllis Berardi, Mardyn O'Connor, Shirley Quimby, and Phyllis Horton. The hostesses were Joan Doyle, Kathleen Shannon, Phyllis Berardi, Dolores Linderman, Mary Nunes, Mary Sullivan, June Merkovich, and Nancy O'Neill. Alice Hurl, Phyllis Horton, Sheila Fay, Mary Arbor, Theresa Ford, Jane Francis, Janet Dougan, and Elizabeth Corrigan served efficiently.

Among those who sat at the head table were Dr. and Mrs. Lucius Whipple, Mrs. Bertha M. Andrews, Miss Neva Langworthy, and Dr. Florence M. Ross.

Six Seniors, Three Juniors In Who's Who

Six members of the Senior Class and three members of the Junior Class have been elected to Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges for 1946. Seniors who received this honor are Julia Malatt, Patricia Rochford, Doris McGinty, Elizabeth Doyle, Eleanor Jordan, and Marie Thorpe.

Juniors are Marion Lund, Mary Holton, and Andrew Livesey.

Considerations for election to this national publication are scholarship, leadership, character, participation in extracurricular activities, and the possession of qualities indicating future usefulness to society. Here at Rhode Island College of Education, students are elected by a committee comprised of the Student Council, Student Council advisors, the Dean of Men, the Dean of Women, and the Director of Training.

Miss Malatt, editor-in-chief of the Ricolo, is a member of Student Council and of Kappa Delta Pi. On the Anchor staff for three years, she was feature editor in her junior year. She was a member of the Choir in her freshman and sophomore years, and won the Poetry Reading Contest in her sophomore year. Miss Malatt is an active member of the Dramatic League.

Miss Rochford, associate editor of the Ricolo, was president of her class and of her Junior Class. She has been news and art editor of the Anchor and was a member of the Daisy Chain in her sophomore year. At present she is a member of Kappa Delta Pi.

Miss McGinty has been Social Committee Chairman of her class.

Juniors Herald Social Season With Prom at Agawam Hunt

Favors Denote Return of Peace

Chairman Hope Williamson announces that the Junior Prom, first major social event of the college season, is definitely scheduled for December 1. At the ever-popular Agawam Hunt, smartly gowned Riccans will trip the light fantastic to the music of Tommy Masso and his orchestra. This gala event is to have a definite post-war aura—indicating favors! The type of favor is enticing, a secret. However, the Junior Prom is not to be held within the college, outside couples are limited to the relatives of students. However, a large number of Riccans are anticipated for their social season.

Hope Williamson, able Junior Chairman, is in charge of arrangements. Her committee is Nancy Hooker, Marion Lund, Maureen Maloney, Barbara Murray, Doris Wilson, and Mary Holton, ex-officio.

Dramatic Leagues Boost Victory Loan

To boost the Victory Loan, the Dramatic League presented three one-act plays on November 19.

The Neighbors, a comedy about a small town family headed by a spinster grandmother, was enacted by Virginia Andrews, Betty Armstrong, Eleanor Jordan, John Kran­yon, Doris Lavallee, Helen Page, Norbert Salas, and Mary Jo Traynor.

The members of the Flower Shop cast repeated their performance of October 22.

Through the Keyhole

The editor said “Get the facts about Stunt Night. Use them as a basis. Work in a little imagination. Test on a dash of color. And serve the story ‘student style.”

Heh, heh, heh.

We nonchalantly attempted to walk into our first meeting noted only by Miss Holton, president over by Mary Mulligan, Freshman Chairman. Nonchalance didn’t work. In spite of our assumed ease, socks, and ingratiating smiles, Miss Mulligan said we weren’t Freshmen. How did she know?

Next, we tried subtlety. The unsuspecting Sophomore Stunt-Night-er, Edna Passano, was in the locker room. When cornered into a corner, and threatened with threats, she unwillingly made a statement, “No”!

Informality was the keynote when we wandered into a Junior meeting in search of Kay Mitchell. We wanted to see Kay. Kay didn’t care to see us. We left. By this time, Dear Editor, we felt like allergies. Nobody wanted us!

Dauntlessly, to the bulletin board we hastened, jotted a note to Senior, Pat Donovan, and thought, “That questionnaire’ll fool her.”

(Continued on Page 3)

Buy Victory Bonds
THE ANCHOR

Published monthly by the students of Rhode Island College of Education

Editorial Board

Editor-in-Chief
Elizabeth Doyle
News
Claire Anger
Feature
Mary J. Trayner
Make-up
Mary T. Walsh
Business
Edna Passano
Circulation
Barbara Murray
Exchange
Genevieve Baughan
Alumni
Mary Black

Subscription Price
$1.00 per year - 10c per single copy

PAEAN TO PEACE

Thanksgiving this year is a time to praise God and to reflect upon the blessing of peace. The word "thanksgiving" connotes gratitude and presupposes a struggle. The Pilgrims, in celebrating the first Thanksgiving, acknowledged to God the wealth of harvest which was won from the soil at the cost of life and pain. On this Thanksgiving, we of the United Nations must not only sing the paean to Peace, but must reflect upon that Peace born in the soil of struggle.

Attempts have been made, in the past to secure for the world a permanent peace. They failed. Why? Primarily because the peace that was sought did not exist in the hearts and minds of the seekers. We had treaties proving peace extant and a League to enforce it, but there was no feeling of interdependence among nations to animate this peace. The United Nations to profit from this mistake must foster interdependence.

Implicit confidence of one nation in every other nation is mandatory to interdependence. This does not mean that the United States must condone each and every action of one of the United Nations, but that we must realize that our need for each nation is as great in the prosecution of peace as it was in the struggle for war. It is unfortunate, but true, that fellowship on a grand scale comes easily only to those who have had war.

A spirit of sacrifice motivated the war. We gave young blood on Mars' altar; we worked long hours; and we put our savings into War Bonds. Will we be willing to work as hard for peace? There is no alternative. No price was too high to pay for the successful prosecution of war; no price should be too high in the greater goal of peace.

Peace is a delicate, precision instrument that is entrusted to the United States. Hold gently, Americans, your share of the blessing of peace.

NO LETTER TODAY

Letters to the Editor are so few that they are non-existent. Unfortunately we, the editors, were born with an inherent love of mail which in our present position is failing to be satisfied. Aside from bills and one or two "thank you" notes, our box is empty. Of course, there was that time that someone mistook the box for an ice chest, but we have forgiven that. At least, someone used the box even if it was not for its original purpose—mail.

Why do you not write? Are you so pleased with our publication effort that you have only constructive criticism and think it might give us some pleasure? Poor we, we must toil without reward! Or has that post-examination lethargy caught you in its clutches? The effort to rouse yourself will be rewarded. There is nothing more satisfying to a jaded spirit than seeing one's literary endeavor in print. You have the opportunity. The space is free. Perhaps, if we charged you a dollar an inch, you would value it more. Why must monetary worth always enhance an object?

Take advantage of a free opportunity. As long as your topic concerns us and you in any way, we will receive it kindly. Write that letter today!

Rice Flakes

Now It Can Be Told—All that was broken at the Senior Barn Dance was the "stop and go driving" record by Mr. Underhill, and the bones of those dignified seniors who were crushed in the hay wagon. So there! She Wears a Pair of Silver Wings—nice work, Ellen Fay. He Meets Her on Monday—or was it by more coincidence that the "Dewdrop" and Mr. Collins were both absent from class on Monday, November 5? I'll Be Seeing You—says Kay (It is better to have loved and lost) Mitchell, if the juniors can dig up enough "mooles" to get her a magnifying glass. O! You Beautiful Doll—Betty Armitage at the W.A.A. Halloween dance, dressed as a-well, you name it. Phyllis Berardi, however, took the prize. Spanish Senorita. June Is Bustin' Out All Over—and so was Claire Anger's locker when Marie O'Brien got in and closed the door. Hubba, Hubba, Hubba—Spike. Rosevilk's Mlle. Pumpsick at the P.C. Harvest Dance. Sentimental Journey—Ruthie Pyka's New York trip to the Midshipmen's Graduation and Ball. Why Don't Ya Do Right—Tacky Maloney seen at Rhodes with another man. Ta-Ta! A year ago potential prom-trotters were using the milne term "G.F.P." as a key. This isn't a time for subtlety, however, and it's There Must Be a Way!

In a Moment of Madness Mr. Ethier consented to accompany 51 Frosh to Boston, 11:50 p.m.—the time at which Jimmie Baughan was seen removing her shoes at the Captain's Dance at Brown. Also seen at said dance (with their shoes on) were Marion Lund, Barbara Stamp, and Barbara McNally. Just a Little Fond Affection—being shown Eileen Russell as Roy Roy, at the Bus Station, Yab-Ta-Ta—Nancy Ferri debating at the Forum to the rhythm of Knit One, Pearl Two. I'll Walk Alone in Helen Gandol's theme as far as a certain littering from Brooklyn is concerned. Swinging on a Star—Shirley Bassoing, when one of her pupils said, "I was never interested in reading until you came along."

Don Mcintosh

IN MEMORIAM

19??

1945

A token of love and remembrance
Of a piano that's gone to rest
Its memory to us is a treasure
Though its tone was not the best

ANNOUNCEMENT OF BIRTH

November 1 1945

Today faculty and students
Of dear R. L. E. T.
Are happy to announce the arrival
Of a brand new grand piano.

SERVICEMEN'S LETTERBOX

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Doctor Donovan,

On October 1, I left Manila by plane, destination Tokyo, but due to inclent weather—a rather measly word for the typhoon that forced us to stay for three days on Okinawa—our arrival was late. Okinawa can best be described as being similar to a most desolate part of Cape Cod on a fall day. Trees, shrubbery, and cool sea breezes were the closest things to the states I've experienced so far.

A week ago yesterday, I set foot for the first time on Japanese soil. At Tachikawa air strip, some 20 minutes from Tokyo, our plane landed and we were met by a group of twelve little Japanese girls, clad in kimonos and street-dress (overcoats or slacks are what the clothing resembles; right now I can't remember the term for them). A minute number of skirts or dresses are worn in Japan. Having a few hours to kill while awaiting transportation, a couple of us went over to talk and try with them. There followed one of the most humorous incidents of my life and it amazed me so much I'll describe those few hours in detail.

First, the girls were from 7 to 12 years old, very eager and exceedingly intelligent and well-mannered children. By signs and motions, I introduced myself and they did likewise. Teiduco, Kiias, Kioko, and Frisco were some of their names, spelling doubtful. They kept repeating my name as Michael J. and then started the fun. They sang for us some Japanese songs, very unlike ours, with little range to the melodies. But when "Auld Lang Syne," in Japanese, rang out, we were dumbfounded. They then pointed to me and wanted me to sing. But I had another idea and proceeded to teach them a song. For an hour and a half, word by word, line by line, and note by note I taught them until a small crowd of 150 G.I.'s had gathered round. Then amidst laughter and congratulations from the G.I.'s I had then started the fun "My Wild Irish Rose" without the words, and it was really a riot to hear that familiar Irish tune echo around Tachikawa air strip with twelve eager little Japanese girls singing it with gusto.

Sincerely yours,

James Card

Editorial note: James will return to R.I.C.E. next semester.
THE LITERARY CORNERED

Oh, Captain!

Well, sir, it happened this way. There I am walking down the street—my mind dancing—singing and spilling over with that wonderful-to-be-alive feeling, when I turn around and there he is marching along beside me. Myles Standish, I mean.

Could spot him a mile off, just a little guy, but broad as a beam; red beard, shiny armor, even an old musket cocked over his shoulder. What a character! Well, we walk along like this for a whole block, at least, and never a word out of him. Finally I decide the formalities are up to me. After all, Plymouth is my home and I'm still alive.

"Myles Standish?" I inquire politely.

"Humph!" Silence. Another block. This is too much. I'm about to tell the old bird where to get off when I see him giving me the once-over.

"Soldier?" says he, gruff-like. "Not any more!" And at this broad side raves. "Addlepated waste of good woman. Just glance around you. How gently do you leave your duties like a sensible Christian woman. Just glance around you. Zounds! What's one coming back again, and we've had back in 1621. Why, the worst war in history is just over, every one of those Germans flying off their lairs. What d'you know who I am? Imagine in our clay than this old world will ever see again. For instance, look at the wars you people get into; then you don't even know how to fight them. Why not? Because you're too soft. Now take my friends. There's some heroes for you. If you had only summoned us with our trusty muskets, why inside of ten minutes we'd have had those Japanese and those Germans flying back to their lairs. What d'you think of that?"

Well, by this time, I'm commencing to get good and mad myself. Telling me I don't know how to fight a war! But when I hear him offering to lick the Japs and the Germans, I'm just too angry.

"Why—you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn—with that thing!" And I'm off again. That it. I shouldn't have laughed at him. I really shouldn't have done it.

His face gets purple with rage.

"You young wispsnapper! I'll show you true marksmanship," he screams.

And with that, he steps back, aims his shooting piece, and—bulls-eye!—right through the plate glass window of the department store. First thing you know, one of those dummies pitches backward and falls, wham!, with its head clean blasted off.

Mrs. Cashman.

But this makes him madder than ever:

"Don't you believe it," he roars, shaking his finger under my nose. "Why we set up an entire new outfit. There was a better section in my day than this old world will ever see again. For instance, look at the wars you people get into; then you don't even know how to fight them. Why not? Because you're too soft. Now take my friends. There's some heroes for you. If you had only summoned us with our trusty muskets, why inside of ten minutes we'd have had those Japanese and those Germans flying back to their lairs. What d'you think of that?"

Well, by this time, I'm commencing to get good and mad myself. Telling me I don't know how to fight a war! But when I hear him offering to lick the Japs and the Germans, I'm just too angry.

"Why—you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn—with that thing!" And I'm off again. That it. I shouldn't have laughed at him. I really shouldn't have done it.

His face gets purple with rage.

"You young wispsnapper! I'll show you true marksmanship," he screams.

And with that, he steps back, aims his shooting piece, and—bulls-eye!—right through the plate glass window of the department store. First thing you know, one of those dummies pitches backward and falls, wham!, with its head clean blasted off.

Beth Cashman.

But this makes him madder than ever:

"Don't you believe it," he roars, shaking his finger under my nose. "Why we set up an entire new outfit. There was a better section in my day than this old world will ever see again. For instance, look at the wars you people get into; then you don't even know how to fight them. Why not? Because you're too soft. Now take my friends. There's some heroes for you. If you had only summoned us with our trusty muskets, why inside of ten minutes we'd have had those Japanese and those Germans flying back to their lairs. What d'you think of that?"

Well, by this time, I'm commencing to get good and mad myself. Telling me I don't know how to fight a war! But when I hear him offering to lick the Japs and the Germans, I'm just too angry.

"Why—you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn—with that thing!" And I'm off again. That it. I shouldn't have laughed at him. I really shouldn't have done it.

His face gets purple with rage.

"You young wispsnapper! I'll show you true marksmanship," he screams.

And with that, he steps back, aims his shooting piece, and—bulls-eye!—right through the plate glass window of the department store. First thing you know, one of those dummies pitches backward and falls, wham!, with its head clean blasted off.

Beth Cashman.

Fog

Creep slowly in, relentless shroud,
Which no man can halt.
Ever onward comes your blanketing mist,
Silently, soundlessly, enveloping all
in your path.
How lightly do you leave your trademark—
A kiss of tiny droplets, sweet and delicate.
Harsh silhouettes dissolve to blurred outlines.
The world and the seas become
tilled.
Bright glaring lights—only gleaming pulses of veiled radiance.
Your dirge—the tuneless symphony
in the vast and measureless void are freedom.
And escape into a world which has
no bounds!
Evelyn Lemaire.

Stunt Night

(Continued from Page 1)

"Haven't seen you around lately," His face gets purple with rage.

"Not any more!" And at this broad side raves. "Addlepated waste of good woman. Just glance around you. How gently do you leave your duties like a sensible Christian woman. Just glance around you. Zounds! What's one coming back again, and we've had back in 1621. Why, the worst war in history is just over, every one of those Germans flying off their lairs. What d'you know who I am? Imagine in our clay than this old world will ever see again. For instance, look at the wars you people get into; then you don't even know how to fight them. Why not? Because you're too soft. Now take my friends. There's some heroes for you. If you had only summoned us with our trusty muskets, why inside of ten minutes we'd have had those Japanese and those Germans flying back to their lairs. What d'you think of that?"

Well, by this time, I'm commencing to get good and mad myself. Telling me I don't know how to fight a war! But when I hear him offering to lick the Japs and the Germans, I'm just too angry.

"Why—you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn—with that thing!" And I'm off again. That it. I shouldn't have laughed at him. I really shouldn't have done it.

His face gets purple with rage.

"You young wispsnapper! I'll show you true marksmanship," he screams.

And with that, he steps back, aims his shooting piece, and—bulls-eye!—right through the plate glass window of the department store. First thing you know, one of those dummies pitches backward and falls, wham!, with its head clean blasted off.

Beth Cashman.

Fog

Creep slowly in, relentless shroud,
Which no man can halt.
Ever onward comes your blanketing mist,
Silently, soundlessly, enveloping all
in your path.
How lightly do you leave your trademark—
A kiss of tiny droplets, sweet and delicate.
Harsh silhouettes dissolve to blurred outlines.
The world and the seas become
tilled.
Bright glaring lights—only gleaming pulses of veiled radiance.
Your dirge—the tuneless symphony
in the vast and measureless void are freedom.
And escape into a world which has
no bounds!
Evelyn Lemaire.

Stunt Night

(Continued from Page 1)

"Haven't seen you around lately," His face gets purple with rage.

"Not any more!" And at this broad side raves. "Addlepated waste of good woman. Just glance around you. How gently do you leave your duties like a sensible Christian woman. Just glance around you. Zounds! What's one coming back again, and we've had back in 1621. Why, the worst war in history is just over, every one of those Germans flying off their lairs. What d'you know who I am? Imagine in our clay than this old world will ever see again. For instance, look at the wars you people get into; then you don't even know how to fight them. Why not? Because you're too soft. Now take my friends. There's some heroes for you. If you had only summoned us with our trusty muskets, why inside of ten minutes we'd have had those Japanese and those Germans flying back to their lairs. What d'you think of that?"

Well, by this time, I'm commencing to get good and mad myself. Telling me I don't know how to fight a war! But when I hear him offering to lick the Japs and the Germans, I'm just too angry.

"Why—you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn—with that thing!" And I'm off again. That it. I shouldn't have laughed at him. I really shouldn't have done it.

His face gets purple with rage.

"You young wispsnapper! I'll show you true marksmanship," he screams.

And with that, he steps back, aims his shooting piece, and—bulls-eye!—right through the plate glass window of the department store. First thing you know, one of those dummies pitches backward and falls, wham!, with its head clean blasted off.

Beth Cashman.

Fog

Creep slowly in, relentless shroud,
Which no man can halt.
Ever onward comes your blanketing mist,
Silently, soundlessly, enveloping all
in your path.
How lightly do you leave your trademark—
A kiss of tiny droplets, sweet and delicate.
Harsh silhouettes dissolve to blurred outlines.
The world and the seas become
tilled.
Bright glaring lights—only gleaming pulses of veiled radiance.
Your dirge—the tuneless symphony
in the vast and measureless void are freedom.
And escape into a world which has
no bonds!
Evelyn Lemaire.
Who's Who
(Continued from Page 1)
Miss Jordan is the president of the Senior Class and first vice-president of the Dramatic League. She has been a member of the Choir and of the Dramatic League for four years. In her junior year, she was secretary of the Choir and manager of the College Shop.

Miss Thorne, president of Student Council, is an active member of the Dramatic League and of the Anchor staff. She was class secretary in her sophomore year, and is a member of the Choir, having acted as its vice-president and social committee chairman. Miss Thorne, in her sophomore year, was proclaimed queen of King rival Kapers. She was the Rhode Island representative to the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers in October, 1945.

Miss Lund was president of her class in her freshman and sophomore years, and has been a member of Student Council for three years. She was vice-president of W.A.A. for two semesters, soccer manager, and captain. She was a marshal for last year's Daisy Chain. At present she is a member of the Dramatic League and I.R.C. and is a manager of the College Shop.

Miss Holton, president of the Junior Class, was Assembly chairman during her sophomore year. She has been a member of the Anchor news staff for three years and of Student Council for two and is now a member of W.A.A. Miss Holton was Social Committee chairman of her class and was marshal of the Daisy Chain in her sophomore year.

Miss Livesey, vice-president of her class in her sophomore year, is a member of the Choir and of W.A.A. She was vice-president of the Choir in her sophomore and junior years, and co-manager of swimming at the same time. She served on the Anchor circulation staff, and was a member of the Daisy Chain. Miss Livesey is, at present, a member of the Dramatic League.

Concert Pianist Plays at College

On Friday evening, November 9, 1945, Katherine Johnson, one of the leading pianists of the Northwest, provided R.I.C.E. with a program of fine musical entertainment. Miss Johnson played before an audience of over three hundred friends and relatives of the students of R.I.C.E.

This brilliant pianist, three times winner of the district contest for pianos, captivated the audience with the keen sense of drama which colored her playing.

Among Mrs. Johnson’s selections were the following:

- *Sonata in F Minor, Opus 57* (Beethoven)
- *Waltz in D* (Chopin)
- *Nocturne in C Minor* (Chopin)
- *Reflections in the Water* (Debussy)
- *Dance of the Gnomes* (List) *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2* (List)

Ah, Boys!

Recent visitors to the College are Frank Milikgan, Martin O’Neil, James Card, Lynnwood Hoxsie, Joseph Brady, James Donaldson, Robert McCambridge, Edward Sverz, Carl Steinwacks, Frederick Johnson, Frank McCabe, Ray Monahan, Joslin Presser, and Albert Cohn.

Frederick Johnson is studying at Bryant College. Lynnwood Hoxsie and James Card expect to return to R.I.C.E. next semester.

The Open Road
(Continued from Page 3)

them. However, soda and candy bought at variety stores along the road held us together; and then, at long last, we approached Mrs. Slocomb’s most welcome hostel.

Upon arrival we drew numbers for committees to share the tasks; some, who as yet hadn’t had enough cycling, went to the market; others did the meals, and still others, more unfortunate, drew the lot of doing dishes. Most of the fun came at night in the bunk house. With the shout of “Lights out!” it seemed that everyone began to feel pretty much awake. Stories were told, songs were sung, and before we knew it, we had giggled ourselves to sleep in the hay.

On Sunday, rested somewhat, we were ready to start the long journey home. Reluctant as we were to leave, we put one last look forward to the spring, when once again we’ll answer that rough, but rollicking call of the open road.

Ellen Fay

I. R. C. SPONSORS SPEAKERS

Two very welcome speakers have been brought to R.I.C.E. under the sponsorship of the International Relations Club. On November 5, William Sin, graduate student at Brown University and a member of the Club with his presence, Mr. Sin, to put it concisely, is “cute.” His topic, “China’s Outlook and Responsibility in the Post War World,” was treated with such captivating eloquence, simplicity, and sympathy, Mr. Sin explained, the philosophy of his people. He went on to write and explain the Chinese characters for such a philosophy, according to Mr. Sin, the Communists in China are a minority group and as such logically should logically be expected to come to terms with the Kuomintang, the majority party.

Mr. John Mayer, a 1941 graduate of R.I.C.E., was the guest speaker at a Student Tea held on November 9. Mr. Mayer is now going graduate work in political science at Brown University. Other members of his class who were active Democrats, while at college also were invited Miss Joan Doyle, Social Committee Chairman, was in charge of the tea.

Faculty Notes

Miss S. Elizabeth Campbell of the French Department, Professor Tuttle is now doing graduate work in Romance Languages, and has just returned from France where she was working on her dissertation on the history of the French Revolution.

Mr. Frederick Johnson is studying at Bryant College. Lynnwood Hoxsie and James Card expect to return to R.I.C.E. next semester.

The Open Road
(Continued from Page 3)

them. However, soda and candy bought at variety stores along the road held us together; and then, at long last, we approached Mrs. Slocomb’s most welcome hostel.

Upon arrival we drew numbers for committees to share the tasks; some, who as yet hadn’t had enough cycling, went to the market; others did the meals, and still others, more unfortunate, drew the lot of doing dishes. Most of the fun came at night in the bunk house. With the shout of “Lights out!” it seemed that everyone began to feel pretty much awake. Stories were told, songs were sung, and before we knew it, we had giggled ourselves to sleep in the hay.

On Sunday, rested somewhat, we were ready to start the long journey home. Reluctant as we were to leave, we put one last look forward to the spring, when once again we’ll answer that rough, but rollicking call of the open road.

Ellen Fay

Doings of New Alumni

City Training:
Geraldine A. Carley, Virginia C. Geoghegan, Margaret A. Grady, Agnes M. Leuen, and Debra Robinson, and Dorothy Sullivan.

Henry Barnard School:
Margaret M. Chanaran and P. P. Draper.

Lincoln School:
Gabrielle L. Brauseled.

North Providence:
Rose A. Di Coia, Mary M. Fay, and Olga Luisi.

East Providence:
Barbara C. Golden and Elizabeth L. Schofield.

Pawtucket:

Cranston:
Eileen T. Barry, Mary V. Carty, and Cyril C. Harlow.

Bristol:
Marcia B. Gifford, Josephine M. Kerr, Shirley Levy, Mary P. Pignolo, and Louise Ruggerio.

Newport:
Lillian M. Barlow.

Warwick:
Dorene F. Close, Mildred F. Donnelly, Petrina M. Marcaccini, and Mary L. Sullivan.

North Smithfield:
Nellie A. Maynard.

Johnston:
Hilda M. Leonelli and Sophie Siravo.

East Greenwich:
Louise A. Haggerty.

Those who went out of the state:
Viola M. Bossum to Mansfield, Massachusetts.
Barbara L. Dill to Conan High School, East Jaffrey, New Hampshire.
Dorothy Horne to Winthrop, New York.
Eleanor C. LaBrie to Malboro High School, Malboro, New Hampshire.
Marion Pendleton to New York State.
Stephanie A. Siewicz to Massachusetts.

Those who took diverse ways:
Charles A. Bridgins—graduate student at Clark University. Mary R. Townsend—employee in watch-repair shop.
Kathleen L. Emery—married and moved away.
Rose A. O'Neill—secretary of Rhode Island League of Women Voters.

W. A. A. Reports

Swimming and horseback riding are being enjoyed by both the experienced and inexperienced. Although riding is a rather expensive sport for its economically embarrassed students, it remains popular—and...