

Rhode Island College

Digital Commons @ RIC

The Anchor

Newspapers

11-1-1945

The Anchor Volume 18, Issue 02 (1945)

Rhode Island College of Education

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ric.edu/the_anchor

Recommended Citation

Rhode Island College of Education, "The Anchor Volume 18, Issue 02 (1945)" (1945). *The Anchor*. 82. https://digitalcommons.ric.edu/the_anchor/82

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Digital Commons @ RIC. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anchor by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ RIC. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@ric.edu.



ANCHOR

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

November, 1945

Editor Announces "Ricoled" Progress

Miss Julia Malatt, newly elected editor-in-chief of the **Ricoled**, 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 **Ricoled** staff include Associate Editor, Patricia Rochford; Literary Editor, Beth Cashman; Photography Editor, Ruth Beaven; and Art Editor, Margaret Priestly. Dr. Hughes is acting as Literary Adviser; Professor Becker, as Art Adviser; Professor Underhill, as Financial Adviser; and Professor Read, as Photography Adviser.

Snapshots contributed by students will enhance the artistic worth of the **Ricoled**.

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, Marilyn O'Connor, Shirley Quimby, and Phyllis Horton. The hostesses were Joan Doyle, Kathleen Shannon, Phyllis Berardi, Dolores Linderman, Mary Nunes, Mary Sullivan, Ilma Merikoski, 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 1945-46. 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 Audrey 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 advisers, the Dean of Men, the Dean of Women, and the Director of Training.

Miss Malatt, editor-in-chief of the **Ricoled**, 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 **Ricoled**, was president of her class in her junior year. 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 Riceans 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—including favors! The type of favor is, enticingly, a secret. However, appear at Agawam with your charming escort and your curiosity will be satisfied—the favors disclosed. Have no fear about tickets. The Juniors promise to start their admission sale early. Just four dollars will purchase an evening of fun, a favor, and sighful memories.

Since the dance is not to be held within the college, outside couples are limited to the relatives of students. However a large number of

for her sophomore year, junior, and senior years. As a Sophomore, she was a member of the Daisy Chain, and W.A.A. In her junior year she was proclaimed Queen of the Student Council Dance. Miss McGinty was on the **Anchor** feature staff during her junior and senior years, and is, at present, a member of the Dramatic League and of I.R.C.

Editor-in-chief of the **Anchor**, Miss Doyle is secretary of Kappa (Continued on Page 4)



Hope Williamson

alumni, and, naturally, all present Riceans are anticipated.

Miss Williamson, able Junior Chairman, is in charge of arrangements. On her committee are 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 sprite grandmother, was enacted by Virginia Andrews, Betty Armington, Eleanor Jordan, John Kenyon, Doris Lavallee, Helen Page, Norbert Salois, and Mary Jo Trayner.

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

The well-known Emerson College players enacted **The Old Lady Shows Her Medals**. This famous work of James Barrie is described as a "play that will live forever." Among the cast were Adelaide Patterson, Helen McCann (Burt), Eva Holzner Hesse, Ethel Ferrar, Frank Melvin Clark, and John Le Croix.

Through the Keyhole

The editor said "Get the facts about Stunt Night. Use them as a basis. Work in a little imagination. Toss on a dash of color. And serve the story 'student style!'"

Heh, heh, heh.

We nonchalantly attempted to walk into the first meeting noted on my list, that presided 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!" Why?

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." It

(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 Auger
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 wrung 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 when common effort seems expedient. Oppression by England, France, and Spain united Colonial America. Aggression by Germany and Japan vitalized the United Nations into common effort. Peace, if it is to be permanent, is as much a matter of expediency as war; therefore America and the other United Nations must pursue it with common effort.

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 a word from you! Or has that past-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

STRANGE MUSIC

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 Met Her on Monday**—or was it by mere coincidence that the "Dew-drop" and Mr. Collings 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 "moola" to get her a magnifying glass. **O! You Beautiful Doll**—Betty Armington at the W.A.A. Halloween party, dressed as a—well, you name it. Phyllis Berardi, however, took the prize as a Spanish Senorita. **June Is Bustin' Out All Over**—and so was Claire Auger's locker when Marie O'Brien got in and closed the door. **Hubba, Hubba, Hubba**—"Swede" Rosenvik was voted "Miss Pumpkin" at the P.C. Harvest Dance. **Sentimental Journey**—Ruthie Pylka's New York trip to the Midshipmen's Graduation and Ball. **Why Don't Ya Do Right**—Jackie Maloney seen at Rhodes with another man. Tsk! tsk! A year ago potential prom-trotters were using the naive term "G.F.P." as a keynote. 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 sat at her feet in the Bus Station. **Yah-Ta-Ta**—Nancy Ferri debating at Forum to the rhythm of **Knit One, Pearl Two. I'll Walk Alone** is Helen Candon's theme as far as a certain jitterbug from Brooklyn is concerned. **Swinging on a Star**—Shirley Bassing, when one of her pupils said, "I was never interested in reading until you came along."

Dot McGinty

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. I. C. E.
Are happy to announce the arrival
Of a brand new grand pianee.

SERVICEMEN'S
LETTERBOX

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Doctor Donovan,

On October 1, I left Manila by plane, destination Tokyo, but due to inclement weather (a rather meagre word for the typhoons 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. Pine 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 miles from Tokyo, our plane landed and we were met by a group of twelve little Japanese girls, clad in kimonos and street-dress (coveralls 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 try and talk 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 cute and exceedingly intelligent and well-mannered children. By signs and motions, I introduced myself and they did likewise. Teiduco, Kioas, Kioko, and Erico 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 midst laughter and amazement of the G.I.'s, I had them sing "My Wild Irish Rose" without me, and it was really a riot to hear that familiar Irish tune echo around Tackikawa 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—minding my own business, see—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 juncture I point proudly to the discharge button decorating my lapel.

More silence.

"Haven't seen you around lately," I crack humorously.

This starts him off.

"Course not," he snaps, "not since '41. Couldn't come while the war was going on." (He talks the way he walks, kinda stiff and jerky).

"Old town's changed some," he goes on sorta mournfully. "New faces, new stores— Look at that!" stopping in front of a fashion store window which I think is pretty sharp.

"Foolish feminine frippery!" he raves. "Addlepat waste of good cloth and valuable time! 'Bout time somebody did something about it!"

"Young man," he shouts, thumping me on the chest to accent his every word, "if ever you take a wife, see that she stays home close by the hearth attending to all her duties like a sensible Christian woman. Just glance around you. Zounds! What's the world coming to?"

I'm a little breathless by this time but nevertheless, I manage to gasp, soothingly, "Take it easy, Captain. Things aren't **that** bad. We've got a lot to be thankful for this Thanksgiving—a lot more than you people had back in 1621. Why, the worst war in history is just over, everyone's coming back again, and we've got the ablest men in the whole darn world directing the peace proceedings. Gosh! I should say we've got a lot to be thankful for," say I, waving my arms around and warming up to the topic.

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 order. There was a better society 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 Jerries with nothing but that old piece of scrap iron, it's too much. I just throw back my head and roar with laughter.

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

His face gets purple with rage. "You young whippersnapper! 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 gently do you leave your
trademark—

A kiss of tiny droplets, sweet and
delicate.

Harsh silhouettes dissolve to blurred
outlines.

The wind and the seas become
stilled.

Bright glaring lights—only gleaming
pulses of veiled radiance.

Your dirge—the tuneless symphony
of the fog horn's measured cry.

Yet roll onward, thou unrelenting
shield of nothingness.

For in thy vast and measureless
void are freedom

And escape into a world which has
no bonds!

Evelyn Lemaire.

Meow!

How dare you disturb me! Don't you know who I am? Imagine interrupting the queen's pet, Meli, a cat of noble ancestry. But as long as you have awakened me, you shall hear about my life here at the court.

I have a private suite in the east end of the palace. Every night, I climb on my blue satin cushion and there rest peacefully till morning. As soon as I wake up, servants bring me my evaporated milk in a great silver bowl. After I have had breakfast, you'll find me brushing my hair so that it will look neat, a Chinaman's Queue, when I face my mistress. Then comes the great moment. I make my appearance at the court, where my mistress caresses me and bids me sit at her feet.

And then my fun begins. You see, courtiers bear messages to and from court, and I find delight in letting myself be carried along on their long, velvet trains. Down and up, up and down the court aisle I go. Exhilarating, to say the least.

Alas, dear friends, I have deceived you long enough. You see my name isn't Meli, it's Mitsi. I don't live in a palace, but in a little country house. My suite is found to the east of the stove, my cushion is no more. My silver bowl is a white saucer in the corner. The only rides I ever take are on my mistress' dry mop. I have no noble ancestors—my mother was part angora, and my father, a "Johnny Come Lately." And I? A simple mongrel, a chip off the old block. But a cat can dream, can't she?

Ruth Mandeville.

The Open Road

Once again that call from the open road came to R. I. C. E., and this time it was answered by twenty eager hostellers. Taking advantage of the Columbus Day holiday, we met at school early on Friday morning. After much squeezing, tying of packs, and a final check on tires, we were off for the Old Mill Pond. At the end of the first two miles, requests were being made for liniment, and some of the beavers weren't so eager as we thought.

Nevertheless, we arrived at the Mill Pond about 1 o'clock and were more than pleased with the beauties of the hotel, looked longingly into the pond, and mourned the fact that it just wasn't swimming weather.

None of us (bless our weary joints) will ever forget that seemingly never-ending road that led to Wyoming. We had read about the hills of Rhode Island, but never thought we'd be pushing bicycles up

(Continued on Page 4)

Stunt Night

(Continued from Page 1)

didn't. "We'll finally get some information." We didn't.

Skull and skill sessions have revealed that our annual Stunt Night will be exceptionally entertaining. Committees and classes are exerting themselves for an outstanding performance, before this year's fine judges. Through the courtesy of the World Fair's Conclave, J. Curtin Von Derliel will be one of the judges present. Dr. Von Derliel, an eminent sociologist, has always been interested in dramatics as an avocation.

The comparative merits of the skits will be determined upon this basis—

1. Plot—25%.
2. Originality—25%.
3. Wit, humor, action and dialogue—20%.
4. Continuity—10%.
5. Costuming—10%.
6. Characterization—5%.
7. Appropriateness—5%.

The best skit receives 30 points towards the coveted **Anchor**. Second place merits 20 points.

On December 7, will be displayed the best of student ingenuity, inventiveness, and dramatic ability. Here's a slight preview—

The Juniors might have called their skit, "A Laundress in Love" or "Grime Des Not Pay," but they didn't. The setting is a damp, unsanitary laundry of a damp, unsanitary castle of long ago England. (When we said "Gruesome—Brrrrr," Chairman Mitchell and her committee, Claire Auger, Mary Louise Fillo, Marion Lund, Mary McDole, and Mary Jo Trayner, beat us black and blue.)

Edna Passano, assisted by Catherine Conway, Eleanor Crook, Barbara McNally, Concetta Millemaggi, and Mary Norton, quickly helped us from the room, muttering, but not before we wrangled this statement that "When our Southerners invade the North it's a case of 'je ne sais pas'."

The Senior committee, Mildred Brennen, Esther Sullivan, Rose Donatelli, Theresa Kavanaugh, and Julia Malatt joined Chairman Pat Donovan in saying,

"Setting—the school auditorium.

Time—8:00 p. m.

Date—December 7."

We can't figure it out, either.

The Freshmen committee, Kay Harrold, Marilyn Hay, Dick Kells, Margaret Mary McCarthy, Jane McKnight and Sylvia Whitehead rallied behind Chairman Mary Muligan who smiled, smirked, and said "Shush, it's all a secret."

Well, 'tis finished, Editor. We've fought for facts. Worked in a little imagination. (Our judge really isn't judging . . . in fact, he doesn't even exist . . . or else we'll be sued for libel.) Tossed in our black and blue marks for color. And served up our dish? Ready, for consumption!

Mary Louise Fillo.

Who's Who

(Continued from Page 1)

Delta Pi and a member of I.R.C. She is an active member of the Dramatic League and has served on the **Helicon** staffs. In her sophomore year she was secretary of Student Council and a member of the Daisy Chain.

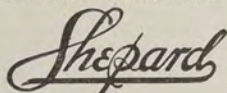
Miss Jordan is the president of the Senior Class and first vice-president of the Dramatic League. She has been a member of the Choir and of the Dramatic League for four years. In her junior year she was secretary of her class.

Miss Thorpe, 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 Thorpe, in her sophomore year, was proclaimed queen of Karnival 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 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.



Where You ALWAYS Shop With Confidence

WHERE THE SCHOOL CROWD MEETS . . .

. . . our Junior Shop on the Second Floor is the rendezvous of campus belles who major in FASHION!

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 young Artists sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs, 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" Liszt
 "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2" Liszt

Ah, Boys!

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

Frederick Johnson is studying at Bryant College, Lynwood 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 sighted 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 cooked 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. Reluctantly we bade the Slocombs good-bye, and immediately began to look forward to the spring, when once again we'd 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, Shien-sin Shu, graduate student at Brown University, honored the Club with his presence. Mr. Shu, to put it concisely, is "cute." His topic, **China's Outlook and Responsibility in the Post War World**, was treated simply and efficiently. Simplicity, Mr. Shu explained, underlies the philosophy of his people. He went on to write and explain the Chinese characters for such a philosophy. According to Mr. Shu, the Communists in China are a minority group and as such should logically concede to the Kuomintang, the majority party.

John Murray, a 1941 graduate of R.I.C.E., was the guest speaker at a Student Tea held on November 19. Mr. Murray is now doing graduate work in political science at Brown University. Other members of his class who were active I.R.C.ites 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 Henry Barnard School was a guest speaker at the October Teachers Institute in Portland, Maine.

Representing the College at the New England Association of School Superintendents in Boston at the November 15 and 16 conferences were Dr. Whipple and Professor Mary M. Lee. Dr. Whipple served as chairman of the necrology committee.

Dean Catherine M. Connor has been reelected chairman of the Scholarship Committee of the Radcliffe Club of Rhode Island.

Mr. John B. Archer, former head of the Music Department at R.I.C.E., will deliver a series of Sunday afternoon lectures on the subject, "The Boston Symphony Concerts." The lectures, furnishing background for full appreciation of the Tuesday Concerts, will be given at 4:30 p. m. on December 16, January 27, and February 17 at Marston Hall, Brook and Manning Streets. These free lectures are opened to the public.

Professor Cavicchia, former professor in Romance Languages, took part in the faculty production of **The Pot-Boiler**.

Formerly a member of our Education Department, Professor Tuttle has been substituting as Principal of a large Elementary School in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

Doings of New Alumni

City Training:

Geraldine A. Carley, Virginia C. Geoghegan, Margaret A. Grady, Agnes Keenan, Molly Moses, Deana Robinson, and Dorothy Sullivan.

Henry Barnard School:

Margaret M. Cianfarani and Olive P. Draper.

Lincoln School:

Gabrielle L. Beausoleil.

North Providence:

Rose A. Di Cola, Mary M. Fay, and Olga Lusi.

East Providence:

Barbara C. Golden and Elizabeth L. Schofield.

Pawtucket:

Beatrice B. Donovan, Doris I. Dufort, Barbara M. Hill, Louise A. Morris, Mary H. Leddy, Elizabeth M. Lennon, and Edith M. Wildgoose.

Cranston:

Eileen T. Barry, Mary V. Carty, and Carryl C. Harlow.

Bristol:

Marcia B. Gifford, Josephine M. Kerr, Shirley Levy, Mary D. Punello, and Louise Ruggiero.

Newport:

Lillian M. Barlow.

Warwick:

Dorene F. Close, Mildred F. Donnelly, Petrina M. Mannarelli, and Mary L. Sullivan.

North Smithfield:

Nellie A. Maynard.

Johnston:

Hilda O. Leonelli and Sophie Siravo.

East Greenwich:

Lois A. Haggerty.

Those who went out of the state:

Viola M. Bousquet to Mansfield, Massachusetts.

Barbara L. Dill to Conan High School, East Jaffery, New Hampshire.

Dorothy Horne to Windham, New York.

Eleanor C. Labrie to Malboro High School, Malboro, New Hampshire.

Marion Pendleton to New York State.

Stephanie A. Siczewicz to Massachusetts.

Those who took diverse ways:

Charles N. Brickley—graduate student at Clark University.

Mary R. Townsend—employee in watch-repair shop.

Kathleen L. Emin—married and moved away.

Rae K. 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 us economically embarrassed students, it remains popular—and . . .