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Bridgewater State Normal School

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BIENNIAL

More than three hundred graduates of the Bridgewater Normal School met for their biennial Boston Alumni Association, took charge. He A. Jackson, president of the B. N. S. Jackson also announced, the receipt of Bridgewater undergraduates, Mr. W. several letters of regret. Miss Carol­

Miss Babcock, of Dorchester, and with the class of 1855, 73 years ago. Mrs. Mary C. Reynolds, formerly Beasley, Jeanette Whiry, accompanied by Emily Blainire. Piano solos by Alice Eton. Duet by Una Hilliker and Joseph­

AUTUMN

Azure sky; not a ripple in the deep sea of blue.

Huge disk of gold, casting a sheen of warm and brightness.

Keen scent of crisp, invigorating, sending weary bodies thrush to the dulling veils.

Leaves—gold, pale green, glints of russet shade.

Some bright, dying in a sea of beauteous splendor.

Dull, drab, hues of the passion for display.

Trees—tall, lithe swaying rhythmically dancing to the strains played by the orchestra of wind.

Slender ruggedness revealing subtle perfection of leaves as their garments float to their earthly grave.

Becas Snow.

ROOM 87—Misses Harris and Ete­


CHAPEL

Into our auditorium. Each morning we do stray, And send ourselves by classes. Before we start to pray.

At nine-fifteen the bell does ring; And let a hush does fall; We students then arise and sing. The choir leading all.

The morning text to us is read; How our heads and pray. By Dr. Boyden we are led. How well we start the day!

There follows an announcement Of events that are to come. Activities and clubs present Programs just full of fun.

Some mornings we all sing with glee Mondays and Fridays, too. With voices raised in melody— Now how could one be blue?

Each Wednesday we receive a treat, Our principal does talk About the things that we will meet In “Alma Mater”. And such sketches! Everyone gasped as dandelions, ferns, leaves, capitals, and room plans grew from under his skilled hand.

Another interesting phase of the lecture was the set of colored slides that concluded the hour. We were all enthralled about Mr. Farmum’s talks on his renovated house and grounds. We hope that he will visit us every time he possibly can. We would never grow tired of hearing any message which he would have.

We must compliment the art de­

partment on its last chapel program. The speaker chosen, Mr. Farmum, head of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, was one of the most enter­taining and enterprising of our alumni.

Not only did he give us an interest­

ing, instructive, and pleasing lecture on art principles in home decoration, but he illustrated this talk with rapid sketches. And such sketches! Everyone gasped as dandelions, ferns, leaves, capitals, and room plans grew from under his skilled hand.

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OUR DEBT TO THE ALUMNI

When fire destroyed the old Nor­

mial School building, many valuable treasures were lost. Through the years oil paintings, statuary, friezes, and other beautiful things had been added to give warmth and color to the somber corridors. All these things, on the morning of December 10, 20, lay in ashes by charred piles of brick.

Sorrow and disaster always provide an instance to show loyalty. No one could be more acutely aware of the consequences of alcohol on the body. The Alumni have appreciated the deep significance of this state­

ment. They realize that the most valuable asset is the one who is capable, well-trained, and enthusiastic and who has a positive attitude toward beautiful things about her.

A normal school whose classrooms and corridors are made beautiful with art treasures, whose library is made full of books, who do not enjoy basketball and other sports or classes are doing, and the clubs show the phases of their work. There are also privileges to listen to such inspiring lectures as that of Dr. Winship. Distinguished guests are invited to explain to us such interesting things and who is not better for having lis­

tened to Dr. Boyden’s encouraging, inspiring talk of gratitude?

Dorothy Flanibury.

In one of his talks to the school, Dr. Boyden gave some very interesting questions for which he would like to receive some written answers. If he receives enough worthy answers, he will disperse them at a future date. Dr. Boyden is inviting the students and our alumni, and our school, so let us co-operate with him and answer the questions. The best of our ability. The answers need not be signed. All questions need not be answered; take the ones that in­

terest you. The questions are as fol­

low:

1. What should be the movements of the school in the coming year?

2. What is the general effect of the chapel programs on the student body?

3. What is the general impression that a speaker would get from the students?

4. What is the difference between a senior and a freshman?

5. Is the line of representative class work justified itself?

6. What forms of class work are most effective?

7. What is the difference between those who have had training and those who have not?

8. How does individual growth manifest itself?
A WILD WEST RODEO

Most of us nourish a secret longing for adventure. A few naive individuals openly acknowledge their thirst for thrills; they read current fiction and visit cinema houses to satiate that desire. But the great majority rather cloak this purely human craving as though it were a skeleton in the family closet. I: have known a teacher to be sympathetic over a cut-finger which was really a finger swathed in a bandage daubed with a little red ink to give a good effect. "If you are, perchance, addicted to the use of red ink, remember that you are not the only one who has a knowledge of its values." Helen Barry.

A new venture! The school needs a newspaper, or perhaps we can modify that term and say a literary newspaper. After having made unsatisfactory attempts to produce this necessity, the staff finally presents its efforts in this, their first publication. Discouragement was ever so near a number of times, but through determination and cooperation, the staff finally "came through." They only ask that you not be too critical, but help with your paychecks on the next publication.

When other schools are viewed, we see how far behind them we are with no newspaper. Journalism is the latest study to be added to the curriculum in many schools. Let us all co-operate to bring our school into the limelight of those who publish thriving newspapers and magazines. We, who are planning to be teachers, especially the ones of us who intend to teach English, may have to manage or supervise a junior high school or senior high school newspaper when we go on your own. This is our chance for training.

Mary had a neurone-path...
THE MEADOWLARK
His real name is Top-o'-the-morning,
We call him Toppy for short;
He sings us awake every morning
His real name is Top-o'-the-morning,
He sings us awake every morning
His real name is Top-o'-the-morning.

He sings us awake every morning
His real name is Top-o'-the-morning.

Gr. II. (Miss Allen)—We have begun to study about Holland. Eleanor Hackwell brought two pictures about Holland. Her mother got them when she was visiting there. We have a pot of tulips. They make us think of the Dutch people. —Richard.

Gr. III. (Miss Bradley)—We are trying to have a hot cereal every morning. If we have a hot cereal we got a star. If we get twenty-four stars we belong to the H. C. B. Club.

Gr. IV. (Miss Borchers)—We have a bulletin board about spring. On it we have hung two poems and a picture. We are making poems about spring.

Gr. V. (Miss Bennett)—We are studying about Japan and like it very much. We have a real picture drawn by a Japanese man. He walks very fast. We are working for self-control and courtesy. The Japanese people show both of these.

Gr. VI. (Miss Bennett)—Our Out-of-Doors Club is watching where the sun rises and where it sets because spring began March 20. The children reported that Adam saw some glass in the street, and picked it up; he also saw some chalk marks and erased them. He is a good citizen. We saw the new flag go up. It was a beautiful sight. We saluted it.

Gr. VI. (Miss Warner)—We have four inspectors who see that each squad is following our health rules. Soon we are to have a health play. Do good citizens play ball in the sanctuary? —Charles.

Gr. VI. (Miss Bennett)—Last Friday, in the Demonstration Room, Grades Five and Six gave some scenes from noted books. This was under the direction of the Normal Library Club. At this time Miss Carter awarded Reading Certificates. Our class has enjoyed studying, "Old Ironsides" by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Carolyn brought us in a large poster that says, "U. S. Navy Save Old Ironsides." —Alexander.

"NEXT!"
With pounding heart and knocking knees I climbed the stairs and slid into the writing-room. Hardly had I become seated when a voice startled me.

"Your name?" queried the Keeper of the Engagement Book from her desk in the corner. I must have given it correctly as she did not dispute my statement after verifying it in the Book. I was too nervous to remember clearly who I was.

After a few seconds of waiting, I gathered my courage and glanced about. On all sides were the faces of those who had preceded me, ghosts of past experiences. Some were smiling, but most of them looked as though they thought something might hurt them if they allowed the corners of their mouths to turn up. This occupation of surveying spectators soon became most terrifying, so I shifted my attention.

From behind the door on my left came weird sounds—first, an indistinct murmur of voices, a shuffling of feet, a scraping of furniture, and then dead silence. This last was terminated by a sharp "click," and then the sounds began again. I tried to calm myself by using Coue. "Every minute in every way I am getting calmer and calmer." It seemed to work until that dreadful "click," which each time sent me into spasms of fear.

Suddenly, just as I was beginning to feel more composed, the door opened, with a jerk, and a woman slowly and majestically walked out, put her hat on and coat, and departed, leaving me to do my doom without even a glance of pity.

"Next!" howled a masculine voice from the inner sanctum, and, trembling all over, I arose and went into that room to have my graduation picture taken.

Marjorie Shaw.

AN APPEAL
"This is my own, my native land," say the sons of the forest. "Save the forests," is the Red Man's appeal.

How little we Americans realize how the Red Man loves his forests; yes, his forests. We white people may have a document stating that a certain piece of land is ours, but it is only one of the group that really owns it. He loves the remaining forests and in his heart he thinks, "This is my own, my native land." Every Indian alive today appeals to the white men of America to save his inheritance, the forests.

It is up to us, the future teachers, to answer the Red Man's appeal and help save the forests which every now has loved and has written about. Did not Joyce Kilmer tell what he thinks of a tree? "It is the responsibility of normal students who will soon be teachers to make the coming generations realize that "Only God can make a tree." If Longfellow were living today, I wonder if he would write, "This is the forest primeval!"

Have not the redeeming waters of the Mississippi alone given warning enough to great America to wake up and listen to the Red Man's appeal? Cooperation is needed to solve this big problem of forest conservation and reforestation. We have procrastinated too long now; it is time that every man, woman and child be alert and eager to save his country from further destruction.

Have not the black stumps issued their peremptory command, "Cut down the trees, we will not have a country?"

Teachers of America, it is your duty to teach the lessons which the Red Man, which the poes, which the Mississippi River, and which the black stumps try to impress upon us, "Save the forests of America!"

Madelon Cogswell.

"JALNA"
Mazo de la Roche

"Jalna" was written by Mazo de la Roche and published in 1927. It is a novel chosen from eleven hundred manuscripts entered by writers in all parts of the world, that won the Atlantic Monthly prize of $10,000. It is an excellent family study with its setting in Canada. Phillip Whittook and his wife Adeline (who in the story is a doctor) came from Canada to India, where they had found the life of a British military station impossible for them any longer. They purchased an estate in the wilderness, they built a red brick house in the midst of an imitation English park. They named it Jalna in sentimental memory of the station in India where they met and fell in love. At the time of this story, Adeline, her husband long dead, is an indomitable old woman who sways her household and won the admiration of those who had preceded her, ghosts of past experiences. The only one of those who had preceded her, ghosts of past experiences. The only one of those who had preceded her, ghosts of past experiences. The only one of those who had preceded her, ghosts of past experiences. The only one of those who had preceded her, ghosts of past experiences.
CAMPUS COMMENT

"THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE"

Richard Halliburton

I enjoyed "The Royal Road to Romance" by Richard Halliburton so much that I eagerly awaited his second book, and I was not disappointed when it came.

"The Glorious Adventure" (a wholly appropriate title) is the story of Ulysses, revived and retold in the modern manner. Richard Halliburton was graduated from college in 1926, and with a friend decided to visit the world in a vagabond sort of way. His account of his journey gained immediate success, and so has he written a second book which already rivals the first in popularity. This second volume tells of Halliburton's adventures in attempting to follow the route set by Ulysses, thousands of years ago. He succeeded in going everywhere but to "Hall" where, as you no doubt remember, Ulysses was entertained. Halliburton is a romantic and adventurous fellow and he writes in a most interesting manner. One of the best parts of the book is his account of his swim across the Hellespont, that treacherous river where, nightly, Leander swam to his love. His account of his "almost love-affair with a girl who turned out to be married and, although we like the girl, we are rather glad that he is still free to go on living more 'glorious adventures'.

In "The Glorious Adventure" there is a little more ego and a little less of geography and description than in his first book, but if one is at all romantic or interested in foreign lands and strange things he would certainly enjoy it.

Halliburton opens with a quotation which is in itself an inspiration, and makes one feel that he too would like to have a "glorious adventure". "Come, my friends. Tis not too late to see a newer world. Push off and sitting well in order, smile. The sounding furrows; for my purposes hold To sail beyond the sunset—till I die."

THE GRADUATES' POINT OF VIEW

On all sides a new graduate is hearing the envious cries of the freshman. "Oh, what wouldn't I give to be a senior, and "How do you feel now that you are graduating?" For the supreme ambition of the freshman is to become a member of the so-called privileged class; to be able to sit in front in chapel; to attend meetings in chapel; to make the class period shorter; to be first in events. But when one attains the position of graduate, how different it is from the freshman's condition! The graduate does not sit on a throne and smile down at the freshman. No, the graduate has notebooks, theses, projects, references, and committee meetings to think of.

When she does think of herself as a graduate, she does not think of herself as privileged. What she thinks of are the wonderful years she has had at Normal and how she would like to be at the beginning once more. Take warning, freshmen; take each day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories. Reach not farther than the day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories. Reach not farther than the day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories. Reach not farther than the day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories. Reach not farther than the day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories. Reach not farther than the day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories. Reach not farther than the day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories. Reach not farther than the day as it comes and fill it with joyful memories.

Sophie Marentz

"Only fools are certain, James, wise men hesitate." Ulysses tells me. "Are you sure, teacher?" "Yes, certain of it." (Borrowed)

TWO DELEGATES GO TO PRESS CONFERENCE AT COLUMBIA

Miss Margaret Archibald, literary editor of this publication, and Miss Alice Taylor, editor-in-chief of this publication and assistant editor of Normal Offering, enjoyed a very pleasant and beneficial trip to the Columbia Scholastic Press Association conference, held in New York City at Columbia University, March 9 and 10. The delegates heard Mr. Hawkes, the dean of Columbia; Dr. Finley of the "New York Times"; Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, associate editor of the "New Statesman," London; Professor Donald Clark, Dr. Fretwoll, and many other notable men, as well as our beloved Mr. "Joe" Murphy, a former graduate of this school, who took the general charge of the meetings. The delegates were guests at luncheon on Saturday at the Mecca temple and in the afternoon at the Varsity show given in the balcony of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Miss Archibald and Miss Taylor gave a talk about the points they received before the meeting of the Southeastern League of School Publications which was held in the Horace Mann Auditorium, March 28. Again the speakers were guests at the banquet that evening and at the play, "The Patsy," given by the Senior Class of Bridgewater High School.

The same two girls gave a talk the following morning in chapel expressing, where they told about their trip and about the meetings they attended.

CRAZY QUERIES

What sort of ache is a window pane? Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?

Have you seen a horse fly in a store? Or a board walk daintily?

Would you throw a buoy to a drowning lemon? To give it lemon-aid?

Would you care to eat a policeman's beat or see a river lose its head?

When you eat a square meal, do the corners hurt?

What kind of song is an old hen's lay? Can you feed a river through its mouth or mend the break of day?

Would you paint a rabbit on "Baldy's" head to give him a little hare?

Would you ask rent of the wallpaper because of the boarder there?

Does anything break when Niagara Falls?

Is a newspaper white when it's red? Can a chair walk on its wooden legs?

Are there comfortable springs in the ocean bed?

Fords—Good to the last drop!

AN ANATOMICAL QUERY

(Borrowed)

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee, or a key to a lock of his hair? In his eyes be called an academy because there are pupils there? Is the crown of his head where jewels are found?

Who travels the bridge of his nose? Can be use, when shingling the roof of his mouth, the nails on the ends of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail? (If so, what did it do?) How does he sharpen his shoulder blades? I'm sure I don't know, do you?

Can he beat the drum of his ear? Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?

Can the cail of his leg eat the corn on his toes? Then why not grow corn on the ear?

"I used to think I know I knew, But now I must confess The more I know I know I know I know the less!"

"They don't have sleeping cars on the road to success."

"It is often better to remain silent and he thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt."

"A healthy optimism is a great asset—especially around examination time."

"Imitators are plentiful; originals are few."

"'Wassatchoogot?' "Anoonoo. Lasalilson."

"Ehthinkknit!"

"'Shaw. Nothininast 'cept lassecoolage."

"Donsayyo. Waaswetperprimshum?"

"Sessian. Donbleevoito. Panfingthiswetherverkintellwasgunnadono."

"Thaarrsito."

Bill had a billboard.

Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill. So that Bill sold the board bill To pay his board bill To pay his board bill To pay his board bill. The board bill No longer bored Bill.

Naturally

She stepped out boldly into the street, No rubbers covered her tiny feet, No umbrella had she—nor a coat, Her new spring hat—well, you just note, For be it from her to start complaining, She didn't get wet—It wasn't raining!